

**THE TRUMPET SOUNDS
VICTORY AHEAD**
How dark doth seem the path-way
As eagerly we tread;
By faith I see beyond the veil
The victory ahead.

Tho' many hardships here we meet,
When in grief the tears to flow.
But all of our sorrows shall be turned
into joy
When we have conquered the battle
of woe.

Go forth with a spirit to conquer,
For God is the ruler of all;
By the manifestation of His Power
through our leader
Babylon is sure to fall.

Many oppositions here we meet,
But why should we feel discouraged
For God in His word to His people
has said it:
Lo! I am with you to the end of the
world.

Then shout the tidings far and near;
Spread the mighty proclamation,
And may our warfare never cease
Until we become a nation.

Many may rebel against us;
So it was in Moses' day,
But the God that led Israel thro' the
great Red Sea
Is the leader of us today.
MATTIE JOHNSON.
526 Kruger Avenue, Hamilton, Ohio.

AWAKE, O ETHIOPIANS!
Rouse ye, O Ethiopians,
The true light doth appear.
The redemption of our country
With liberty is so near.

May we press forward day by day,
United, heart and hand;
And may be boldly fight until
We've freed our Motherland.

Then, in a song of joy and gladness,
Let our hearts and voices blend;
And tell the story of redemption,
As to our country we ascend.

As to how we may become a nation
May seem hard to understand,
But Mr. Garvey and God, his leader,
Have our journey safely planned.

The Scripture says:
How shall we escape the wrath of
God
If we neglect so great a salvation?
Now, how shall we escape from the
white man's bondage
When you scorn at our freedom's in-
vitation?

Tis Holy Writ in the Book of Books
That now is the day of salvation
Behold, Ethiopia! now is the time
For you to become a nation.
MATTIE JOHNSON.
526 Kruger Avenue, Hamilton, Ohio.

TO GERTRUDE
A Dream, Part II.
I sat upon a little hill
And looked on nature blushing still,
The doves encircled o'er my head,
The stars a span of light did spread.

I stretched my gaze across the plain,
And saw the mighty plunging train;
I heard the shrilling whistles blow,
The shouts of children on the row.

The hum of bee, the scent of clove,
The insects' tale of life and love,
Were sweet and blended like a strain,
Of new and smoothly toned refrain.

The train has passed, the children
gone,
The field was clear, the moonbeams
shone;
A wistful silence crept and kist
Away the twilight's heaving mist.

I looked again; the night was bright,
The moonlight glistened clear and
white;
And underneath an olive tree,
About a half-a-mile from me.

I saw you sitting there alone,
Beside a brownish colored stone;
You viewed the swallows as they
toured,
The windy heights above the moor.
I heard you clap your youthful hands,
And praised the pilgrims of the lands.

In haste, I bade the hill farewell,
And would not heed its pleading knell,
I came, and spoke to you with pride,
Then kneeling at your footstool, cried,
My heart was filled with joy to see
And Ethiopic bard with me.

My sobs were like the tolling bell,
My tears like midnight showers fell,
You lavished pity tenderly,
And bathed with oil the wound of me.
Flowers beheld the novel sight,
Whilst cupid blushing, stood in fright.

You held my hand and bade me rise,
You wiped the tear-drops from my
eyes.

Then broke in eloquence of cheer,
"Time won't forsake you, do not fear.
Heed not the needless voice of past
Improve the present passing fast."

"Strike loud your lyre, and let the skies
Resound in wonder and surprise;

Tell of the wrongs and terrors great,
The persecution and the hate.
Imposed upon the sons of Ham
Led to the slaughter of the lamb."

"Be fearless, bold, and you will win
The guidance of the heavenly twin,
For Afric's children must be free
In honor of divine decree."
My tear drops fell, and midst the wild,
I stood as humble as a child
You kissed my hand, your face turned
white,
You vanished suddenly from my sight.
CHARLES H. D. ESTE.
(To be continued.)

LOVE PROSE
I have penned these words with true
desire
And may it to your heart inspire
That you may think, as I now think,
Of the way we used to link.

We are far apart, but still at heart,
For love is all my thought;
Where'er I walk I will ever talk
Of the way we used to walk.

On this little birthday card
I impart my thought with great regard
So that you may never keep at heart
The cruel way in which we part.

I have pondered o'er the time we've
past
And on the day we met last;
Now you have gone the world to roam
And left me here alone to mourn.

The gates of love which were ne'er
ajar
Today, apace at distance far,
You have opened the gate when it
was late

And left me to my cruel fate.
No one knows the heart that ponder,
No one feels the ache it bore,
But, one day, we'll quell its wonder
When we meet to part no more.
RICHARD A. BENNETT.
Central Jaronu, Camaguey, Cuba.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE NEGROES

(Tune "Battle Hymn of the Republic")
Mine eyes have seen the Negro who,
like Moses in his days,
Was the leader of God's people out of
Egypt's slavish chain,
So with this, our Negro Moses, who
obedient to God's call
Is leading Negroes on.

Chorus
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
We Negroes are marching on.

God stand foremost as our leader Mar-
cus Garvey is behind.

With the High Executive Council all
are Negroes in the line,
And behind is an army of four hun-
dred millions strong
As we go marching on,

God has sounded forth a trumpet
which shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the best of Negroes
who are brave and true
To be leaders of their comrades who
will follow in the line
As they go marching on.

In the world's greatest battle Negroes
went across the seas
To give their lives for white men so
that men may happy be:
As they died in France and Flanders
they will die in Africa
As they go marching on.

We care not for the many who are
traitors to their race;
They are accustomed to their lynching
by the men of other race,
But with this, our noble leader, the
Red, the Black and Green,
We all are marching on.

We have Pan-African Du Bois in the
sour apple tree;
He can drown his propaganda in the
Mediterranean Sea,
But our noble leader, Garvey, with the
High Executive Board
And the U. N. L. A. is marching on.

Now let me warn you Negroes to be
loyal, brave and true
To yourself as a people, to your leaders
and your God,
For Africa's redemption must be won
with all our aid
As we go marching on.

W. E. BARCLAY,
162 West 184th street,
New York City.

"ONWARD"
When night is gone and day is coming,
Slow but surely through the dawn;
It makes us all awakened
For the new task it will bring.

When years are spent to their final
days,
And we bid the new ones in,
Then our heart rejoices
For the betterment it will bring.

When winter starts on her homeward
trip,
And spring to us do come,
Then our heart rejoices
For the pleasures it will bring.

When Negroes leave the modern
slavery,
And to our motherland return,
It will make us all contented
For the freedom it will bring.
GILBERT H. SMITH.
Central "Australia," Cuba.

THOUGHTS
A myriad of thoughts come thronging,
As I sit in reverie—
They tumble o'er one another,
Bound for their objective, me.

And I cannot escape them,
Even would I try.
As they bring their little offerings
Of smiles or tears or a sigh.

And I sift them all out gently,
And cast the careless aside,
Then I greet the thoughts of living
A life full of hope and pride.

I think and I think 'til it hurts me,
And my thoughts seem to grow—
Soon they become plans and longings,
And the dark all around doth glow.

My will then embraces them—
The magic work is done;
And gradually they grip me
'Till I and my thoughts, we're one.
H. ELIZABETH DOWDEN.
87 Cleveland Ave., Hartford, Conn.

LIBERTY HALL—NEW YORK

By J. HUNTER

Shrine of all that's dear
To hearts that suffer most!
Thy very presence breathes hope
Thou cradle of Negro liberty.

Within thy spacious walls
Ethiopia's sons and daughters gather
To hear the glories and woes
Of their brethren everywhere.

From thy portals hope springs anew
And men and women go forth to teach
The doctrines of good cheer and love
To Africa's scattered millions every-
where.

We love thy hallowed walls,
Thou art the shrine, the altar,
Where all meet with common cause
As children of a suffering class.

We love the music of the band,
The singing of the choir and soloists, too,
The Legions, Black Cross Nurses, Motor
Corps
That tread thy path with steps majestic.

And as actors their duty to perform
We feel that Ethiopia is not dead;
Her glories are ever resplendent
As manifested by the throngs at Liberty
Hall.

Is True Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leather hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! True Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear.

with hearts and hands to be
earnest to make others free.

They are slaves who fear to speak
for the fallen and the weak
They are slaves who will not choose
slandered, scoffing and abuse,
rather than in silence shrink
from the truth they needs think,
They are slaves who dare not be
in the right with two or three.

WHEN YOU MEET A MEMBER OF THE KU KLUX KLAN

By ROBERT L. POSTON
When you meet a member of the Ku
Klux Klan,

Walk right up and hit him like a natu-
ral man;

Take no thought of babies he may have
at home,

Sympathy's defamed when used upon
his come.

Hit him in the mouth and push his face
right in,

Knock him down a flight of steps and
pick him up again.

Get your distance from him and then
take a running start,

Hit him, brother, hit him, and please
hit the scoundrel hard.

Pour some water on him, bring him
back to life once more,

Think of how he did your folks in the
days of long ago;

Make a prayer to heaven for the
strength to do the job,

Kick him in the stomach, he, a low, un-
worthy snob.

Call your wife and baby out to see you
have some fun,

Slit your bulldog on him for to see the
rascal run.

Head him off before he gets ten paces
from your door,

Take a bat of sturdy oak and knock
him down once more.

This time you may leave him where
he wallows in the sand,

A spent and humble member of the
Ku Klux Klan.

GOD'S VOICE

As in the days of the old prophets,
When God to them would speak
And marshal them to mobilize
Their troops, some tribe to fight.

When God, His chosen Moses called
His people from bondage to free,
Go down to Egypt and exhort
Pharaoh try people to let go,

But when Moses to proud Pharaoh
went,

His wrath towards Moses was spent.
Who is the Lord that I should let
His children, the Israelites, go?

Then Pharaoh to his rulers charged,

To the Israelites their tasks to fulfill,
They with their shrewd discipline,
His orders were fulfilled.
But God still into Moses kept
His purpose to prevail,
And say to that proud king
I am God and there's none like Me.
Yet with all his heart was hard.
For, with thunderings and plagues,
God showed to him that power
Belong to none but God alone.
And that to him what power is given
Is given by God alone.

So it is today in this century,
God's voice to men is heard,
Speaking in the person of a man,
Our intrepid Marcus Garvey.

"Go to no king or sovereign," says he,
"But say to the vile Caucasian,
Who your land for years has invaded,
Get out, white man, and be prepared.

The handwriting is on the wall,
No more shall thou strange rules
Impose, or in thy grandeur dwell,
No more shall thou of thy glory boast
Or thy wealth in Africa."

For God is holding Garvey's hand -
And leading him where to go.
This is the land, the God-given land,
Africa is your Fatherland.

ROSALIA PHYFER.
226 West 140th Street, N. Y. C.

AFRICA, YOUR NATIVE LAND

We have these shores for Africa,
The universal triumphant band,
To join the hands of our fellow men
By General Garvey's command.

We must obey our general
As a messenger sent from God
With music throughout the world;
Come, Africa is your native land.

Our President General is advancing
Rapidly towards our native land.
He will guide you safely
Africa, Africa is his command.

Our most honorable General,
One of history's marvelous men.
Come, my Joseph, help him,
That the younger race may under-
stand.

I have many more to give
Should these be approved by you.
For the benefit of the U. N. I. A.
My brains still work night and day.

J. A. JAMES.

LIBERTY LOAN

By MRS. ANNA SHIELDS,
Cambridge Div., Mass.

Liberty Loan! Liberty Loan!
Was asked of a man deprived of home
By a riotous mob, a lawless band,
Who strove to drive him from the land.

Liberty Loan! Liberty Loan!

Cried a man of wealth in tragic tones
To the man to whom he denied a job
Had threatened with a rope and mob.

Liberty Loan! said the man amazed,
I've been deprived of liberty all my days
Were it possible to give what you have
not,

I would give you one right on the
spot.

First, give us liberty to walk the streets,
Liberty to toil for the bread we eat,
Liberty to live in first-class homes/
Then come and talk of Liberty Loans.

Liberty to do and dare,
Liberty to spirit everywhere,
The strength of our arms would encir-
cle the zone,

Give us liberty, then talk of a Liberty
Loan.

HE SLEEPS IN FRANCE'S BOSOM

He sleeps in France's bosom!
The faithful, loyal slave;
He tilled the soil and then he gave
His life across the wave.

He sleeps in France's bosom!
He never saw the sky
Of Africa; for he was bought
To toil and then to die.

He sleeps in France's bosom!
Midway his humble grave,
Between the land where dwelt his sires
And here where he was slave.

He sleeps in France's bosom!
Perchance he has a dream
Of sires who writhed beneath the lash
Or peon's stifled scream.

He sleeps in France's bosom!
O wish him not awake,
While innocence is martyr
To mob law and the stake.

He sleeps in France's bosom!
The colors o'er him fly;
They were his prison stripes and then
They sent him off to die.

He sleeps in France's bosom!
His life was term of toll,
By chance escaped his captor
To die on foreign soil.

He sleeps in France's bosom!
Thank God he had one life;
For if he had a million
They would have fed crazed strife.

He sleeps in France's bosom!
Peace made his bosom swell;
It was his Afric heritage,
But for the mad he fell.

He sleeps in France's bosom!
His primal land not far,
By Gihon's classic river,
Where Eden loaned her star.

He sleeps in France's bosom!
Columbia claimed his brawn;
France stole his ashes, but his soul
Goes sweeping grandly on.

He sleeps in France's bosom!
The Afric breeze comes far
To sigh above the captive's grave
Beneath a foreign star.

He sleeps in France's bosom!
By yonder lonely wave

Where tragedy and God has vowed
To vindicate the slave!

E. T. DUNLAP.

WOULD YOU CARE?

By MRS. ANNA SHIELDS,
Cambridge Div., Mass.

Tell me, mother, would you care
If your blue-eyed boy with flaxen hair
Were caught and without a claim
Of justice, to die a death of shame.

Would you care if tied to a burning
stake
And as mementoes, brutes would take
Those darling fingers you had loved
and kissed

While the surging crowd stood by and
hissed?

Oh, would you care if stroke on stroke
Up the old elm tree they pulled the

At the end hung dangling your house-
hold pet—

Your brown checked boy with curls of
jet?

Would you care, Oh mother, I ask you if
In defense no one his hand would lift?
Say, 'tis not my affair—let them fight
it out.

I am at peace in the North, I can't help
the South.

Oh, blinded Woman! from your eyes
tear the scales

What e'er in ignorance you allow to
prevail,

Will come to your door, Beware! Be-
ware!

The slaughtered are asking, Would you
care?

And from the courts of high tribune
Where mercy ceases to forbear
Where hope is crushed and love is mute,
Justice clamors, Would you care?

Awake O sluggard from your sleep
Deal unto all men square and fair,
Least you be mocked when vengeance
reaps

This solemn question, Would you care?

TO GERTRUDE PART III

An Inspiration
O Negro children, join and sing
The songs of Afric's land;
Your little lutes of praises bring,
That all may understand

That God is echoing day and night:
"Ethiopia shall be free,
And stretch her hands across the blight
To save humanity."

Sing of the wondrous mystic age,
Of Negro thought and fame,
When sons of Ham on history's page
Did write their glorious name.

Sing of the infants that have died,
Torn from their mother's breast,
And thrown along the river's side

To cheer the lion's rest.

Sing of the maidens bound in chains
And dragged from shore to shore—
The pangs, the heartaches and the
pains,
The pastures stained with gore.

Sing of the prayers that upward went
And moved the heart of God,
The man of tears divinely sent
To cool the parched sod.

Sing of the promise and the power
In store for you and me;
Sing of that blissful golden hour
When Africa we shall see.

CHARLES H. D. ESTE.
55 McTavish street, Montreal, Can.

UPWARD

Progress amid the fears and glooms
Pursue the path where honor blooms
And virtue reigns supreme.

Denounce nefarious thoughts and
deeds,
Perform the right and sow the seeds
Of goodness in extreme.

CHARLES H. D. ESTE.
55 McTavish street, Montreal, Can.

IDEAS

Only ideas of righteous souls
Will live through ages,
And though life's struggles their
bodies control,
They plan and work like sages.

Only ideas of the brave will live
No matter how hard the fight,
They'll struggle hard the blow to give
That will cause their enemies flight.

Only ideas of industrious minds
Can help a downtrodden race;
The lazy, shiftless, skulking kinds
Can only bring disgrace.

Only ideas of fiendish greed
Has changed our peaceful earth.
It flew o'er the world with marvelous
speed,
Dropping seeds of hate and dearth.

Only ideas of Divine Power
Can save the weak from the strong,
Can pull down the mighty from their
tower,
And adjust all that is wrong.

ROSINA SMITH,
September 19, 1921.

Negro World 4/9/21
FOR MOTHER'S DAY.

MOTHER OF MINE.

Dearest of all in the world to me,
Symbol of truth, love and charity,
Light of the home you will ever be
Mother of mine, I love you.

Faithful and true, a confiding friend,
One who will last to the journey's end,
Eager and willing her hand to lend,
Mother of mine, I love you.

When dangers oppress me she's always
there,
Ready and willing my burdens to share,
Teaching that all have a cross to bear,
Mother of mine, I love you.

Never a word of her grief or pain
Constantly counting life's loss as gain,
Seeing God in both the sunshine and
rain—
Mother of mine, I love you.

I pray that your life is all made up with
years,
Filled with life's sunshine, not drenched
with its tears;
And one thought supreme, let it dwell
in your ears,
That mother of mine, I love you.
—RUBY CARMEN BERKLEY.

**COME TO MY ARMS,
O EPHRAIM!**

Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
My heart has trembled for you,
A child adrift in a foreign land
Where hearts have proven untrue.
Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
Cold is your brow—your hands chill.
Let me minister unto you—
My love will give me the skill.
Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
You have been injured I know,
Tender your soul, for nature nursed
Your sires in the long ago.
Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
The dagger has not thrust through—
Only a blood stain—water will cleanse,
Slumber, I'm watching you.
Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
Come! Look over the seas!
The wind that blows from the balmy
east
Is like Abyssinia's breeze.
Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
The purest soul that I know,
Wander with me and memory
Where your fathers dwelt long ago.
Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
We'll stray by Africa's strand.
There the spray has a cooling touch
And God watches over the land.
Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
We'll fly to some fair plateau
Where clouds are captive—the only

chains
Vines that the breezes blow,
Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
We'll flee from the land of grief
To jungles and feel them Paradise,
Where the lash is the wind-blown
sheaf.

Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
When we sail over the sea
We'll look grief in a casket wave
And throw the Atlantic the key.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP
March 26, 1921.

WHEN WISHES ARE REALIZED

If I could have my wish
I'd want to be in Africa
Where flowers ever bloom;
To be among the boys and girls
Of Africa, dear Africa.
I'd wish to see my little sister
At play among the flowers
On evenings when the sun is low,
Or chasing butterflies,
In Africa, dear Africa.

So I must keep on wishing
And pray that God may give our leader
The strength and power to endure
And remove the barriers
That bar us from Africa, dear Africa.
And where others falter
May he firmly stand
As Moses of old; we support his hand
While guiding us through victory
To Africa's sunny land.

Mrs. D. INCE,
Boston, Mass.

"EASTER."

Negro World 4/9/21
By J. E. CLOAK
Easter is the day of the year
The whole world stops to sing
The praises of the one Man, Who,
Relief to all did bring.

The Christ Who sitteth on the Throne
Puts devils all to scorn.
Ascendeth high to Heaven's door
On Easter Sunday morn.

But what the Lord has planned for us
How we accept His grace,
Are things to be amended, if
We wish to see His face.

The black man he has surely taught
Some most wonderful thing
The crowning of his life will be,
He must spread forth his wings.

To love your neighbor as yourself
He also stops to tell
To live more like the Master lives
And live that living well.

The black man to enjoy his life
Must live for each other;
When in distress, a friend he meets
Help him as his brother.

A useful life he sure must live
With no regret befilled,
So friend and foe may speak well of
When earthly hopes are stilled.

Obey the law of God and man
Be no addict to crime,
Then when he leaves this transient
place
Find one that is sublime.

For God so loved the world 'twas said,
His only Son He gave
That those who wished eternal life
The way He'd surely pave.

'Tis this and more the black man learns
When he his Bible reads,
To make him a man among other men
Just what the whole world needs.

The black man's home we wish to build
On Africa's sunny shore,
Must be built by only such men
As placed their Lord before.

The Easter to the white man means
As all the world must say
This transient place is very fair
For white men of this day.

If he would thus continue to
Enjoy his life on earth
He must help his darker brother
Irrespective of his birth.

But the Easter means to him the same
As two thousand years ago,
And now in the zenith of his fame
He should his honor show.

The Lord who died to save his kind
On Good Friday of that year,
And makes the world more glorious
For those to Him so dear.

He also died to save the black
From utter annihilation,
And then to help him build his home
As befits his rank and station.

These things for which our Lord did die
Shall reach their fruititive stage,
The Easter we celebrate shall be,
The greatest day of the age.

J. E. CLOAK
30 Derby St., Winnipeg, Man.

TO AFRICA

There is a land I love beyond the sea,
A land of sunshine and from winter
free.

Where fruits and flowers in plenteous
growth abound,
And snow is never seen upon the
ground.

This clime of climes is graphic in
extreme,
Its creeks and rivers with myriad
fishes teem—
And fleecy hillocks through o'er the

plains extend,
With verdant pastures where great
flocks attend.

This is the land I love where I was
bred,
Where many a tear in infancy I
shed,
Where beauty lingers, and the zephyrs
sing
Glad hymns of honor to the Heavenly
King.

O Clime of Beauty, that I love so well,
Where father, mother, brothers, sis-
ters dwell,
Thy name I treasure and thy tropic
shore

May light and glory gild thee evermore.
CHARLES H. W. ESTE,
U. N. I. A. Literary Club,
Montreal.

BATTLE HYMN OF NEGROLAND

(Sung in the air of "Marching Thro
Georgia")

By WHEELER SHEPPARD
I've got Mr. Garvey's vision now,
I've got it as sure you're born,
I've got it and I'll have it,
When Marcus blows his horn.
O won't that be a blessed day,
Four hundred millions strong!
While we're fighting for freedom?
Hurrah! Hurrah! we fight for liberty.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Negroland must be
free.

Cheers for the Red, the Black and the
Green,
Negroland forevermore!

While we're fighting for freedom.
O, stand aside ye slackers!
O, stand aside, I pray!
Down, forever down with ye!
For freedom holds full sway.
"Africa for the Africans!"
Is the slogan of the day,
While we're fighting for freedom.

REFLECTIONS OF A SLAVE.

(Selection VI.)

CHIVALRY.

They say a black man should not love
The fair sex of a race;
That he has served—and I'm content
To fill my humble place.

And I would strike, with valiant hand,
The slave that dared to speak;
Aught, but respectful unto those
Whom God made fair but weak.

Ah! there are broken hearts that
loved
Those they served; but death
Holds fast their secret that passed out,
When they drew their last breath.

And there are tragedies that slaves
Could tell would make pride pale;

But tender hands have covered them
With silence's sacred veil.

Could slaves, who sacrificed their love
At honor's sacred shrine,
Or out—men would be shook like dews
When zephyrs sway the vine.

Yet, white men seek to find a beam:
They cast an evil eye;
While slaves have ever smoothed their
path,
And passed the fair sex by.

And I had rather wear the chain,
My aires have dragged, or pine,
Than that love should usurp the throne
Of honor's sacred shrine!

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP,
3233 Westworth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

(Selection VII.)

HONOR.

I cannot boast of pride or power,
But blood has never stained;
My hands—I respect human rights,
And would keep no man chained.

For I had rather feel the lash
Than to inflict its pain;
Consume to ashes than to bear
The curse and mark of Cain.

If cotton flowers could tell the tale
Of outrage where they blow,
The South would echo with a wail,
And pride's head would droop low.

Their blossoms would take on the hue
Of shame and they would blush;
If they could speak—superiors
Would cry for them to hush!

Though chains have bound three hun-
dred years
Since sold across the wave,
Dishonor has not soiled the soul
Or the rejected slave.

No phantoms rise from out the past
That point to torch or stake;
No hearts that broke from tyranny
Bid me at night awake.

For I would take no tyrant traits
Back to my home with me
When I return to where my aires
Were captured o'er the sea.

My native land, you may rejoice!
Your sons have suffered pain;
But when you take them to your arms
Their souls are free from stain.

And I, the offspring of a slave,
Scorned on a freeman's sod,
Have not profaned true freedom
And have revered my God!

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP,
3233 Westworth avenue, Chicago, Ill.
(To Be Continued.)

Negro World 4/3/21
THE PEONAGE REPTILE
 By ETHEL TREW DUNLAP

Down in the sunny South,
 Where the climate makes it Paradise,
 A snake's crawling through the land—
 I can see its glittering eyes.

Where nature is fair and the pines
 Still sigh of the red man's lore,
 It steals in choicest retreats
 Like unto the serpent of yore.

Its species comes from the nest
 Of reptiles that slavery bred.
 Lincoln's hand dealt it a blow—
 It lives on with a bruised head.

Where Jasper County is spread,
 Like a table by nature's hand—
 It has been breeding—its eggs
 Are scattered through the southland.

Where our Maker bestows rare gifts,
 Where the spirit of love should
 abound,
 It lurks by the peon's grave,
 And gloats o'er the murderer's
 mound.

Where the Yellow River stares
 At the sights of horror and pain,
 It haunts its shore by the waves
 That hides the murderer's stain.

Stealthily seeking for prey,
 It rattles where peonage thrives;
 Coils by the stake—haunts the mob—
 Seeking innocent black men's lives!

THE PEONAGE VICTIMS
 By ETHEL TREW DUNLAP

Can't you see them in their cells where
 none can hear
 Their remonstrances save the oppres-
 sor's ear?

Can't you hear the clanking chain
 And the smothered groan of pain?
 Can't you see the hand of torture
 clutch and sear?

Can't you feel the Reign of Terror
 that prevails?
 Can't you hear the aged's and the
 feeble's wails?
 Outrage spreads a scrawny hand
 O'er her victims in the land
 Where the peon masters gloat o'er
 crime and jails.

In Florida, that Paradise of flowers,
 Captive children toll away the weary
 hours,
 Where the forest hides the tale—
 And they age within the vale
 Where the Cracker master rapes and
 overpowers.

Can't you see the cracker frog and
 hear his croak?
 Every thump he gets is only just a
 joke.
 When the evening shadows cool,

He is by the same old pool,
 Undisturbed by all the gods freemen
 invoke.

He's the lazy snake of slavery in dis-
 guise:
 We can read their kinship in their
 greenish eyes.

In a land God made sublime,
 In the marsh and mire of crime
 He sprawls where race extermination
 thrives.

O, the South is stained by the oppres-
 sor's hand—
 Liberty is groping blindly in the land.

It is moral midnight there—
 And the captives writhe and stare
 Where palmetto groves vie with those
 Eden fanned.

What will be the tragic end when God
 appears,
 When he weighs a race's wrongs and
 all their tears?

Adam's downfall was not worse
 Than will be the tyrant's curse
 When God wanders in crime's path
 and sees and hears.

**THREE CHEERS FOR THE
 RED, BLACK AND GREEN**

O, Africa, far o'er the ocean,
 The home where true hearts long
 to be,

The shrine of each black man's de-
 votion,

We offer glad homage to thee.
 Thy glory shall make dastard's tremble
 When Freedom's proud form shall
 be seen;

'Neath thy banner brave heroes as-
 semble,

Three cheers for the Red, Black and
 Green!

Chorus:

Three cheers for the Red, Black and
 Green,

Three cheers for the Red, Black and
 Green,

'Neath thy banner brave heroes as-
 semble,

Three cheers for the Red, Black and
 Green.

When war winged its wide desolation,
 And threatened the world to deform,
 The bulwark of battle formation

Our brave boys drove safe thro' the
 storm.

With her garlands of victory around
 her,

Even then she would vent her vile
 spleen

'Gainst these who so nobly fought for
 her,

And now love the Red, Black and
 Green.

Chorus.

Thy flag to salute, now come hither,
 With eyes full of love to the brim;

May the bloom of its youth never
 wither.

Nor the star of our hope e'er grow
 dim.

May Ethiopia, united forever,
 Boast of courage with hope ever
 keen;

For Africa's redemption endeavor!
 Three cheers for the Red, Black and
 Green.

Chorus.

H. ELIZABETH DOWDEN.

TO AN AGED MAN

I saw an old gray-headed man,
 As bent as bent could be;

He held a stout staff in his hand
 And tottered on toward me.

"For mercy's sake! I ask for alms"
 From you my brother true."

I placed a coin upon his palm
 And said: "How old are you?"

"I marched with Sherman to the sea,
 Subdued the Southern Grey,

And fought with Admiral Dewey
 Upon Manila Bay.

"But now I'm old and cannot work,
 My friends—they are no more.

My duty I will never shirk
 Although I'm very poor."

The path to fame is not bedecked
 With gold and jewels rare.

We should so live as to reflect
 The worth of our career.

EDWARD E. WALL.

THANKSGIVING HYMN

By H. ELIZABETH DOWDEN

We thank Thee, Father, for this day,
 And strength to bear us on our way—
 Our hearts are full, we cannot tell
 Of half the things Thou worketh well;

We thank our maker, Savior, King—
 We thank Thee and thy praises sing.

We thank Thee for the man to know
 A kindred soul who's opening foe—
 We thank thee, Lord, that we have
 pride

In our own race, whatever be his
 We thank our maker, Savior, King—
 We thank Thee and thy praises sing.

We thank Thee for the toilsome way,
 That we must tread from day to day,
 And for the test it gives true men,
 To prove their worth and acumen.

We thank our maker, Savior, King—
 We thank Thee and thy praises sing.

We thank Thee, too, that we believe—
 Our spirits, now, the light receive,
 Thy gracious Presence ever near,
 We struggle on and know no fear.

We thank our maker, Savior, King—
 We thank Thee and thy praises sing.

We thank Thee for the coming light,
 And for release from man-made night;
 We're marching onward, in Thy name,
 To take the land from whence we came.

We thank our maker, Savior, King—
 We thank Thee and thy praises sing.

We thank Thee for the coming light,
 And for release from man-made night;
 We're marching onward, in Thy name,
 To take the land from whence we came.

We thank our maker, Savior, King—
 We thank Thee and thy praises sing.

We thank Thee for the coming light,
 And for release from man-made night;
 We're marching onward, in Thy name,
 To take the land from whence we came.

We thank our maker, Savior, King—
 We thank Thee and thy praises sing.

We thank Thee for the coming light,
 And for release from man-made night;
 We're marching onward, in Thy name,
 To take the land from whence we came.

We thank our maker, Savior, King—
 We thank Thee and thy praises sing.

Negro World 4/3/21
 By GEORGE E. HALL

The history and literature of any race are the credentials on which that race is admitted to the family of civilized man and are the indications of its future possibilities. Through all ages and in all nations civilized man has justified his existence by pointing to his history and literature not only as proofs of his development, but as evidence of his contribution to the total sum of human betterment and of the torch he has lent to light the path of man's onward march. The Jew, the Greek, the Roman, the Hindu, the peoples of China and the people of Western Europe are known and esteemed for what history and literature reveal of them and for the contribution they have made to man's knowledge and welfare. The descendants of these races may well study with pride and profit the history of their fathers and justly look with confidence towards the future.

The ancient history and literature of Negroes in Africa have not been emphasized by other races which have dominated the world with their language and civilization, and therefore the modern Negroes, enjoying the civilization of other nations and races, know little of the ancient civilization and customs which still find expression in native tribes of the mother land. It is entirely possible that the destruction of the great Alexandrian library deprived the world of much of the history and literature of ancient Africa.

History and literature are taught to young and old that they may get inspiration therefrom and be instilled with pride for the races that made possible these achievements. Living in a world that worships the history of white races and looks with disdain (if it looks at all) upon what Africans have done, it is almost impossible to develop race pride and consciousness of racial possibilities in our young men and women unless those of us who know our history and literature shall get this information to those who hunger.

In modern nations, America, England and France especially, Negroes have easily kept pace and, in many instances, have been in the vanguard in literature, arts, music and science. Their contributions are not despised by the most enlightened, but on the contrary are accorded the high places due them. It is sadly true, however, that the school boy or girl may know who discovered America, why the War of the Roses, what caused the fall of the Roman Empire, but have no knowledge of Dumas, Coleridge Taylor, H. O. Tanner, or even Dunbar. Our schools teach little or nothing of Negro history and literature, and Negro public opinion is not yet keenly alive to the need.

It is quite fair to say that a child or an adult who has never studied whatever history and literature his own race has produced should be considered ignorant. One cannot argue that there is no source from which to get this information, for there are volumes in libraries written by Negroes themselves, perhaps one of the most notable as well as the most easily accessible being the "Journal of Negro History" by Dr. Carter G. Woodson, volumes in which are found contributions from the best authors and in which are found the best reviews of books on Negro life and history.

The campaign for the study of Negro history and literature conducted by the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity during the week of April 24 should meet the approval and secure the co-operation of all Negro men and women who are interested in the intellectual growth of the race and its future achievements.

Poet

Music, Poetry and Art. — 1921.

IN RESPECT TO

MARCUS GARVEY

negro world 3/5/21
He loosed the shackles from the hand
Bound for three-hundred years.
His voice resounded through the land
Till millions sent up cheers.

He led his race out from the tomb
Of darkness and despair,
That crushed hopes might revive and
bloom
In liberty's pure air.

He did not heed the cynic's sneer—
His soul fell in a dream.
And critics could not hush the lips
That spoke of freedom's theme.

He saw his mother country free—
Beheld her rising star,
And begged his countrymen to flee
Where kin and loved ones are.

Inspired by God, one hundred years
Became to him a day;
He saw his kinsmen, heard their cry
When future tyrants sway.

He saw them swept like driven tide
To Canada's retreat,
Confined there by the ocean bars,
And trampled under feet.

He saw his people pass away
Like clouds that tempests rend.
While idlers criticised and smiled,
He was the black man's friend.

Fired with a patriotic zeal
That fanned his loving heart,
He yearned for native land ties
That aliens tore apart.

He saw a flag eyes could not see—
A nation yet unborn—
A land where black men might be free,
The dawn of freedom's morn.

He did not deem the price too dear
(Whatever it might be)
For black men to regain their soil
And set their country free.

A Paul Revere that God hath raised
Of Ethiopian fame,
To rouse a nation and to fan
Its fire into a flame.

By Ethel Trew Dunlap.

THE U. N. I. A.

The U. N. I. A. is a theme,
Which millions are entwined
In well wrought plans or business
schemes,
And brotherhood combined.

It means that all should fall in line,
With the adancing guide;
Responding to the sign of time,
The new emblem of pride.

There are great adventures lie in wait,
Make this a gorgeous year:
Get out of that hesitating gate!
The break of morn' is near.

Our far off kin, of whom we've
dreamed,
Beyond the tossing wave;
Await our coming to redeem
The land, which God has gave.

About-face to that sunny shore!
Where tyrants ruling blind;
And hold enthralled, a stupid host,
Of untrained human mind.

In one procession let us charge!
Forth with the lofty theme;
Till nations all, salute the bark
That bear, red, black and green.
Thomas H. Brooks,
32 Granville Street., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Division 61.

GIVE ME THE RAINBOW.

If someone should make me an offer
Of something dear and real
And which should be a token good and
true;
Something to suit my color,
And gives a hue for all,
I think I'll choose the rainbow,
wouldn't you?

Give me the rainbow,
The sign that is so true,
And let me take my color
And leave the rest for you;
For all of such, you find so much;
So give me the rainbow true.
No token is more truer;
No emblem can be so dear;
The one true sign of promise we are
told,
And if I have the rainbow
Life sorrows when it rains
Will find the rainbow sucking free and
bold.

Prof. O. M. Skinner.

FOUR MILLION STRONG.

Four million with one single aim—
To loose the shackled hand!
Four million who have turned their eyes
Toward their fatherland.

Four million who demand the stake
Shall not consume their kin!

Four million asking human rights,
With God to help them win.

Four million pointing to the past,
Its skeletons concealed!
Four million organized at last,
That tyrants be revealed.

Four million crying for their rights
To sail across the sea;
Four million asking Liberty
To set the black man free.

Four million, children all of slaves,
Reared under stripes and stars,
Hemmed in by the Atlantic waves
Oppressors turn to bars.

Four million with one rally cry,
And who are wide awake,
Spurred on by hopes that cannot die
For Egypt's daughter's sake.

Four million souls inspired to march
Wherever Freedom's hand
Shall beckon, and to thrill the hearts
Of black men of this land.

Four million who will not be hushed,
Whose protests will not cease,
Until their race, dragged through the
mire,
Shall find means of relief.

Composed by Ethel Trew Dunlap.

TRUE LIBERTY.

negro world 1/22/21
There's something dearer far than gold,
No wealth of Ophir yet untold,
Nor all the diamond fields of old,
Can purchase it.

The God who made both heav'n and
earth,
And sent his Son of lowly birth,
Gave it to man in all its worth—
'Tis Liberty!

The birds that soar on gaily-wing
Denied of it, refuse to sing,
And chafe beneath the awful sting—
"No Liberty."

They beat their wings 'gainst prison
wall
Till in the throes of death they fall
Bereft of what is dear to all—
Of Liberty.

The lion caged 'tween iron bars
Doth roar for freedom 'neath the stars;
And in the confines of his cage,
Battle in unrestrained rage
For Liberty.

God form'd all men of earth's dark
clod,
And made all nations of one blood
To stem the tide of hatred's flood
By Liberty.

White tyrants dared to break the chain
Which God had forg'd round earth's
domain
To hold them and the Negro twain—
This Liberty!

Yet there are Negroes to be found
Still sleeping on enchanted ground,
Where slothfulness and death abound—
Not Liberty!

Farewell, Dead Negroes! Sleep ye on
Till when the Klu Klux Klan come on;
Arise, New Negroes, gird ye on
The armor that has ever won
True Liberty.

Let Garveyism lead the van;
And when come on the Klu Klux Klan,
They'll find us ready to a man—
For Liberty.

Rev. R. H. TOBITT.

Bermuda.

AFRICA.

I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

Oh, what dreams that come unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll;
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

Yet though I cannot see thee,
Yet I long to come to thee,
Our land of liberty.

Still I must rest in faith alone,
I love the dearest land
And will, unseen, but not unknown,
ESTELLA MATTHEWS,
Philadelphia Division of the U. N. I. A.

MY DISTANT HOME.

The sun has done down below the
summits of the city dome,
Leaving in my heart bitterness of age
and remembrance of home.
But alas! hope rises in the early
morn,

When the day is green and newly
born;
Lifting obscurity from my wandering
roam,
And paints a bright future of my dis-
tant home.

It is not for the money-grab that I
crossed the sea,
It is not the door of success, but it is
the key,
That keeps me roaming all four years
and more
To fit that key of success into the
door.

ALLAN L. CAMPBELL.

Havana, Cuba.

A WEEK WITH NEGRO COMPOSERS.

negro world 7/18/21
The People of America have ob-
served "Health Weeks," "Thrill
Weeks," "Religious Book Week,"
and weeks of various sorts. And
now, through the efforts of the Na-
tional Association of Negro Musi-
cians, we are called upon to observe
"A Week With Negro Composers of
Music," July 23-30.
July 23-30.

The Negro, through his song, has
certainly touched the heart of the
American people.

in the Southland, there are few
men and women of a generation ago,
whose memory does not carry them
back to the days of childhood when
they were lulled to sleep by the
soothing strains of some mysteri-
ously fascinating melody, gently croon-
ed by an ever attentive and faithful
Negro nurse.

Those old songs of Anti-Bellum
days, have a peculiar charm for all
Americans, and they deserve to be
carefully studied by all persons who
would know more of the "Message
of the American Negro in Music,"
should begin by studying the old Ju-
bilee Melodies," or Negro Spirituals
as they are called, for in these songs
will be found the true character of
the Negro of bygone days.

A number of world famous white
composers have taken the themes of
these old melodies and used them as
a foundation upon which to build
some of the greatest works of the
present day.

But in recent yrs. there has come
upon the scene a group of Negro
composers who are busily engaged in
putting these songs of their fathers
through a transition "From the Ne-
gro folk song to the Art Song and
Chorus."

Prominent among these composers
are Clarence C. White, Harry Bur-
leigh, Rosamond Johnson, Nathaniel
Dett, Carl Dittus, Hiram Simmons,
Maud Cuney Hare and others.

White confines his work to the vio-
lin. The Music Observer says, "The
original writings of Mr. White dis-
close pleasing melodic invention, flu-
ency of style together with an alto-
gether apt understanding of violin-
istic needs and, above all, beauty and
clarity in his part writings."

Carl Dittus has arranged "Swing
Low, Sweet Chariot," as an organ
voluntary, while Nathaniel Dett has
taken the same old spiritual and out
of its fascinating strains, a wonder-
ful motette, called "Chariot Jubi-
lee." Hiram Simmons has written
an oratorio, "The Lord's Supper,"
which is perhaps the most ambitious
effort put forth by an American Ne-
gro.

Carl Fischer, G. Schirmer, John
Church, Theodore Presser and other
publishers are doing their best to
bring the worthy compositions of Ne-
groes to the attention of music lov-
ers in America.

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POETESS AND ELOCUTIONIST

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4018 EVANS AVE.

CHICAGO, ILL.

TAKE UP THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN.

Kansas City, Mo. 7/26/21

Take up the Black Man's burden—
"Send forth the best ye breed,"
To the judge with righteous judgment
The Black Man's work and need,
To set down naught in malice,
In hate or prejudice,
To tell the truth about him,
To paint him as he is.

Take up the Black Man's burden,
Ye of the bold and strong,
And might make right as only
It does no weak race wrong;
When yours—his chances equal,
Give him the fairest test,
Then, 'Hands Off!' be your motto
And he will do the rest.

Take up the Black Man's burden,
Don't curse him in advance,
He cannot lift a White Man's load
Without a White Man's chance;
Shut out from mill and workshop
From counting-room and store,
By caste and labor unions,
You close Industry's door.

Take up the Black Man's burden,
Don't crush him with his load;
Nor heap it up in courses
By scoff and jeers bestowed—
The haughty Anglo-Saxon
Was savage and untaught—
A thousand years of freedom
A wondrous change has wrought!

Take up the Black Man's burden,
Black men of every clime,
What though your cross be heavy,
Your sun, but darkly shine,
Stoop with a freeman's ardor,
Lift high a freeman's head,
Stand with a freeman's firmness,
March with a freeman's tread.

Take up the Black Man's burden,
"Send forth the best ye breed,"
To serve as types of progress,
To teach, to pray, to plead.
Let the glory of your people
Be the making of great men,
To lifting of the lowly
To noble thought and aim.

Take up the Black Man's burden,
Black freeman! stand alone,
If need be! Gird your armor,
For conflicts yet to come;
When weighed be not found wanting,
But find or make a way
To honor, fame and fortune,
To God and destiny.

—J. Dallas Bowser

ON, ON TO ABYSSINIA.

Chicago, Ill. 3/19/21
On, on to Abyssinia!
Why should we tarry here,
Where we are tossed about like chaff
And chased like routed deer?

On, on to Abyssinia!
It is our fatherland,
Where none are slaves and where no
chain
Has bound the black man's hand.

On, on to Abyssinia!
Let us possess its wealth.
Encroaching nations haunt it now
That seize God's land by stealth.

On, on to Abyssinia!
Where dollars bear a face
That's black and honest—where we
may
Live in peace with our race.

On, on to Abyssinia!
It is the Promised Coast.
A prince can have a heart as well
As presidents we toast.

On, on to Abyssinia!
The prince extends a hand.
Nimble's blood warms their veins
Where black men rule the land.

On, on to Abyssinia!
The only thing we boast
At Washington's the janitor—
And yet we love this coast.

On, on to Abyssinia!
If we must strive for right,
Let's join our brethren where we'll be
God's soldiers in the fight.

On, on to Abyssinia!
Stretch out the shackled hand!
And God will bless the day we sail
Toward its Promised Land!
By Ethel Trew Dunlap,
3233 Wentworth Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Pharisees, Can't You See?

Pharisees, can't you see
That your scepter is ready to fall?
Pharisees, can't you see
That love is all in all?

Pharisees, can't you see
That on love hangeth all the law?
Pharisees, can't you see
That hate is a grievous flaw?

Pharisees, can't you see
Ethiopia's rising star?
Pharisees, can't you see
What Isaiah saw from afar?

Pharisees, can't you see
A new dispensation is here?
Pharisees, can't you see
The millennium's drawing near?

Pharisees, can't you see
Your hosts are confused today?
Pharisees, can't you see
You have chosen and now you must
slay?
Pharisees, can't you see
While you are fighting sin.

Pharisees, can't you see
You are striving with devils within?
Pharisees, can't you see
You've rejected the Prince of Peace?
Pharisees, can't you see
Hate's dispensation must cease?

Pharisees, can't you see
Ethiopia's rising bright?
Pharisees, can't you see
You must follow their star for the
light?

Pharisees, can't you see
Ere you drown in the Red Sea waves,
Pharisees, can't you see
That love is the power that saves?
ETHEL TREW DUNLAP,
3233 Wentworth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Marcus Garvey.

Mighty are your plans and deeds,
After three and one-half year,
Raging a warfare for the Negroes'
need.

Can the race not see or hear?
Unity will give strength and
Success in redeeming the motherland.

Go on, Garvey, fight for right;
Attack the foes of our liberty.
Right must conquer and not might.
Vouched for by God Almighty,
Eternal shall be thy name
Your posterity shall know your fame.

F. M. CLAUDIUS DE SUZE,
Roxbury, Mass.

"OH, MOTHERLAND!"

There is a voice that's calling, calling,
calling;
It swells with one majestic melody,
It bids the awakened Negroes to arise,
Fight for your liberty or die.

Oh, motherland! from beyond the dis-
tant seas I sight;
I looked, I longed, I yearned for the
return,
And lo, the day of redemption has
begun,
When Negroes shall proclaim 'tis Lib-
erty.

I long to see far o'er the distant seas,
The sunny shores of old Liberia,
That festive land, the homes of Negroes
everywhere.

I long to join my brother over there.
Oh, God of Gods, to thee I look this
day for grace;
A grace that will inspire us anew;

Send it boundlessly on thy people in
distress,
Enlight the path that leads to victory.

Oh, Africa! Africa! Sweet land of the
roses;
Thy wealth stupendous bids us to re-
turn;
Come back ye distant millions to thy
fold.
Come, Negroes, come; follow Marcus
Garvey.

LESLIE LEWIS,

1070 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE FALLING AUTOGRAPH
Chicago, Ill. 5/21/21
I see him as he threads his way,
A mournful object, day by day,
Along the crowded city street
Rent by the sound of passing feet.

His hair is long and thing and white:
His coat and trousers fit him tight,
His hat and shoes and long cravat,
Bespeak the one-timed autocrat.

When he was young, he lived in style,
And felt the warmth of fortune's
smile.

He laughed, he danced, he drank, he
ate;

He bowed to none of humble state.

But some one robbed him of his gain:
They say he nearly went insane
And that is why he acts so queer,
And looks like some old-fashioned
seer.

And that is why the reckless boy
On mischief bent, makes him his toy,
And plies his wit with language terse,
To see the old man turn and curse.

Ah me, what pity, such as he,
Should live beyond his years to see
That all which once so brightly shone
Has turned to stubble and to stone.

—Edwin Garnett Riley.

WUP **ETHIOPIAN MAID** *Chicago, Ill. 5/21/21*
By Walter Everette Hawkins
I mingle my goblet with oil of the vine
And drink to the health of a maid most benign;
No less do I drink to her beauty and youth
Than to her meek innocence, virtue and truth;
And, meekly arrayed in thy modest brocade,
I drink to thy health, Ethiopian maid.
Mid noon-tide and moon-tide, whatever my theme,
Thy vision creeps in the enchantments of dreams;
The pipings of skylarks and trills of the wren
Are mixed in the midst of the melody when
Thy laughter-rings out in the vine-scented glade
As I drink to thy health, Ethiopian maid.

When sun of the tropics turns westward and dies,
The magic still lingers in light of thine eyes;
I mingle my goblet with oil of the palm,
Where spices hang over and summer smiles warm,
And there, 'mid the magic of forest and shade,
I drink thy sweet health, Ethiopian maid.

Music, Poetry, and Art—1921.

TO HDN. MARCUS GARVEY

Father of Black Independence,
Africa's great Washington!
Liberty salutes thy coming—
Faithful patriotic son,
True to nation and to calling,
To struggle though sore oppressed;
True to childhood and emotion
Of the throbbing Afric breast;
True to those to whom God bound you
By a sacred, racial tie;
True to vision of the future—
Hist'ry shall not pass thee by.
When the hurry and confusion
Of the captive's day is o'er;
When the flag of thy fond dreaming
Floats above thy native shore;
When the future generations
Gaze into the turbid past,
On the dark and rolling waters
Fair shall rise thy stately mast.
Through the corridor of ages,
Like the bier of one loved well,
Shall thy name be handed onward
By thy virtue's magic spell.
Thy name shall not be for jesters;
But a word of magic power,
Spoke in tones of awe by kinsmen
Who enjoy thy spirit's dower.
And the future youth shall whisper
Thy name reverential, low,
Where the evening star of Egypt
Lights the Nile waves with its glow.
Underneath the fig tree's shadow,
Dusky daughters there set free.
Shall tell smiling, bright-eyed children
How thou sent them o'er the sea.
Where the Nubian sun blazes
And loans to the heart its fire,
Native sons shall speak thy glory—
It shall cool and never tire.
In that Afric land of splendor,
Neath the Red, the Black and Green,
Long shall captive hearts remember
Him who freed the Southern Queen.

Make ye ready Egypt's daughter;
For the leader of the free,
Who raised up his voice for captives,
Is returning o'er the sea.
Garvey, who has been a by-word
For the jesting Aryan tongue,
Hurries back to cheer his kinsmen—
And his praises should be sung.
Dusky daughters, gather garlands
To strew o'er his path that day.
Wear thy sweetest smiles, O maiden—
Cheer him on his homeward way.
Afric sons, do honor proudly
To the patriotic heart,
That is binding in one purpose
Those whom envy kept apart.
He is weary from his journey,
Travel-stained, but careth not
In the adoration of his mission,
Self and ease are all forgot.
And the savior who has risen
To redeem the black man's land,
Shall soon be among his loved ones—
Cheer the heart and grasp the hand.
Like a great colossal mountain,

Towering over peaks below,
Is the Hercules of Egypt
Looming o'er the tyrant foe.
Liberty's star has not harbored
Patriot of greater fame
Than the champion of justice
Who made Afric freedom flame.
O I may not hear the magic
Of his voice or press his hand;
But the vision of his spirit
Has helped make my soul grow
grand;
For there is a tie that's binding
Between patriots: desire
To lead men to height subliminal,
Fans their souls to mutual fire.
And I'll wrap me in reflection
On that great, triumphant day
When the black man's great redeemer
Anchors safe in New York Bay.
ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.
3233 Wentworth Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

ANTHEM

Hurrah for Garvey!
Hurrah, hurrah for Garvey,
The leader of our race,
The man that God appointed
To take the Negroes' race.

Chorus.

Hurrah ye colored soldiers,
Hurrah, ye gallant men,
And you ye noble comrades,
Hurrah for Garvey then.

Mr. Garvey now is calling
Four hundred million strong,
And you ye sons and daughters,
To the place where you belong.

Mr. Garvey is our leader,
On him we do depend;
He is our noble captain,
We'll follow to the end.

God bless thee, Mr. Garvey;
God bless thee evermore,
And may His richest blessing
Protect and carry you through.
C. BRATHWAITE.

ENTERTAINMENT

The day is fading fast from the sky,
And O, I wish my love were nigh—
To sit with me on this russet beam,
And watch the love-flowing stream;
To hear the cricket's witty refrain,
To woo the splendor of the plain,
And hail the fair and genial flowers,
Whose virgin forms enchant the bow-
ers;
To watch the fireflies circling about,
The frenzied gambol of the trout;

And list with amends to children's
song—
The laughter of the village throng;
To court the stars in their glory bright,
A seething and a placid sight;
And welcome the gay and smiling
moon,
And list with joy the sylvan's croon.

O, what a wondrous joy 'twould be,
If but my love were here with me.

IMPRESSION

Thou singest—and wonder
Falls down to adore.
The Graces all ponder
And muse by the shore.

Thou speakest—and children
With eagerness list.
Thy message is laden
With splendor of gist.

Thou soarest in virtue—
The stars greet thy flight.
The rose and the myrtle
Are lost in delight.

A poet is raptured,
To gaze and behold
A soul that is featured
And washed into gold.

May years of fruition
Thy homestead attend,
And peaceful omission,
Thy motive defend.

CHARLES H. D. ESTE.

POPPIES AND PYRES

In Flanders fields the poppies grow;
There sleep the dead; they tell it so,
They who returned from ruin of war,
And tell the mysteries they saw—
Between white crosses, row on row,
The blossoms, nodding to and fro,
Vivid reminders of life blood shed,
Rise from the spots where heroes bled,
And look up at the sky.

In Southern fields grim death pyres
grow;

'Tis sad, but true; they tell it so,
They who escaped the accursed blight
That fell in dark and kills in light—
No white crosses, row on row,
Nor blossoms nodding to and fro,
Yet charred reminders of life blood
shed.

Mark the spots where outlawed dead
Stare up at the sky.

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
For our brave soldier dead;
Between the crosses, row on row,
That dot the soil where black sons bled,
Look ye well, you'll see 'tis so,
The way those waving poppies grow;
O'er the graves of our own dead,
Each flower seems a deeper red
Nodding to the sky.

In Flanders fields they died for peace—
Peace and world democracy—

In Southern fields, where is that peace,
And well bought democracy?
Between white crosses, row on row,
That mark the graves of black boys
dead,
Why do those blood-dyed blossoms
grow,
And why do they grow so red
Under the cloudless sky?

These blossoms, bright, a message tell,
And all who will may read it well;
They speak for shame of men and war,
For empty promise and broken law—
Not in vain have these warriors died;
And, like the ocean's swelling tide,
Their wrongs and ours, who pray,
Will overflow the banks some day,
And waves leap towards the sky.

The poppies grow; the lynch-pyres
glow,
For all the world to see them so;
Those crosses seem to whiter grow
Among the flowers, row on row—
The God that makes the blossoms grow
Between white crosses, row on row,
Is frowning on those Southern fields—
He marks the scythe the wild mob
wields,
And passion clouds the sky.

So rest ye braves in Flanders fields;
Sleep on beneath the sod;
We know your spirits are at rest,
And long ere now with God—
You see the poppies waving,
The smoke of rioters' fires,
The charred remains, the crosses,
The fruits of men's desires
Under one blue sky.

O might ye tell, who see it,
How all debt must be paid;
For the Omnipotent will have it so—
Restitution must be made;
Retribution cannot pass us,
Though we oftentimes doubt the claim;
White men for black, innocence for
guilt.

Life for life, and pain for pain
While God reigns on high.
H. ELIZABETH DOWDEN,
87 Cleveland Ave.,
Hartford, Conn.

AFTER SUPPER ON DECK

By LEONARD BRATHWAITE.

A vast, dense darkness enshrouds the
goodly ship,
And out from her, her lights, they peep;
A steady breeze from out the West
doth ooze,
And seems to nestle on my cheek;
My lungs take in the breezy balm;
My soul, on the wings of the wind, rest
there;
My thoughts wander, my chest expand:
I am thinking of a celestial sphere—
On the deck, but 'T' am in a better
land.
The breeze she has taken me to her
entourage
(Must I question why?);
She entreats me to linger,
Stay and see the source of her supply;

The universal dynamic, the Omnipotent.
But as we approach a voice bids halt!
And for reasons better known to the
Author of the voice
My hostess is sent on another mission
upon the expansive salt.
The good ship stems and eddies.
We are in the midst of a gale;
The captain the situation studies:
The deck of its walking, talking cargo
clear must lay,
And I, on my life, the order cannot
obey.
How can I when, as it were,
My soul is carried on the wings of the
wind.
And through the seething elements?

CAN WE FORGET MARCUS GARVEY?

Negroes; can we ever forget
This great bold Negro man,
The man that God has resurrected,
To lead us to our land?
The Negro World
A banner never to be
The same never seen;
He fearlessly outlines his plans,
And bids our unity.

Could we, of Negro blood, reject
His great and noble plans;
To get us to our native land,
Free from the white man's hand?

We thank the Lord for such a gift,
Upon a race that was going adrift
We hope ere long to hear the shout:
Negroes, Negroes, Victory.

J. L. BARNES.

El Cigula Refercia, Apartado 61
Tampico, Mexico.

BE IN TIME

Life at best is very brief,
Like the falling of a leaf,
Like the binding of a sheaf,
Be in time.

Fleeting days are telling fast,
That the die will soon be cast,
And the fatal line be passed,
Be in time.

Be in time. Be in time,
While the noise of Garvey calls you,
Be in time.

If in sin you longer wait,
You may find no open gate,
And your cry be just too late,
Be in time.

Fairest flowers soon decay,
Youth and beauty pass away;
Oh, do not longer wait,
You have not long to stay,
Be in time.

While Garvey's spirit bids you come,
Sinner, do not longer wait,
Less you seal your hopeless doom,
Be in time.

Time is gliding swiftly by.

Death and judgment draweth nigh,
To the arms of Jesus fly,
Be in time.

Oh, I pray you count the cost,
Ere the fatal line is crossed,
And your soul in hell be lost.
Be in time.

Sinners, heed the warning voice of
Garvey,
Make Garvey your final choice on
earth.
Then all African sons and daugh-
ters will rejoice.
Be in time.

Come from darkness into light,
Come let Garvey make you right,
Come and start for Africa tonight,
Be in time.

How poor they that have no patience,
What wound would ever heal but by
degrees,
I hear a joyful cry through all the
mourning land,
Africa, Africa, must be free,
Behold, Negroes, where we stand,
The battle won't be long,
But soon our song shall be of glorious
victory.

Z. L. ANDERSON.

Estrella 171, Havana, Cuba.

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

There's a birth in the earth—
Not that on the screen;
A race is traveling—
It's emblem is seen.
The shower—the flower!
The blossom has burst,
Sprung, as did Jesus,
From soil they called cursed.
It blooms—it perfumes—
Pressed to Africa's breast—
That siren who's calling
The captive to rest.

ETHEL DREW DUNLAP.

3331 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.
This poem and the ones that follow
were written on the midnight of the
4th of July, 1921, after returning from
a U. N. I. A. meeting at the Star Bap-
tist Church, Thirty-eighth and Vin-
cennes, Chicago.

EPHRAIM, FORGIVE

Ephraim, forgive, forgive,
Thou faithful slave and sweet!
I want to be the first to kneel
Repentant at thy feet.
I have not cast at thee a stone,
Nor brought on thee defame;
But let me bear reproach's cross
To save my race from shame.
O let me loan Columbia's star
That dimly lights my way;
For black the midnight for the slave
Before the dawn of day.
If glory is too small for both,
Pray let me wrap my fold
Around thee ere the stinging blast
O'ercomes thee with the cold.

Thy feet I long to lave
That thou may bear my memory
Across the briny wave.
ETHEL DREW DUNLAP.

THE REASON WHY I LOVE YOUR FLAG

I love the Red, the Black and Green—
It's not my flag, I know;
But it's for freedom and for God—
That's why I love it so.
I love it, for its mantle warm
Will shield the captive child,
That has been called an "ape," and
scorned
Like he was something wild.
I love it; for I love the twin
Who has been reared with me,
Who finds protection in its folds
Beyond the briny sea.
No other flag has thrilled my soul
Like that the Southern Queen
Floats over Africa—God bless
The Red, Black and the Green.
ETHEL DREW DUNLAP.
3333 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

EPHRAIM, FAREWELL

Ephraim, farewell, farewell!
I hate the murmur'ing sea;
For it will whisper, when you're gone,
Sad memories to me.
The ocean wind will sigh your name—
And when it blows a gale,
The shrieking elements will tell
The captive's awful tale.
The breaker will hiss "thou accursed,
Thy race sent him to doom;
The billows reach out giant hands
To drag me to their tomb—
Like ponies whom my race despised
When they sent up a plea;
The captor, who once lashed your sire,
Will rise up in the sea,
And send the phantom blood-hounds
forth

As in Eliza's day—
Revenge will follow me because
My sire rose up to slay.
The storm will beat me with the spray,
A thousand voices rise
From out the ocean depths, like groans
And moans and captive sighs.
The lightning's scornful eye will flash
On me whose race enslaves;
A thousand shackled hands will reach
Out from the turbid waves.
And when the storm has calmed, I
rest

Can come to such as me;
For nature mocks—and she will taunt
"Your captive has gone free—
His bond is loose and he has fled—
Your heart must suffer pain;
For he is free; but you must grieve—
He will not come again.
He gave you faithfulness and love—
You gave him withered flowers,
Three hundred years of pain, and drove
Him from this land of ours."

ETHEL DREW DUNLAP.

ETHIOPIA BELOVED

By MRS. ANNA SHIELDS.

Cambridge, Mass., Division.
Ethiopia, beloved, thou art sleeping,
The gleams of the red rising sun
Up from the valley are creeping.
Arise, for thy day has begun.

As an army thy proud sons are wearing
Their weapons of patience and trust
The while in humility tearing
The sword from sheath of rust.

Ethiopia, arouse from thy slumber!
Spread thy wings and prepare for
thy flight!
Farry not least destruction and plunder
O'er take thee ere cometh the night.

Ethiopia, beloved of the morning,
Arise in thy grandeur and power;
Aside lay thy sackcloth and mourning,
Behold ye the long-prayed-for hour.

Of redemption thy joy again smelleth
Upon thee as in dear days of yore,
Ere darkness and sadness and trials
Upon thee in penance were poured.

Arise! oh, beloved, 'tis thy duty:
Step forth in the radiance of spring;
Go forth, meet thy king in thy beauty.
Ethiopia, rise, spread forth thy wings.

THE BETTER TIME THAT'S COMING BY AND BY

By MRS. HENRIETTA CONNOR

Coxen Hole, Ruatan Division, U. N. I. A.
No. 49

There's a better time a-coming by and
by;
You can see its glory breaking in the
sky.
Eyes are looking, ears are listening,
Hearts are throbbing, souls are thrill-
ing,
For the better time that's coming by
and by.

Don't get faithless, Negroes all;
God has heard our humble call.
He will not despise our color,
Where he leads we all must follow,
Then there'll be better times a-coming
by and by.

From the East and from the West,
From the North and from the South
we hear the Negro's cry,
Four hundred million strong are we.
So Africa we must see,
Then there'll be better times a-coming
by and by.

Keep your eyes forward, lift your
hearts upward,
That the Honorable Marcus Garvey
God may guide;

Give patience, health and courage,
For the Negro's right he's striving;
For the better times a-coming by and
by.

So join the union, Negroes all;
Don't give deaf ear to the Negro's call;
'Tis now or never, come what may,
The new Negroes must win the day,
Then there'll be the better time that
was coming by and by.

TELL IT OUT

By R. B. BRUCE, Colon, R. P.

Tell it out among the nations, the
U. N. I. A.

Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell out among the people it has come
to stay.

Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out with adoration that we shall
increase.

That the might Marcus Garvey brings
the Negroes peace;
Tell it out with jubilation—South,
North, East and West.
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out in every country Marcus
Garvey reigns;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the Negroes, tell them
drop their chains;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the weeping ones to
stop their cries;
Tell it among the weary ones to lift
their eyes;

Tell it out among the careless ones to
do or die—
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out we are marching onward to
Liberia;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Let them know we'll get out there even
if it means through fire;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Let them know we are working and
our works are seen;
Tell it out that our colors are the red,
black and green;

Let them know we are going onward
till the cause we win—
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations Africa is
there;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Let them know, with Garvey leading,
we have naught to fear;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the highways, let the
whole earth ring;
Tell it out among the Negroes, let them
shout and sing;

Just remind them from creation that
the Lord was King—
Tell it out! Tell it out!

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shout and sing;

Just remind them from creation that
the Lord was King—
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Of all things that sin enshrouds

Her divine right by heaven's decree
I desire to see Ethiopia free;
I know 'twill be, yet would I see
The coming day that calls to me.

II. BETWEEN OURSELVES

We think and feel such a myriad of
things
That our souls soar as on aerial wings,
While we grope and grasp and gain a
mite
As we struggle along in a noisome
night.

This mite we hold is a tangible part
Of the very thing that nearest the
heart—

Seems to press us and heave and en-
shroud,
As a peak is hidden by lowering cloud

Unlike the cloud, this thing we feel
Cannot forever be our weal;

Each time we gain and hold a mite,
So much lighter and shorter our night.

So much nearer we bring the dawn,
So much finer the line is drawn
Between justice, injustice and right
and wrong—

So much weaker the driver's thong.
No miracle this, nor trick of fate,
But the dawn of tomorrow and down-
fall of hate,

And we all can help bring it about
If we learn when to sigh and when to
shout.

Wake, harps of On and Thebes, again,
Upon thine ancient hill,
On Lybia's long-deserted plain,
By Gihon's shaded rill.

In silence lay'st thou cold and mute
Upon thy ruined wall;
Thy timbrel, cymbal and thy flute
No more answer thy call.

Cruel nations have oppressed thee,
Crushed thy pride, robbed thy gold;
But the gods have come to save thee—
Revive thee as of old.

Glad hymns shall yet thy bosoms swell,
That sun "Sisostris's praise;
Thy loved ones shall forever dwell
As once in bygone days.

Haste, oh! haste the promised days
When we shall all rejoice,
Thy scattered sons return to praise
With one united voice.

C. MICHAEL PERCY.
At Guantanamo, Cuba.

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Music, Poetry and Art.-1921

IN RESPECT TO HON. MARCUS GARVEY

By ETHEL TREW DUNLAP

He is calling to those groping
That have veiled three hundred years,
He is bidding those who languish
To take heart and dry their tears.

8/27/21
He is calling to those groping
To look up and see the light.
While his race is hopelessly drifting,
He can see a star that's bright.

While white men are quibbling over
Everything that's kin to strife,
His soul's aspiration strengthens,
From his heart springs wells of life.

Wells of life where slaves may tarry
Drink of liberty's cool draught,
And press on toward the freedom
Born of his courageous thought.

He is leading Egypt's daughter
From the captor that defiled
Back to where her royal kinsmen
Wait for their abducted child.

And his eyes are keen and searching;
They behold the only path
Where he may escape the tyrants
Who are filled with hate and wrath.

He is sending forth a message;
When its echoes shall arise
They will shake the ocean islands,
And disturb the stars in skies.

Flee with him, O dark-browed maiden,
Egypt's daughter—grasp his hand!
He will bear thee safely over
And restore thee to thy land.

IN RESPECT TO HON. MARCUS GARVEY

By ETHEL TREW DUNLAP

Out of the crater of slavery
His soul was born like the spark
That flashes from the volcano
And lights up the ominous dark.

Out of the clutch of the tyrant
He comes like Christ from the tomb,
And speaks as he spoke unto Mary,
To lead his race out of the gloom.

Out of the mob that is maddened,
Out of the stake's vivid flame,
Like the ghost of justice haunting,
He points the stern finger of shame.

Out of the altar of freedom
Where Moloch takes liberty's place
He rises to save helpless victims
Sacrificed by an oppressing race.

Out of the night's waning shadows,
Ushering in the new day,
He stands on the threshold of
Freedom
To show Freedom's daughter the
way.

Out of the gall of past bondage
He comes like one freed from the
tomb,
To water the flower of a nation
That it may flourish and bloom.

MORNING GLORY

Morning-glory sweet and dear,
Full of sunshine, full of cheer;
Full of smiles, with vigor blest,
Of all flowers thou art best.

When I see the "Morning-glow"
I forget my worries so;
In thy presence peace doth be,
Thy perfume refreshes me.

FAREWELL

O little flower good-bye, good-bye,
I can no longer stay;
The day is past and night glides nigh,
And I must be away.

To leave you all alone behind,
'Tis not my joy, I know;
Yet I will bear you long in mind,
Because I love you so.

CHARLES H. D. ESTE
58 McTavish street, Montreal, Can.

OTTERBURN PARK

Proudly the sun out-stretched his wel-
come arms,

And cuddled day whose heart was
glad and gay;

The elements blushed and from the
lucent sky,

A radiance leaped and kissed the
crescent spray.

The thrill of music gushing 'midst the
trees,

'Roused all the mountains' veins and
shook the vale—

Then stole to sunny dreams a swarm
of bees,

That lurked behind the grandstand
in the dale.

Like a proud ancient knight the lake
did thrid

Amidst a limped lure of flowers
wild;

And logs of timber with the current
skid,

To hear the songs of Ethiopia's child.

Festooned in wreaths of tunable dis-
play,

The water-lily's shadows lifted the
wave;
What passion did the tulip's motive
away,
When foamed the draught that morn-
ing glory made.

The redolent smell of bay-leaves sere
with age,
The fine gray buildings towering
neath the sky;
The robin's twitter and the parrot's
sage,
Are precious memories that can
never die.

IT SEEMS TO ME

By H. ELIZABETH COWDEN

Out of the vastness something calls,
And I think that I hear
A moan, a sigh, a note that falls,
Warm on my listening ear.
Beyond the sunlight a shadow sways,
And holds pleading hands to me—
I'm longing to know what it says,
And what its desires may be.

I long to learn; may it be soon,
For something haunts my way—
Something near me, by night or noon,
Is calling me to obey.
Out of the vastness something calls,
And I feel a presence near—
O'er and again rises and falls,
That note, full of hope and fear.

Sometimes a word comes to me,
A fleeting breath it seems;
"Message"—"Time"—"Work for Thee,"
And a ray of light gleams—
Just now I heard, beyond the walls,
That cry, clear—it seems to me,
Out of the vastness something calls,
"Go set my people free!"
237 West 124th st., New York City.

THE RECONCILIATION

ANNA E. SHIELDS,

Cambridge Division, Mass.
Over a chasm of whitened bones
Bleached on the sunkissed strand,
Bearing each a weary load,
They viewed each other's hand.

The white man bore a load of guilt
Blood stained his hands and his soul,
Recolled in horror as memory shed
Her rays on crimes untold.

Of innocent men burned at the stake,
Hot irons applied to the flesh;
Live men dismembered till the earth
would shake

Of thousands sent to their death.

Of the mother suspended with child
unborn,
Head down she was tied to a tree!
From nature's bosom her offspring torn
In the flash light of liberty!

He skulked in terror, his burden great,
Seemed to bear him in pain to the
earth.

No love for his brother, in his heart
no faith,

He cursed e'en the day of his birth

And the black man's burden, with a
plea of despair

He cried, Father, thy will be done—
The beast of the forest, the birds of the
air

All things that breathe under the sun.

Have freedom and justice, are accorded
the right

To toil and to seek for their bread,
Ethiopia is denied, is deprived of this
might

'Twould be better, dear God, were
she dead.

Then the Father of each, both the
black and the white,

Said, I made you of one family tree
To be equal as brothers, now come to
the light.

And bring thine oppressor with thee.

Nay, Father, his hands are dyed with
our blood,

They would stain, I dare not attempt
Spake the Savior, thy virtue will
cleanse e'en his crimes
See in sackcloth his garments are
rent!

He is thy brother and love him you
must,

He awaits you, remorse on his brow;
I have humbled his spirit, he kneels in
the dust

Tarry not but accede with him now.

Then the glorified man cast his burden
aside,

Erect and proud did he stand;
Crying, Lord I forgive for my Savior
hath died

And, remembering, the brothers
shook hands.

And they shook out all malice, preju-
dice, hate.

They shook out contempt and dis-
guise,

And while they were shaking, oh, joy
to relate,

A third hand clasped theirs from the
skies,

Oh, come then my brother, come let us
shake hands,

'Tis a God given token of peace,
Health, wealth, and prosperity all over
the land

Will begin and it never will cease.

I BELIEVE IN THE GARVEY MOVEMENT

Since I have been converted
Old Satan and his folks
Keep bothering me with questions
In the form of silly jokes.

I only have one answer,
And this is it, my friends:

I believe in the Garvey movement,
From the beginning to the end.

I believe that Master Abel
Was slain by Master Cain,
And that Noah went into the ark
To keep out of the rain.

I believe that fearless Daniel
was in the Lion's den,

I believe in the Garvey movement,
From the beginning to the end.

I believe the Hebrew children
Walked in the burning fire,

And that Ananias was struck dead
Because he was such a liar.

I believe that little David
Slew Goliath and his men,

I believe in the Garvey movement,
From the beginning to the end.

I believe that King Belshazzar
Saw the handwriting on the wall,

When Daniel had translated it,
He knew it meant his fall.

I believe the blessed master
Turned the water into wine,

Pure, sweet, and good,
As grapes upon the vine.

All other wine is mockery,
The scripture do contend,

I believe in the Garvey movement,
From the beginning to the end.

The white man, he is saying,
Just let the Negro sleep,

And please don't wake him up,
Nor let him even peep.

We will steal away their rights,
Till our heights we have ascend,

For we know that Garvey's movement
Will carry them to the end.

But thank God for His judgment,
And the love He has for us all,

The white man may be schemy,
And is planning our downfall.

Our God will ever help us,
And mercy to us send,

And Garvey's movement will aid us
And guide us to the end.

SISTER LAURA L. CAUSEY,
Norfolk Division No. 20.

AUGUST BELLS

August bells are gaily ringing
Over there across the sea;

Tidings glad their strains are bringing,
Glorious news to you and me.

Louder still, and now yet clearer,
Sounding over hills and dells,

Onward, ever onward, nearer,
Float the strains of August bells.

August bells, what are they saying?
Oh, what force they strike the air!

Said the nations at the hearing
Of the notes the bells declare.

This is what the bells are saying:

"Negro, Freedom is complete."
See those happy Negroes laying
Trophies at their leader's feet!

August bells are bells of "Freedom"—
"Freedom"—not conditional."
Not a part, but complete "Freedom."
"Freedom"—"unconditional!"

Great Jehovah, God of Nations,
From Thy home above the skies
Hear the Negroes' supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

Though they've grieved Thee by trans-
gression
And have scorned Thee to Thy face,
Save, oh, save them from oppression!
By Thy mercy and Thy grace.

Then ring ye bells, the August bells,
O'er this terrestrial orb,
Till "Peace" like mighty ocean swells
In tranquil calm absorb.

C. MICHAEL PERCY,
Calle Beneficencia No. 2, Guantanamo,
Cuba.

A DEDICATION

May this little poem ever live,
May it strength to faint hearts ever
give,
May its truth unfold through doubts
and fears,
May its echo ring far down the years.

Return, O Ethiopia, Back to the Old
Land Mark

Ye sons of Ham, no longer sleep, arise
And view the dawn of freedom in the
skies.

Too long you've slumbered—now
awake! awake!
Look up and see sweet freedom's
morning break.

Too long you've wandered blindly on,
yea, groping in the dark.

Return, O Ethiopia, back to the old
land mark!

Your past has been deep agony, de-
spair;

Your only hope was faith in God and
prayer.

Your future, let it not be as your past;
Trust still in God, but be ye men at
last.

O Ethiopia, arise, arise as one—and,
hark,

Return, O Ethiopia, back to the old
land mark!

The race with patience you have tried
to run,

Denied, oppressed on ev'ry hand—
Ham's son.

In chains of slavery, night and day
you've wrought;

Through blood and tears your upward
way you've fought.

Though wolves of hatred and of scorn
around you howl and bark.

Return, O Ethiopia, back to the old
land mark!

Despised, rejected, yet you've dared to
hope;

Your hands are bound, around your
neck the rope.

Your eyes are dim, your heart with
sorrow moans,

And only God to hear your cries, your
groans.

If still within your bosom there re-
mains a manly spark,

Then, Ethiopians, return, back to the
old land mark!

Proud sons of Ham, you claim that you
are free,

And still to your oppressors bow the
knee.

For others you have fought and bled
and died,

And yet your manhood rights you are
denied.

If Noah, the noble sire of Ham, who
built the grand old ark,

Could speak to you, he'd say: "Ham's
sons, back to the old land mark!"

Ye sons of Ham, no longer sleep, arise
And view the dawn of freedom in the
skies.

Too long you've slumbered; now
awake, awake!

Look up and see sweet freedom's
morning break.

Too long you've wandered blindly on;
yea, groping in the dark.

Return, O Ethiopia, back to the old
land mark!

BEATRICE VERNON,
1017 Hooper Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

LEAD ON, ETHIOPIA'S SON

Lead on, Ethiopia's son,
Lead on to victory,
Supported by Afric's sons,
We'll soon have liberty.

Liberty we'll soon proclaim
On Afric's sunny shore;
Liberty is our great aim,
Slavery we'll know no more.

Afric's redemption, another aim.
We'll press onward to our goal
Till we reach that vast domain
And get some of Afric's gold.

Afric sons, we are coming
To redeem our motherland,
Methinks I see us hoisting
A new standard o'er Afric's land.
ARCHIE CARTER.
107 W. 143d st., New York city.

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE

Call to Arms
Sons and daughters of Ethiopia,
The bugle calls attention,
Would you resist your leader call
Your name would not be mention.

Remember mark of honor place
On heroes of all nation,
Would you not help redeem your race,
It is the only salvation.

So let us bow in prayer
For our leader so dear
Supreme ruler of the universe
We reverently explore.

The time is near at hand
To redeem that promise land,
Arise, O God, and help
Ethiopia; Ethiopia on her way.

My last remarks is given,
Be steadfast, brave and true,
Survive or perish let us stand
To defend the right of our Fatherland.

SYDNE MAYNARD.
Remades, Cuba.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT

If you think you're beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't
If you'd like to win, but you think you
can't,

It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you're lost,
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will—
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think big to rise.
You've got to be sure of yourself be-
fore

You can ever win a prize.
I think the U. N. I. A. and the Black
Star Line

Have made a terrific start;
And I think it will be a success
If every Negro does his part.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
But sooner or later the man who wins,
Is the one who thinks he can.

J. G. MILLER.
Odessa, Florida.

YO FATHERLAND

The Only African "Mammy" Song
Written
Respectfully Dedicated to the U.N.I.A.
Words and Music by Hattie Edwards
McVey

I.
When the steamer "Phillis Wheatley"
Made her first great African run,
It landed a Southern mammy
With her little dark brown skin son.
With eyes uplifted to Heaven—she
Thanked God for what Garvey had
done;
Then to her little son these words did
say:

Chorus:
Dis is yo Fatherland—Dis is yo Father-
land.
Yo can go any place dat yo wants
to go,

Be anything dat yo wants to be.
Dis is yo Fatherland—so fertile, rich
and grand.
Don't mind wad de white chile used
to do!
Wild dat segregated country honey,
yo is thru!!
Climb up and be president—it's up
to you—
Dis is yo FA-THER-LAND.

II.
When the years rolled by this black
boy
In the race for life had begun.
He became a mayor and constable
and president—all in one.
As he sat up in his mansion
He tho't what mammy had done;
Down in his heart were the words
he used to say:

Chorus:
**COLORED ART
EXHIBIT HAVING
GREAT SUCCESS**
New York Herald
**Time Extended One Month
Tanner's Washing the Dis-
ciples' Feet Admired by
Throngs. 9/2/21**

The art exhibit at the 135th street
library is meeting with wonderful suc-
cess judging from the number of vi-
sitors and quality of exhibits. The ex-
hibit was scheduled to last on-
through the month of August, but be-
cause of the public's appreciation and
wishes the exhibit will last through
September.

There are eighty-six original pic-
tures and twenty copies. There are
on display sculpture, work in plaster,
handwork, cabinet work, African cur-
ios, books and manuscript, colored au-
thors, music and other curios.

There are also lithographs and
prints of historical value and interest
to colored people.

Much interest is centered about
Tanner's "Washing the Disciple
Feet." Another picture greatly appre-
ciated is "Autumn," by S. O. Collins.
"Interest in the exhibit is increasing
daily. This is an indication of
bright future for the colored artist,"
said Albert A. Edwards, a member of
the executive committee, yesterday.
Augustus A. Dill, business manager of
the Crisis, is director of the exhibit.

**NEGRO POET 9/21
RECOGNIZED**
Official recognition of an
American Negro poet by a law-
making body came during the re-
cent session of the Nebraska Leg-
islature, when the Senate and

House of Representatives passed a
joint resolution naming John G.
Neihardt poet laureate of Ne-
braska.

—The Savannah Tribune
Negro World 9/10/21
MARCUS GARVEY OUR MOSES
The sun of Africa was dark
Before he had his dream;
Its stars had not a single spark,
Nor moon the slightest beam.

Nor sign of winds concordial blow,
Nor cooling springs of "love";
Nor "unity" within them show
All these aside they shove.

Single-handed stood each Hamite,
Confident of his strength;
United other races fight,
To gain their aims at length.

While the Hamites stood oppression,
Half-paid, hard-worked, despised,
Used to live in degradation,
Nor these wrongs realized.

Wake from sleep a fearless Hamite,
Telling loud his dream:
"Awake, you Negroes, stand, unite,
Let's be a mighty stream!"

"Why sit and beg for peace so long,
When you, too, have your 'whole';
Your equal right to resist wrong,
So fight back, claim your 'do!'"

"It is our own dear Africa,
The same as days of old;
I came, sent by Jehovah,
Fear not, your rights uphold."

Not from the bullrushed, mud-built ark
On Egypt's mighty stream,
But from Jamaica, nature's park,
Came Marcus Garvey's dream.

It wakes the senses that were dead
In kinamen of our race;
Taught every man to use his head,
And look the world in face.

The fire kindled from his spark
Is now a mighty flame;
Beckoning Negroes board its bark,
U. N. I. A. its name.

Who're fighting that the fatherland
Will be a nation, freed
From the oppressing tyrant's hand,
The white man's scorn and greed.

O God protect our business,
Help leaders and those led;
Direct them in thy righteousness,
Thrice blessed be Garvey's head.
E. U. L. ALLICK,
U. N. I. A., Santiago de Cuba.
August 7, 1921.

Music, Poetry and Art - 1921.

THE DISTANT LONG AGO

By GREENLEAF B. JOHNSON

In the treasure house of memory hangs
A picture ever bright
One that fills the heart with longing,
Like a tender, sweet refrain,
Smiling 'cross the years that's faded,
Like a voice out of the night
Familiarly calling us to wander back
Again.
To the happy home of childhood, to
The friends of other days,
Just to see once more the faces that
Time's great events haze,
And to mingle in their homely scenes
Just as they used to be,
Once more the prayers and chidings
Beneath the old roof tree,
Resting in its quiet shadows when the
Western sun was low,
Return again, in fancy, to the distant
Long ago.

When the old farm bell was ringing,
And the regal gates of morn
Swung open wide and welcomed
Waiting labor to begin,
When the bee sung in the clover and
The crow cawed in the corn,
While the reaper's bearded sheaves
Were garnered in.
When the sun, in all his splendor, took
His flight across the sky,
And with brown bare feet I followed
Through the waving fields of rye,
Where the happy brook ran singing,
To its music I kept tread,
Just as happy as the brook was, and
The birds that sang o'er head,
And when driving up the cattle, while
The bell swung to and fro,
When the harvest days were ending,
In the distant long ago.

And when autumn, sear, yet golden,
Like a royal guest, came 'round,
Clad in matchless splendor that no
Artist can impart;
When the fruits of field and labor
Yielded abundance from the
Ground,
Every day thanksgiving burst from
The heart;
For it was a time for gladness, when
The crops were in the bin,
And the sparkling autumn elder was
Just flowing from the gin,
When the husking-bee was ended, and
The evening meal was o'er,
In the evening, 'round the hearthside,
In those happy days of yore;
Where plain, honest folks once gath-
ered in the back log's ruddy
Glow,
Wove the silver links of friendship, in
The distant long ago.

crystal makes as white as fleecy
Then "King Christian," with his rein-
deers, came a-riding on the gale,
Brought to earth a message of
"Good Will and Peace."
Times has changed the tide of events,
and things ne'er will seem the
same
As in halcyon days back yonder, 'fore
the time for parting came;
To put by our rustic fancies, and to
grasp the pulse of life,
And keep the hearkening to its drum-
beat, in the battle-din and strife
Carried in its mighty current, with its
ceaseless ebb and flow;
Oft we yearn again for childhood and
the distant long ago.

But where are all those happy fami-
lies that once peopled the old
home?
Like the truant birds forsaking their
old nests, they've flown away;
For, in quest of fame and fortune,
some have ever gone to roam,
While in the churchyard others sleep-
ing lay.
'Tis an oft-repeated story, one 'round
which our memories cling:
It holds a charm for every life, from
peasantry to king;
Whether in humble walks of life, or
guiding "Ship of State,"
What e'er the influence of that house,
'twill mark us, sure as fate.
Let us cherish this old picture, keep
the canvas all aglow—
A dear green spot in memory, the dis-
tant long ago.

GREENLEAF B. JOHNSON.

SLAVE, LET ME BE THY JOAN OF ARC

Slave, let me be thy Joan of Arc
In deed as well as name,
And mount my charger white as lead
A race oppressed to fame.

For I was born where freedom thrills
Beneath Columbia's sky,
And I have heard the voices ring
That called Joan to die.

My stand is waiting—I must ride—
Old Glory waves her flag—
God is above, and voices ring,
"Lead slaves to freedom free."

I cannot see a martyr's fate,
Behind me is the slave;
Ahead are enemies that taunt,
And none to rise to save.

I only hear the battle-cry;
My heart is in the flame
From pain, shame and valor cry,
"Lead on and crush defame!"

Bright streams the Red, the White, the
Blue;
My charger cannot wait—
Press on, O Afric sons with me.

Before it is too late!
O let me be your Joan of Arc,
King Minstrel's son, brave!
Charge on with me to victory,
And prove then art no slave!

And when you stand on native shore
North Red, the Black and Green,
Remember, humble maid, whose heart
Beat warm for Southern Queen.

Columbia's stars and stripes shall
shield;
No coward heart in me—
So let me be thy Joan of Arc,
To set the black man free.

Shall flames leap from the stars and
stripes
I waved when curls of gold
Bedecked my brow and virgin breast
Beat warm beneath its fold?

Ah! flames shall never wipe away
The vision that I paint—
A Joan of Arc 'neath stars and stripes
That rose lost hearts should faint.

Star Spangled Banner be my shield,
Joan of Arc my star;
To lead a race to victory
That stand at justice' bar.
ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.
115 Entry St., Danville, Ill.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A STRANGE LAND

I know not the day when my time will
come,
To leave foreign clime for my own dear
home;
But I know my death is sufficiently
great,
To take my soul to the land of
my fate.

I know not the thoughts that they have
for me—
One of their own that they never did
see;
But I know when I get there nothing
will be concealed,
And every true emotion will sure be re-
vealed.

I know not how long ere I'll share the
bless,
And how very brief its pleasures to
sales;
But I know just to reach will be a
foretaste of mine,
For the rest everlasting in glory divine.

I know not the hour I will have to go,
And leave forever its glories below;
But I know it even a glimpse of the
shores I see,
That alone will be certainly glory for
me.

R. J. WHITE.
Esranquilla, Colombia, S. A.

AN AUTUMN ODE

O, black man, can you tell me why
The autumn makes me sad?
Why I, an Afric son, am depressed,
While you, a slave, are glad?
For every day the shadows grow
More tragic like the slaves
Who leave their withered hopes behind
To sail across the waves.
The trees are casting off their leaves
Like prisoners cast away,
And bridge whisper tales of scorn
Like Parthenon today.
The autumn wind some story tells—
I cannot understand—
Of tender pathos—it may be
Of captive's native land.
The autumn cannot say good-bye
To summer without tears,
As I wept when I left the slave
And he sighed o'er my fears.
The trees extend their giant arms
Like dumb but grateful slaves;
Their shadows clasp me like they
grasped
Me from hands of white knaves,
And saphyre petals cast away,
Like tropic queens do gams,
When white hands proffer Afric maids
Unholy diadems.
The stars look down between the
boughs
And tremble every night;
For well they know their leaves must
die
Like slaves that captors blight.
The last bird sings, and O it seems
To tell my spirit's tale
Of love when slave and I clasped hands
In fond affection's vale.
The rose leaf trembles as it falls
And brings a thought to me,
To send it to some captive heart
That sighs beyond the sea.
Some Afric son that he might say:
'Last summer's rose is gone;
But yet the love that sent the leaf
Shall bloom perennial on.
Her hopes have perished in a land
Where winds from white realms
blow;
But I will bear her in my heart,
For she loved captives so."
When autumn comes, O think of me
How I and summer sighed
When sunshine, all the cheer we had,
Gave up the ghost and died.
When autumn winds sigh, Ethel O!
And sob in dreams at night—
O captive come to me as I
To you in fancy's flight.
ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.
115 Entry street, Danville, Ill.

AN APPEAL FOR COURAGE

Go on, my race; take heart; look up
Think not once to despair;
Although deep sorrow fills thy cup,
Thy skies may soon be clear.
Strive on; faint not; unite; be brave.
Thy foes cannot endure;

Since heavenly banners o'er thee wave
Thy victory is sure.

Toil on; stand firm; weep not; be
strong;
A brighter day is near;
The right will overcome the wrong;
Toil on; discard thy fear.

March on with forces all abreast;
No race can thee withstand;
Thy men have stood the acid test;
March on; possess the land.

GEO. W. McCORKLE

AUTUMN

Autumn, autumn, with tawny beauty
clinging!
Mingled with the dull autumnal dole.
Autumn, autumn, birds no longer
singing
Softest melodies to soothe the soul.

Wailing winds and drooping dying
flowers,
Faded fallen leaves that gently play
With each lazy wind throughout the
hours,
Till the shadows end the weary day.

In the quiet eventide comes stealing
Thoughts of flowers now slumb'ring in
the glen—
Sunset glow and softening tints re-
vealing,
Autumn's dress and beauty to all men.

Autumn, autumn, with tawny beauty
clinging!
Mingled with the dull autumnal dole.
Autumn, autumn, birds no longer
singing
Softest melodies to soothe the soul.

WENDELL P. GLADDEN, JR.

I WISH I COULD HAVE BEEN THERE

(To Edgar Orval Gourin)

Gourdin, I'd love to have been there
When you made that record jump,
I know I couldn't have yelled a sound
For my throat would have held a
lump—
But my heart would just went thump-
ing
Like a hammer on a nail;
Golly! lad, I'd love to have been there
So I could tell the tale
'Bout how the people shouted
And the hats that went sailing high,
And folks forgot your color,
On that 23rd of July.

My lad, I'd love to have been there
Just to have seen your glorious face,
Knowing that your personal victory
Was another for the race.
Oh, how I'd love to have been there
And pictured other clean bronze lads

If circumstances had favored R
lins giving his entire life to the stu
of art, it is easy to imagine that
would have reached a widely r
ognized position, but fate is not
very kind

Music, Poetry and Art. - 1921.

Defender 2/26/21

The Art Institute is a very interesting exhibition of paintings and sculpture by artists of Chicago and vicinity. In this exhibition is a portrait of the mother of Archibald J. Motley Jr., the work of that distinguished young artist. Indeed, it is a striking likeness of his mother, wonderful in design and handled in a broad and simple manner.

By such men as Gordon St. Clair, C. Raymond Janson, eminent painters, and many other artists of note, who served on the jury at the Art Institute for the selection of paintings, it is considered one of the best paintings in the exhibition.

Much credit is due Mr. Motley for his efforts in this field, and we hope our people will visit the Art Institute some time between now and Feb. 28, the closing day of the exhibition. Mr. Motley is busy painting daily at his studio, 356 West 60th street, and will soon have a pleasant surprise for us in a painting which he is now working on. He is also conducting classes daily and has just completed a beautiful portrait of Mrs. Ollie E. Brown of New York.

Chicago Defender 2/19/21 BUST PORTRAIT OF MISS GAINES WINS PRIZE

An exceptionally fine portrait of a rare type of Oriental beauty, applauded by art critics as well as the general public is the bust portrait of Miss Ada Gaines, 3269 South Park Avenue, now being exhibited at the Art Institute in connection with the sculpturing department of the Society of Chicago Artists' exhibit. The bust is in terra cotta and is the work of an international sculptress, Hester Bremer, who has her studio in connection with America's great sculptor, Lorado Taft. So wonderful in execution and so rare in type that the jury immediately awarded it the John Shaffer prize of \$100. Miss Gaines, who posed for this bust, is an exceptional type of girl, with features that remind one of the early Egyptian type. A peculiar resemblance to an Egyptian type, together with her grace and carriage and her innate ability to appear well in any costume, caused her selection by the artist.

ANOTHER NEGRO POET.

Hubert H. Harrison
The passing of Lucian B. Watkins, whose loss to the race was so ably set forth in an editorial by Mr. Ferris in the issue of last week, has served to remind us that our Negro poets never get properly noticed by us until they have been taken up either by death or by the white people. This is most unfortunate and it is to be hoped that we may soon pass from under this shadow. At present we have with us, in the flesh, another great black poet who has recently returned to us after a year in London where his poetic gifts have received fitting acknowledge-

ments from the British people. We refer to Claude McKay who brought out while in England a small volume of high grade verse entitled "Spring In New Hampshire and Other Poems." The tide of commendation which it called forth reached its highest mark in the Cambridge Magazine, a periodical which sells for a dollar and a quarter a copy.

And yet, which of our Negro literati knows anything about McKay? Nevertheless, his talents are so well known among the whites that upon his return from England he was promptly offered a position as associate editor of The Liberator, one of the most prominent of America's magazines. This offer has been accepted—and none of the subscribers has left the magazine. This is the first time that a Negro has held such a position in America; although the writer of this has himself been on the staff of this same magazine during 1911 when it was under the editorship of Piet Vlag and was known as "The Masses."

If McKay had waited until one of our "race" publications had given such recognition to his genius he would have starved to death first. Yet his famous poem of new Negro manhood, entitled "If We Must Die," has been quoted in Congress and recited by many of our readers and elocutionists. The volume, "Spring In New Hampshire" is published by Grant Richards, Ltd., of St. Martin's Street, London. The book may, however, be obtained direct from Mr. McKay whose present address is care of The Liberator, 138 West 13th Street, New York. A review of the book and a formal estimate of its writer's genius will appear in these columns later.

Are Negro Actors White?

If our "colored" actors could read what Mr. Stephen Graham has to say about one portion of their work in his recent book, "The Soul of John Brown," they would blush for shame. For while this white critic praises them sparingly for their histrionic gifts he pokes insulting fun at them for their persistence in "making up" as if they were white people playing to white audiences. His ridicule is well merited.

Consider what the practice implies. If Negroes were people then it would be proper that Negro audiences should get accustomed to seeing Negroes as drawing room guests, doctors, detectives, governors, financiers, etc., in the glow of the footlights. But if folks can't be considered as people unless they are unlike Negroes, then, of course, our actors should never look like Negroes. We cannot eat our cake and

have it, too.

One of the fine features of Charles Gilpin's acting while at the Lafayette (where "we" couldn't recognize that he was our greatest actor until white people told us so) was that he was never ashamed in "making up" for his parts to let the audience see the race to which he belonged. And this is what the Lafayette Players are never permitted to do, except in the mockery of "musical comedy." We do not intend this as any disparagement of their work or their abilities, and we firmly believe that they are as fine a body of actors as America can show—when the short time given them to prepare a play is taken into consideration. But we think that this matter of their identity on the stage could be cleared up to the great satisfaction of the community which furnishes for them, not white, but Negro play-goers.

It has been a mooted question for some time whether black girls like Blanche Deas and Fannie Tarkington, both of whom appeared successfully among the whites on Broadway, could gain admission to the chromatically select circles of the Lafayette. We believe that culture and ability are not limited by color. And how can we consistently demand that white people shall act up to this altruistic principle in our case when we hypocritically and with much cowardly lying refuse to act up to it in our own case? We sincerely hope that the new management of the Lafayette will see their way clear to find a place for talent regardless of its color. It is true that Muse and Miss Desmond are there; but then they are top-notchers and were the very soul of the original nucleus out of which the stock company grew. We wish that company the long lease of life which it deserves and hope that it may take to heart these words of an earnest and consistent friend.

Proof from the Past

By way of proof that the above complaint comes from more than this paper and has been heard for some time, we present the following article and poem, both taken from The Crusader for March, 1919. We beg to assure our readers that our paragraph was written and in the hands of the editor of the Negro World ten days before we stumbled on Mr. Briggs's article. It is more than coincidence that Mr. Briggs should have put the case of the black girl's chance as an actress right after the argument as to make up. The writer of this section is quite black while Mr. Briggs is a very light Mulatto; but self-respecting Negroes, we both take the same stand on this matter.

"Miss Cleo Desmond in 'The Nine' and 'Nine' with a white face and a w of golden hair certainly added nothing by her makeup to the illusion of the play. On the contrary, by introducing the ridiculous she helped greatly to

mar that illusion. Whose is this idea of white washing, anyhow, and for what purpose was it designed? All who go to the Lafayette Theatre understand and expect the plays will be presented by Negroes. It is not necessary for these Negroes to come up as white people simply because the plays were originally written for and by white people. French actors in presenting an English play do not all attempt to make up like English people, and there are quite wide differences between the two peoples. It is only when a special typical British character is called for in the cast that the French actor to whom the part is assigned tries to make up like and imitate the exact mannerisms of the Englishman. One would as soon expect a company of Negro players to present "Darkest Russia" in the Russian language as to present the same play in a white washed state to represent the Slav characters. Of course the superficial make-up, such as dress, is perfectly legitimate, but why carry it further? We do not think the theatre-goers of Harlem will long tolerate a white washed Negro stage. But is this the explanation of the persistent attempts to hold dark-hued Miss Evelyn Ellis in the background when Miss Ellis is by far the best actress in her company and an actress second in ability only to Miss Abbie Mitchell? We were always unable to understand why a director would put his best talent in insignificant roles the while trying to star others of only mediocre ability. We think we understand now. And we know that this game, by whomsoever originated, won't go in Harlem."

—Cyril V. Briggs

By EARL L. SHAUB
Staff Correspondent Universal Service
Supreme Cause 2/2/21

Chicago, March 26.—What Paul Lawrence Dunbar contributed to American Poetry and Blind Tom to music another Negro has given to photographic art.

King B. Gannaway, negro butler on the Chicago Gold Coast, won first prize for his photograph, "The Spirit of Transportation," at the John Wanamaker exhibition at Philadelphia, which will close next week.

He had 900 competitors to beat, most of them professionals.

Another picture of his received honorable mention. It is called "Children in the Country," and shows a boy and a girl on a teetertotter under an old apple tree.

Gannaway was born in Tennessee, but for seventeen years he has been employed by Mrs. Edward F. Lawrence. His talent lies in seeing the beauty in commonplace things. He finds his inspiration in the grime and

smoke of the city. He enjoys spending hours along the Chicago River, where phantom elevators puffing turbo-boats and skeletonlike bridges lose their cold, hard lines and become things of beauty in the views he snaps.

His prize winner, "The Spirit of Transportation," shows the two sections of the Twentieth Century Limited as they come panting under the train shed here at the conclusion of their long, fast journey.

The long, slanting shafts of light from the ventilators cut through the thick clouds of smoke. The two big engines look lifelike as they come to rest after sliding along the last few feet of the rails. You can tell they have arrived on time and brought their passengers safely through the night on the road.

"I worked two years getting that picture," said Gannaway. "I could see it long before it occurred. Conditions had to be just right. The trains had to arrive simultaneously and the light rays had to have the proper slant. But I knew when I had it and felt the thrill that all creative artists feel."

—From Atlanta Georgian.

Atlanta Inter-Continental THE COMPLETION OF FIRST LIST BLACK SWAN RECORDS

New York City.—News of the completion of the first list of Black Swan records, which are now ready for delivery, having been manufactured by the Pace Phonograph Corporation, 257 West 138th street, New York City, of which Harry H. Pace is president, the first enterprise of its kind to be started by a colored corporation, will be received with great interest and enthusiasm by colored people all over the United States. Especially are they elated over this accomplishment on the part of this company since sometime ago when the announcement was made that a Negro company had been formed to manufacture phonograph records of selections by Negro artists a great uproar was caused among white phonograph record companies who resented the idea of having a Negro company enter what they felt was an exclusive field.

The first list of Black Swan records includes two selections by Miss Revella Hughes, soprano, "At Dawning," and "Thank God for a Garden," both of which are pleas-

(over)

ingly rendered with piano, violin and cello accompaniment; two selections by Carroll Clark, baritone, "For All Eternity," and "Dear Little Boy of Mine," with violin obligato by J. Cordy Williams; also two selections by little Katie Crippen, "Blind Man Blues," and "Play 'Em for Mamma, Sing 'Em for Me," accompanied by Henderson's Novelty Orchestra.

Commenting on the first product of the company, Mr. Pace states: "Black Swan Records are made to meet what we believe is a legitimate and growing demand. There are over twelve million colored people in the United States, and in that number there is hid away a wonderful amount of musical ability. The race is naturally musical, but it has never been given a fair chance. We propose to spare no expense in the search for and developing of the best singers and musicians among this black twelve million. We want you to examine these records; note their fine appearance and quality. You will see that you will have no occasion to apologize for their appearance. You will note the clean, clear-cut distinct recording, and you will have no occasion to apologize for the voices or the recording. The colored people of the United States are at the point where they will buy any article manufactured by Negroes provided it has merit and quality. Black Swan Records have both."

FORM POETRY CLUB TO HONOR LUCIEN B. WATKINS

A poetry club will soon be formed in honor of the late Lucien B. Watkins. Its object will be the bringing together as near as possible the writers of verse of the Negro race, the raising the standard of Negro poetry and the putting into verse the things that the colored people need most. Miss Lillian F. Brooks and Mr. Thomas Millard Henry of New York, Miss Ethel True Dunlap of Chicago and Mr. Charles H. Este of Montreal are active promoters of the new club.

WILL MARION COOK TALKS ABOUT EUROPE

Famous Composer And Director Home From A Year's Trip Abroad

TO ORGANIZE COMPANY Orchestra Of 35 Pieces, Troop Of 45 Stage Artists To Go Back With Him

Also American 4/29/21
The Associated Negro Press

New York, April 27.—Will Marion Cook, the famous composer and director, who has been abroad with his orchestra and a singing act for over a year, returned to New York on the steamer Albania, arriving a short while ago. In an interview with J. A. Jackson of the Billboard he disclosed the fact that he is here for the purpose of organizing a company to be called "The Cotton Blossoms," numbering 45 stage artists and a singing orchestra of 35 artists, who will present a unique production that is described by Mr. Cook as a comedy drama and music.

One of London's leading theatrical magnates is promoting the project. Rehearsals will be conducted in New York and the completed organization will sail for England June 15 prepared to open in one of the leading theaters immediately after its arrival. Further details will be forthcoming when Mr. Cook will have closed some contracts with principals with whom he has entered negotiations.

During the interview Mr. Cook described the circumstances surrounding colored artists in England and on the continent as being most favorable. Abbie Mitchell (the former wife of Mr. Cook) a once leading lady of the Lafayette Players, is starring an act in the London halls called "Full Harmony." She is supported by a male

quartet. The act runs 25 minutes and is a singing succession of complete stories of Negro music from primitive spirituals to grand opera.

Whaley & Scott, after being England's musical comedy favorites for several seasons, are now in the halls at a salary of 300 pounds a week. The versatile three, Duck Mills & Haston, are court favorites and a week rarely passes that they are not commended to appear at a function for one of the royal family or one of the nobility. Louis

Douglas and Sonny Jones, who went abroad as Belle Davis Pickaninnyes, are doing a dancing act that enjoys steady work at a very high figure.

A quartet known in America as the "Exposition Jubilee Four" is in London under the name of the "Royal Southern Singers," and are actually stopping the show at the Coliseum and the other big halls. Payne, Rosamond, Denny and Williams are the members of the act.

The five Red Devils are the prevailing sensation at the Folies Bergere in Paris. Opat Cooper, Thompson, Elliott, Carpenter and Crayton are in the company. These with Cook's orchestra appearing in London, represent the big crashes in the music game abroad. There are probably three score or more of colored acts on the continent and their work has given them a more permanent place in public esteem than that of being a mere vogue. Mr. Cook is most emphatic in stating that there is no sign of diminished interest in the performances of Negro artists, rather his commission to organize the big company is cited as proof that the height of popularity is yet ahead.

In fact, according to a feature story to the New York Sunday Tribune of March 20 no less important figures in the musical world than M. Ansermath, composer, and Igor Stravinsky have most emphatically endorsed what they term the American music of Cook's Southern Syncopated Orchestra. The great Debussy and Ravel, too, have accorded them high praise. All of this bespeaks for the new and bigger production a most welcome reception when Mr. Cook has prepared them for European bow.

Russian Art Museums and American Negroes

N.Y.C. CALL
APRIL 26, 1921

With this issue of The Call, the publication of the report of the Conference on Education of the Russian Communist party comes to an end.

It is to be hoped that every Socialist party member, every Socialist sympathizer, every man and woman interested in the Socialist movement read and pondered that account.

It is the record of a Socialist party at work.

The Socialists of Russia, organized in the great Communist party with its hundreds of thousands of self-sacrificing members, have control of the government of that country. With that control comes a great responsibility. That responsibility does not consist of the need to write stirring theses and manifestoes; the responsibility is to run Russia in the interest of the Russian people, and so that with each hour the Socialist commonwealth will be nearer.

Russia cannot be run by the passing of resolutions, and the leaders of the Communist party know it. That is why members of that party, with the wonderful self-sacrificing spirit, have given themselves completely to the party and its work, even to the weekly half-day of dirty scavenger work; the leaders of that party have met the problems of Russia in the light of Russian conditions, and when it has seemed necessary to yield in certain non-essentials, they have yielded, so that they might keep to the terms of their mandate to govern Russia in the interest of the workers and peasants, and to bring Socialism nearer.

The Communist party realized its weakness in the illiteracy of the people. The Czar's system had left the people untaught, rough, illiterate. An illiterate people, an ignorant people, are not ready to fight for Socialism; and the Russian leaders knew that. They knew that their first task would have to be to teach the Russian people, not the elements of Marxism, but the elements of reading and writing, and the rudiments of culture, so that they might want Socialism, and be ready to fight for it.

There is much Socialist idealism in the report of that great practical idealist, Anatol Lunacharsky. But the substance of his work is in fine arts and music and general literature. And it will be contended, and rightly so, that by means of music and lectures and art and the drama and general literature and natural science, the people will rise to a higher level of culture, and so will be made ready to want Socialism.

All honor to the uncompromising opportunism of the Russian Communist party, in that it sees these problems and meets them!

And in this the Socialists of all the world should see a lesson to them.

There is a great problem in Amer-

ica that exists in no other country. That is the Negro problem. The problems of America can never be settled until the Negro problem is settled and settled right.

There is the problem of the unassimilated alien elements that the Americans must solve, and the agrarian question that depends not upon an oppressed peasantry, but upon a farmer element that considers itself free and powerful. There is the problem of the migratory worker; there are scores of purely American problems, and no party that seeks to win the support of the American people and make America free by making it Socialist can afford to neglect those problems.

To the glory of the Socialist party be it said that it has always sought to identify itself with the workers' side of every one of those problems and help settle them right; but, as the party grows more powerful, so must the party fight harder and harder to settle the problems.

As so with Socialist parties in every country. They are in honor bound to apply themselves to the problems of those countries and settle them in the light of Socialism.

And the truth of these observations have never been more manifest than by the two great failures of the Russian Communists; that is, when they undertook not only to solve Russian problems, but likewise to solve German and Italian and Belgian and British and American problems as well.

With all their genius, with all their understanding of fundamental Marxism and the nature of capitalism, with all their revolutionary fervor, they showed their utter inability to meet the problems of Italy and Germany in their home-made March "putsch" and their attempt to order "the" revolution in Italy and make it to order.

In Russia they are supreme. Outside of Russia they are as children. In meeting American conditions with Russian manifestoes, designed for the Russian psychology, they are merely amusing.

In meeting Russian conditions they are impressive and magnificent.

The job of the American Socialists, then, is to meet and solve American problems in the light of Socialism; to seek out the things that press upon the American people, and apply their thought to it; and when American Socialists do that for America, when German Socialists do that for Germany, when Argentine Socialists do that for Argentine, there will be real Socialist movements in those countries. And when those Socialist movements throw all their strength into fighting for the right of each Socialist movement to settle its own destiny, without outside intervention, then there will be a real international Socialist movement.

What It Means To The Colored Artist

6/24/21
"Shuffle Along" has had its opening at the 63rd St. Music Hall, New York and the critics on the big city dailies have declared it good. The trade journals, after most searching scrutiny, in which the defects of construction of the piece and the handicaps of the stage were emphasized have without exception conceded the merit of the cast, the chorus, the singing, the dancing and the comedy.

"Shuffle Along" is an established artistic success; without regard to the commercial possibilities, which are great.

To the Negro performer, this means much.

It means, that notwithstanding the suppression; the prejudice; the handicaps and the struggle directly due to race; that the pinnacle of every American performer's ambition may be reached. This show is a 'rainbow' of hope and encouragement to every artist of the race.

It also means that achievement is possible only to those who may possess exceptional talent, originality and the willingness to work, to illustrate. Let us survey the cast, Miller & Lyle, who are the principal comedians and are responsible for the book invaded vaudeville in 1909 with the boxing match dance—a unique bit of distinctly original comedy.

Sissle & Blake put energetic study and originality into the melodious music of the piece. Lottie Gee, not content with just talent, put in long hours of study and even longer days of practice, both here and abroad. Today she is justly acclaimed a prima donna.

Gertrude Saunders' quaint singing methods did not 'just happen.' She dared to be different and won at it.

Roger Matthews is a sample of that rare something called talent. Arthur Porter, Paul Floyd, Wesley Hill, 'Onions' Jeffries, Lawrence Deas and Mrs. Mattie Wilkes are exhibits of the virtue of work and experience. The quartette is an exemplification of the value of team work.

The chorus, besides their God given grace of form, face and voice demonstrates most adequately what the proper regard for discipline may accomplish.

The show succeeded on the one night stands; in houses catering largely to colored audiences and in playing to the more or less sportive midnight crowds—finally Broadway. All without smut, profanity, vulgarity, suggestiveness, or double entendre jokes; and without 'Johns.'

That means that a clean show is acceptable. All in all, it means brace up—be clean—have talented initiative—and you may work with reasonable hope of just reward. The page did not say when it said "The time is now ripe for a colored show."

NEGRO GIRL SHINES SHOES TO GAIN MUSICAL EDUCATION

Tries Other Work Before She Becomes Bootblack in Bryant Park, but Does Not Take In Enough to

Assure Fruition of Ambition

NEW YORK HERALD
JUNE 12, 1921

A girl bootblack has appeared in Bryant Park. Veteran benchwarmers there say she is the first bootblack of her sex they ever saw. She says herself she's the first one in New York, but very likely contradiction will arise from some poor memory.

She is a negro girl, 17 years old. Her corse straw bonnet began bobbing about the park three weeks ago. She carries the regulation box, swung over her shoulder by a strap. Her competitors are Greeks—boys and men. She doesn't get as many customers as they do, but during half an hour's observation yesterday afternoon she did very well. Men looking up from newspapers and seeing that the "Shine, sir?" came from a girl seemed rather taken with the idea. The polishing she gave the reporter's shoes was as good as the average.

She is blacking boots because she wants to be a violinist. There was nothing incongruous in this, as she explained it. Her name, she said, is Julia Hodge and she lives in West Fifty-ninth street. Her parents are dead. She is a graduate of St. Benedict's parochial school in West Fifty-third street. At 14 she tried working as a lady's maid but didn't like it. She then went into a factory where women's dresses are made and found that sewing earned her as much as \$5 a week.

Last year this dropped to \$20 or \$22, and what with strikes and business slumps her livelihood became uncertain. She decided to go into business for herself. What business? She looked around and saw that a shoe shining outfit cost only \$2.50. She would start with that and save until she could buy or rent a stand and get a city license and have a regular fixed establishment. And with her savings from that she would take violin lessons, having found her attempts to teach herself not wholly satisfactory. And when she could play the violin well she would herself become a teacher of it, and thus the shoe shining job would have elevated her to the position she has been bent on attaining since childhood.

This she told the reporter while she polished his shoes.

"Do the other bootblacks bother me?" she said. "No. One man was fussing around because he said a girl had no right in a man's business, but I got work to do and no time to listen to that man. If you just tend to your own affairs nobody's going to bring you harm in this town."

She said her average earnings from her new profession had been about \$3 a day so far.

Let the Negro Cherish His Own Special Music

Unlike the Indian, Who Clings to His Racial Soul in Expression, the Negro Readily Absorbs From the White Race

N. Y. C. POST
JUNE 25, 1921

By Henry T. Finck

A STRIKING difference between negroes and Indians is noted by Natalie Curtis Burlin in her "Songs and Tales From the Dark Continent," recently published by G. Schirmer. "Many of the Zulu songs," she writes, "show undoubted white influence. Highly sensitive to sound, the African is quick to absorb the obvious melodies of the missionary hymn-tunes. Travellers and scholars have remarked the extraordinarily quick musical ear of the African, who is receptive and imitative. A European melody once heard will travel far into the interior and crop out again in the most unexpected places among an entirely pagan people. But after the black man has been impregnated by the art of another race, his own creative musical faculty again asserts itself and gives birth to a new art form—African, though European—as in the music of the American negro in the United States.

"The American Indian, another type of primitive man, on the contrary is reserved, conservative, and aloof. In most cases he sternly holds intact his native music, as well as his other racial characteristics, even though surrounded for generations by white people who make every effort (both personal, and officially organized by Government Indian schools) to stamp out all things characteristic of the race, in the attempt to turn the Indian into a white man in a generation. There is perhaps in all the history of education nothing more tragic than the form of race suicide demanded of the Red Man, who tragically clings to his racial soul and to his inherent right to his own form of art expression."

Indian Tribal Music

In 1909 I had an interesting experience illustrating the Indian's tragic clinging to his racial soul. The Indian Commissioner in Washington had kindly given me a letter asking the superintendents of the Government Indian Schools in California to provide me with opportunities to hear the Indians in their charge sing and play for me some of their tribal music. I applied to the superintendent at Riverside, who kindly arranged a festival at which a dozen or so tribes performed in succession. I remember particularly the deep impression made on me by the remnants of the Yosemite.

The Indians wanted in return to hear some remarks from the musical man who had come from the Great Father in Washington. I could not resist the temptation to urge them to cling to their Indian music for dear life, though this was not at all the orthodox thing to do. But it made the Indians happy. They hoped, no doubt, that the Government had changed its policy. But my speech was not official. The superintendent, however, not only forgave me, but invited me and my wife to dinner.

I once angered a prominent Afro-American composer by giving him advice like that which I offered the California Indians. Most of the colored composers in this country mix too much white music with their own mahogany motives, and the colored singers follow their example, so that one has to go to the pieces of John Powell for the real African flavor in the concert hall.

There is, however, plenty of genuine African music. Among those who have done most to make it accessible is Natalie Curtis Burlin. In the book already referred to, as well as in the four books of the Hampton Series of Negro Folk-Songs (Schirmer); she has done for the blacks what she previously had done for red music in her "Indian Book."

Miss Curtis—to call her by the name by which she is best known in literary and musical circles—is a great believer in the possibilities of black music. More than 10 per cent of this country's population are colored. Black Africa has a population of about 200,000,000 souls. Seventy per cent of the population of the West Indies is black. Altogether, there are nearly three hundred millions of negroes in the world. They have long been noted for their ardent love of music, an art to which their emotional nature naturally draws them. But few of us know just what are their musical traits and achievements.

Most people fancy in a vague way that Stephen Foster's songs are negroid or were inspired by the negro music. But "Old Folks at Home" and the other Foster melodies are about as unlike negro music as anything could possibly be. That their words are often in negro dialect and express negro sentiments is simply a historic accident due to the fact that in Foster's day the negro minstrels, real or "corked," were the only means of bringing music before the public.

Foster's melodies are true American folk-songs, without a drop of negro blood in them. In their rhythms they are as simple as simple can be. To realize their difference in this respect from true negro melodies read what Miss Curtis says: "Rhythmically the negro folk-song has far more variety of accent than the European; it captivates the ear and the imagination with its exciting vitality and with its sense of alertness and movement. For this reason negro rhythms and white man imitations of them, popularized as 'rag-time,' have spread far and wide and have conquered the world to-day.

"The black man has by nature a highly organized rhythmic sense. A totally uneducated negro, dancing or playing the bones, is often a consummate artist in rhythm, performing with utter abandon, and yet with flawless accuracy. My African informant, Kamba Simango, thought nothing of singing one rhythm, beating another with his hands, and dancing a third—and all at once!"

Miss Curtis cites the testimony of H. E. Krehbiel, who, when he heard a band of Dahomey musicians at the Chicago World's Fair, wrote that they showed the most remarkable rhythmic sense and skill that had ever come to his notice, and that in this respect "the best composers of the day were the veriest tyros compared with these black savages."

Wonderful Drumming

Doubtless the blacks owe this rhythmic skill chiefly to their devotion to the drum. We listen with pride to the kettle drums, big drums, and snare drums in an occasional orchestral piece, but negro drum music is as superior to ours in variety, complexity, tone color, eloquence, and expression as a full orchestra is to a string quartet. Interesting details about them are included in Miss Curtis's pages.

Negro drums are used not only for rhythmic purposes, but for tonal coloring. By striking them in different

ways with the palms, with the fingers, or with rubber-tipped sticks, the musicians secure a great variety in tone quality. They do this even with hand clapping. Sometimes one hand forms a cup-like hollow against the other, emitting a deep mellow tone; sometimes the hands are slapped flat, with a dry, crisp smack. "The white listener," observes Miss Curtis, "pauses in amazement at the artistry expressed through such rudimentary means." He listens with pleasure to some of the African instruments, such as the *mbila*, consisting of metal tongues, over a wooden sounding-board, concerning which Miss Curtis says: "The silvery tinkling tone, accompanied by the constant jingling buzz of the vibrating discs, sounded like a brook purling over stones and rustling reeds. It was most poetic and sylvan music, evoked by the little *mbila*, which seemed the very voice of nature. Cried a white musician, who overheard Simango improvising: "How can human touch bring forth such sounds? When the African boy plays, the forest speaks."

Is it a wonder that advanced composers, like Percy Grainger, are casting longing eyes—or ears—at some of the "barbaric" African and Polynesian instruments? It is the call of the wild!

"Some of the most beautiful improvisational part-singing I have ever heard arose from the throats of utterly illiterate black laborers in a tobacco factory," says Miss Curtis. She scorns the traditional view that the negro got his harmony from the whites: "The music of the Dark Continent is rich in polyphonic, as well as rhythmic, suggestions for the European." She hopes "the war may help to prick some of the vanity of the white race."

Summing up, concerning melody and the other elements of black music, Miss Curtis boldly declares that, "As for American negro music, those songs that are most like the music of the white people—and they are not few—are the least interesting: they are sentimental, tame, and uneventful, both in melody and rhythm. On the other hand, such melodies as 'Go down, Moses,' 'Four and Twenty Elders on their knees,' 'Run, Mary, Run,' these speak from the very soul of the black race, and no white man could have conceived them. They have a dignity, barbaric, aloof, and wholly individual which lifts them cloud-high above any 'white' hymns the negro might have overheard. Austere as Egyptian bas-relief, simple as Congo sculpture, they are mighty melodies, and they are negro."

Negro Folk Song Analysed New York Age 1/12/21 For Londoners by Violinist

"Outward Bound" is a handsomely printed 82-page illustrated monthly magazine, printed at 2 Eaton Gate, London, S. W. 1., and its contributors include such distinguished writers as John Drinkwater, Alfred Noyes, Basil Matthews, who is its editor, and other well-known literati. The issue for May, 1921, adds to this coterie the name of Clarence Cameron White of Boston, whose name hitherto has been best known as being synonymous with musical achievement. But, too, there have been evidences of literary attainment of a high order in various articles contributed by Mr. White to musical journals in the United States, and more recently in his work as publisher and editor of "The Encore," a little monthly issued as organ of the S. Coleridge-Taylor Association of Boston.

In the article appearing in "Outward Bound," under the caption, "The Music of the American Negro," Mr. White presents an interesting dissertation upon the general character of folk music, with specific reference to Negro folk song. The Bohemian musician, Dvorak, brought to America to establish a national school of music for the particular study of native music, aroused much antagonistic comment when he declared, after several months investigation, that the only distinctive national American music was the music of the American Negro. His "New World Symphony," written after this investigation, is based largely on Negro idioms. Citing this fact, Mr. White says that when the Symphony was first presented in New York, under Dvorak's personal direction, it aroused such a bitter controversy that the composer returned to Europe, "quite disgusted with American ideas and ideals."

Asserting that "Folk Songs" are expressive of the individual emotions and exhibit characteristic peculiarities of the people with whom they originate, and that in most European countries it is among the working classes, the artisans and the field hands that one must look for the genuine national music, the violinist-writer expresses himself as follows:

"So it is in America we find even today the real characteristic music of the Negro among the plantations of the South, where the Negroes in large numbers are the laborers. It may be argued that the true value of these melodies to the American musician is not so much their use as a basis for the so-called national music of America as it is for their value as an historic phase of American life. These songs are a unique contribution to American musical history, and a most remarkable contribution, for they present a new quality of folk-songs different in nearly every way from any other folk-songs in the world. Up to the present time both the Negro folk-music and rhythms have been the most characteristic things that

America has had to offer."

Then follows an intimate study of Negro folk song, showing that each locality had its particular type of musical outpouring, with distinctive, though not radical, differences due to atmosphere and environment. To quote from the article,—"Just as the music of the native African reflects a more or less martial spirit, so the music of the American slave showed the melancholy of their immediate environment." Continuing, the writer says:

"The one outstanding characteristic of both the 'spirituals' and 'labor songs' is that they nearly always chronicle events or emotions. Although the Negro music of both Africa and America is essentially spontaneous, it was in Africa nearly always used for the war dance, funerals and wedding festivities. In America it is the outcome of the conditions under which the slave lived and labored. The plantation songs or 'spirituals' were the spontaneous outbursts of religious fervor, and were the slaves' own interpretation of the Scripture as preached to them by their own religious leaders. The practice of selling slaves from one part of the South to another accounts

for the singing of the same songs in vastly different states, and for slight changes in both words and music. It has been noticed that the songs originated in Virginia and adjacent states where slaves changed masters less frequently, are in a large degree brighter and more joyful in tone than those originating geographically lower South where the yoke of slavery was more oppressive. Such songs were sadder in tone and less buoyant."

The origin and application of several songs are told, with an explanation as to how it was possible for the slaves, unable to read, to tell and understand the Bible stories which form a basis for so many of the "spirituals." Body servants, accompanying their masters to church, and sitting in the church galleries, and other slaves congregating outside the church windows and doors caught the messages and with astonishing memories carried them back whole or in part to the plantation meeting."

The physical actions which accompany many of the songs, such as clapping of hands and walking about, are attributed to the possible influence of such Bible stories as marching around the walls of Jericho, and Miriam leading the cymbal players. It is pointed out that such stories formed a great part of the early Negro sermons and that the clapping of hands was probably an imitation of the cymbals used in religious services of Biblical days or an outgrowth of the emotional characteristics of the race. This mode of worship, however, being discouraged by the intelligent modern ministry, is rapidly dying out.

It is cited as a fact that many of the colored churches nowadays have splendid choirs, some with paid quartets, showing cultivated voices or the "full-throated untrained voice" under the leadership of trained choir-masters. Calling attention to the correct "placing" of Negro voices, Mr. White pays a deserved and timely compliment to the work of Mme. Hackley in the following paragraph:

"It is to be noted that the Negro voice is in many instances correctly 'placed' in both speaking and singing. This fact is easily recognized by musicians who have heard the large choruses of the 'Folk Song Festivals' held in different parts of the United States under the direction of Mme. E. Azalia Hackley, a well-known singer who was for a considerable period a pupil of Jean de Reszke in Paris. Madame Hackley has practically given up her career as a soloist to devote her time and energies to keep alive these folk-songs among her people"

Then follows an analysis of the construction of the Negro folk song, showing that the musical form is complete, each musical idea having the proper number of measures according to the rules of musical form. The fact shows primarily the Negro's fine sense of rhythm. This point is usually over-

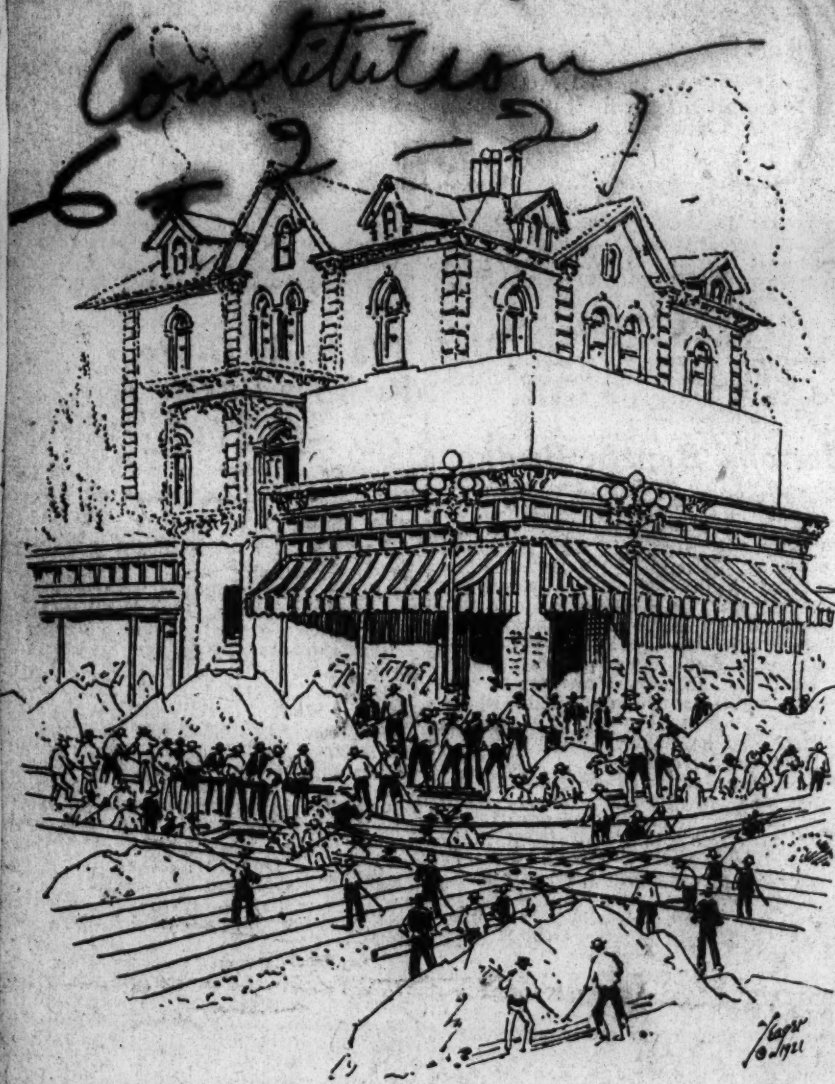
looked in discussing these folk-songs, and since strong rhythms seem to be characteristic of Negro music it is well to study this feature closely." Mr. White quotes from a number of the "spirituals," illustrating various characteristics, i. e., sense of rhyme developed through poetic techniques, interpretation of Bible stories and allegories, power of imagination, and musical values.

He writes: "I have quoted at length to show how completely the spiritual tells the Bible story and to show what a deeply religious nature the slave must have had to put together such a strong and soul-stirring story in verse. Of course one would not expect to find wonderful poets among an illiterate people, but it is doubtful if there is a parallel in all history where a slave people who were unable to read or write came so near to expressing thoughts and impressions in a more poetic manner. So we may reasonably conclude from a study of the folk-songs along this line that, together with a strong sense of melody and rhythm, the slave had a poetic sense quite worthy of notice, and with the proper means at hand to cultivate this side of his nature, America, and more especially the Negro race, could have offered to the world many poetic gems of equal worth with the spirituals."

All Chicagoans are well pleased to have with them that distinguished personage, Prof. N. Clark Smith, if only for a brief stay. Capable and a noted musician, agree that the many contributions of the professor to the musical world place him foremost in the rank of composers of today. On Thursday evening, August 4, at Pilgrim Baptist Temple, select courses of twenty voices each under the direction of Prof. J. A. Mundy and J. Wesley Jones. The Chicago Umbrian Glee Club, R. C. Kelly, director; J. A. Lillard, director of Pilgrim Baptist choir, and Anita P. Brown as soloists. A harmonized ladies octette and symphony orchestra from the Musicians' Local Union, No. 203, will all band themselves together as a unit to assist Major Smith in giving Chicago its first "manuscript testimonial." Several of the master musical minds from the loop district will be present to help our loyal Chicagoans adorn the uncrowned king. Former members of Major Smith's Tuskegee Concert band are requested to communicate with him at 4200 Langley Avenue. Phone 4814 Kenwood. A. Brown, manager.—Advertisement

Music, Poetry and Art - 1921.

Negro Songs Heard All Night As Workers Lay Trolley Tracks



The above sketch represents the impressions received by S. Franklin Yeager, well-known artist, as a small army of negro laborers laid modern street car trackage at the big curve at South Pryor and East Mitchell streets late Tuesday night and far into the morning hours of Wednesday.

Written and Illustrated for The Constitution by S. Franklin Yeager.

The great double-curve connection tracks at the conjunction of South Pryor and East Mitchell have been placed and "sealed in" with ballast and cement, and the street cars have assumed their normal schedules.

All Tuesday night, and far into the "wee sma' hours" of Wednesday morning hundreds of burly negroes, under the direction of their black "straw bosses" and the supervision of white engineers and constructors, labored like a huge hive of buzzing bumblebees under the bright, white globes of the big street lights and the powerful search light on the construction cars of the street railroad company getting out the old curved and straight sections, "frogs," "knees" and angles and replacing them with the new, immense, nine-inch, ninety-pound steel tracks at this busy intersection of the city's transportation lines.

W. H. Flury, who has been superintendent in charge of the street railway lines for nearly 24 years, and who went to work when there were but 33 cars in service, where there are now over 300 modern cars, kept almost constantly on the lines, was here, there, and everywhere watching the progress of the work with an eye-single to the solitary subject of getting his early car service for workers and business men, shop keepers and school children "routed" out along the different lines leading from this intersection.

Hurry of Night Work.

To a Constitution artist and writer he said: "All of this hurry and hurly of night work, with these huge gangs of negro labor, little mountains of cracked stone, concrete, great steel, straight stock, curves, angles, "frogs," switches, "fishplates" and spikes are necessary in the placing of a greater set of sweeping tracks to accommodate the new, modern street cars which are of such greater length than the old that there is constant danger of damage, not only to the rolling

stock, but to the passengers on summer cars who have the habit of hanging their arms, hands and feet out of the windows or other openings of the cars. Furthermore, the essentially slow movement of the big, new cars over the old, short curve tracks was a huge factor in the creation of delays of the quickly moving traffic at this busy point. The busy scene here is but a product of the busier scene in the engineer's office, making plans of this new network of trackage and the preparations for immediate laying of the same with as little delay or confusion as possible.

"The traffic work of the lines of the company passing this intersection and the routing and rerouting had to be all planned in advance so that the moment the constructors and engineers gave us the word to 'go ahead,' we would do that same thing and 'muy pronto,' as the Mexican has the word 'hurry.'"

Songs of Negroes.

All night long, from the time that the heavy traffic of "show-goers" ceased and far into the hours of daylight, the work of putting in the big curves and setting false tracks four ways on South Pryor and East Mitchell streets, went steadily on under the blazing lights.

All night long the girls in the big telephone offices on the corner, "his honor the cop," and a few stray pedestrians heard the musical sing-song of the negro "straw bosses," as their gangs, armed with huge tongs, carried the big sections of steel tracks out and into place. "Pick 'er up hyar!" "Boys, now ye keep what ye got!" "Tote 'er down track," "Swing roun' agin!"

All night long, in little or larger gangs, the continuous humming, sing-song of the black working under the black, a semi-song or chant, heard nowhere on earth like it is heard in Georgia or among the black bearers of the "Kl Kl Kame-roon" section of Central Africa, was in constant evidence and could be heard as a sort of soothing refrain by those who woke and went to sleep again.

"Strange, how the negro naturally sings at his work and works best while singing," said one of the engineers to the writer.

"You've traveled far; have you ever heard workers, anywhere in the world, do that?"

Ways of the Welch.

And then, before The Constitution worker quit his all-night work of "nosing for news," and went home to sleep, not slug, he told of the immense throngs of miners he had seen go down the shafts and far out under the cliffs and sea front over the great tin mines of Wales singing, "Men of Harlock" or some old hymn or anthem. Singing the national anthem at their work is "one of the ways of the Welch."

On the corner of South Pryor and East Mitchell, with its shattered windows, like gaunt, sightless eyes attracted by the roar of this progress of modern days stands a once famous house. It was built just after the civil war by John Neal and at that time was considered one of the costliest and most beautiful residences in Atlanta and the southland. It was occupied by him until his death, twenty years ago, and afterward by his family until a few years ago, when it was sold and turned into a boarding house with stores built into its base.

In its prime, this mansion was the gathering place for the beauty and brains of the best of southland's dear, old society.

CORDS RACIAL MELODIES AS SUNG BY MEMBERS OF THE RACE

First Phonograph Concern in the World, Composed Only of Descendants of Slaves; Gives Employment Exclusively to People of Race —To Perpetuate Folk Songs and Music of Earlier Days—Pace Phonograph Corporation of New York Attracts Attention.

"If you were here before I do, Tell all my friends I'm a-comin' too!"

This was the strain of "canned music" which greeted me as I entered the office of the phonograph corporation on West 138th street Manhattan, which has recently set up the experiment of recording only Negro melodies and music, as sung and played by Negroes themselves.

The "spiritual" gripped the emotions on the instant, not only because of its haunting chant-like melody and its compelling rhythm, but because to a descendant of an abolitionist it suggested all the woes of the slavery days, all the Negro's aspirations for deliverance from bondage, and all of his fervent faith that in the hereafter, at least, he was to enter into the promised land, writes Laura R. Wilkie in a recent issue of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Standard Union.

Listening critically to the record stood the singer, Carroll Clark; the musical director of the corporation, F. H. Henderson, and the arranger, W. G. Still. The singer, the darkest of the three, was probably the oldest, although it did not mean that he was more than thirty. Medium sized, of athletic build, his dark, alert countenance pictured all the shades of expression of the artist who gives critical attention to his own production. His voice, a rich baritone, reproduced well as phonographic renditions go, but of the three listeners he evidenced the least satisfaction with the record, a fact which was laughingly noted by the others.

Mr. Clark came here from Denver, Colo., where he studied singing for several years. A balladist who can stand comparison with McCormack, a white phonograph corporation employed him, and after permitting him to sing "The Suanee River" and such songs, insisted that if they granted his request to have his picture published it must not be identified with the finer ballads, but with the type of song which has come to be associated in the popular mind with the smart, sophisticated "coon" who furnishes use with ragtime and jazz.

Mr. Clark, a cultured Negro, with a fine and well trained voice, justly rebelled against the imposition of this demand that he cheapen his art and belittle his race, and left the employ of the white concern. He sings now in one of the highest class restaurants in the theater district; but the songs with which he favors his hearers are such as do justice to his talent and credit to his race.

Harry H. Pace, the president of the Negro corporation, is an admirer of Mr. Clark, and through the records that are now being offered to the public the singer's voice will reach thousands of his race, whereas now it is heard by a few hundreds only of his white compatriots. Other

singers, too, will thus win augmented following and appreciation, among them Revella Hughes, a lyric soprano, who, under white management, never was given a chance to sing the higher class of compositions.

Mr. Pace is a graduate of Atlanta University, as is also his music director, Mr. Henderson. Both are possessed of regular, refined features, and to the poise of the educated and cultured and that of trained musicians. The arranger, Mr. Still, is a graduate of Oberlin University. Mr. Pace is in his early thirties, his associates much younger.

First of its kind in the world. All this is of interest because it relates to the personnel of the first organization of its kind in the whole world—a phonograph corporation formed by Negroes alone, which will issue records made only by Negroes, and which will give employment in clerical and mechanical lines only to Negroes.

But this racial feature of the new corporation is secondary in importance to its avowed aim to preserve in vocal form such as are left of the slave-songs of America, the heart-rending "spirituals," the rowing and plantation songs, the "emancipation" songs—all that class of inspired, emotional music which gives to America her sole claim to having produced "folk-songs" of her own.

There is something of the pathetic and also something of the accusatory in this practical venture, being the outgrowth of the denial on the part of the "white" Americans to give commercial encouragement to any but the "coon" songs of the one race which contributed original song-forms to this country. Mr. Pace is one of the third generation from slavery—his grandfather, he told me, was a manumitted slave of a kindly Virginia owner—of the third generation, mind you, and with a fourth climbing on his knees—and yet to him has fallen this responsibility which should have been assumed long before now, and by the white people, for we owed the race we had enslaved at least this much of compensation—that we should give currency to those treasures of pure song which were minted in the crucible of the most terrible suffering which has even been inflicted upon any people in these United States.

They played the record over for me again. The chorus goes:

"Nobody knows de trouble I've seen,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows de trouble I've seen,
Gloria hallelujah!"

This is the cry of the slave, whose experiences have been too bitter for human understanding, but who comforts himself with the assurances of Christian faith.

The words of the text, however, re-

late to the singer's own struggles with sin:

"Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down! O, yes, Lord!
Sometimes I'm almost to de groun!
O, yes, Lord!
What makes old Satan hate me so?
O, yes, Lord!
Because he got me once, but he let me go!
O, yes, Lord!"

Afterward at my request Mr. Clark sang for me, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot!" with its quietly exultant "Comin' for to Carry Me Home!" and although he, too, is three generations removed from slavery, there crept into his voice more than a hint of the longing for escape from suffering which must have inspired the original to a poignant degree.

Prosperous, cultured, well-groomed and alert, the peculiar musical sensibility and emotional force of his race found sympathetic expression in this old slave song of his forefathers. I listened, and wondered at the crass stupidity of the white folk who he wanted to keep him down to "ooo shouting."

Preservation of Folk-Songs

But if the black race itself had not taken up the task of preserving the folk-songs for us and placing records of them on the market so that every owner of a phonograph might be thrilled by them, it would have been much more of a loss to the white race than to the black. At least a good number of the Negroes know these songs, while but very few of the white Americans know them. The loss, therefore, would have been our. That is putting it too mildly—the loss would have been the whole world's.

It is true that learned musicians have before now essayed to collect these folk-songs, and have indeed succeeded, as well as may be possible with slavery so long a thing of the past and its slave songs no longer the one outlet of expression to an oppressed race. The list is perhaps not long, but it is notable.

A classification of the songs of the slave, given by John Mason Brown in an article printed in Lippincott magazine for December, 1868, to which Henry Edward Krehbiel alludes in his "Afro-American Folksongs," and to which he adds only the satirical song which emanated from the plantations where Latin influences were dominant, is of interest.

1. Religious songs, e. g., "The Old Ship of Zion," where the refrain "Glory, hallelu!" in the chorus keeps the congregation well together in the singing and allows time for the leader to recall the next verse.

2. River songs, composed of single lines separated by a barbarous and unmeaning chorus and sung by the deckhands and roustabouts mainly for the howl.

3. Plantation songs, accompanying the mowers at harvest, in which the strong emphasis of rhythm was more important than the words.

4. Songs of longing, dreamy, sad and plaintive airs describing the most sorrowful pictures of slave life sung in the dark when returning home from the day's work.

5. Song of mirth, whose origin and meaning, in most cases forgotten, were preserved for the jingle of rhyme and tune and sung with merry laughter and with dancing in the evening by the cabin fireside.

6. Descriptive songs, sung in chanting style with marked emphasis and the prolongation of the concluding syllable of each line.

Negro Characteristics

Dvorak's symphony, "From the New World," as every one knows, "utilized characteristic elements which he had discovered in the song of the Negroes which had come to his notice while he was a resident of New York" (this from Krehbiel). And since then some American musicians have based compositions on Negro folk-songs.

But the results of these experiments and researches do not sleep through to the consciousness of the general public, which is heir to all this musical domain and which should not be deprived of its enjoyment and inspiration.

W. E. Burkhardt Du Bois, eminent Negro educator and writer, makes an appeal to his white compatriots in "The Souls of Black Folk" which should be taken to heart as much for their own sake as for the sake of their darker skinned brother Americans. He says:

"Your country? How came it yours? Before the Pilgrims landed we were here. Here we have brought our three gifts and mingled them with yours: a gift of story and song, soft stirring melody in an ill harmonized and unmelodious land; the gift of sweat and brawn beat back the wilderness, conquer the soil and lay the foundations of this vast economic empire two hundred years earlier than your weak hands could have done it;—the third, a gift of the spirit. Around us the history of the lands has centered for thrice a hundred years; out of the nation's heart we have called all that was best to throttle and subdue all that was worst: fire and blood, prayer and sacrifice, have billowed over this people, and they have found peace only in the altars of the God of right. . . . Our song, our toll, our cheer and our warning have been given to this nation in blood brotherhood. Are not these gifts worth giving? Is not this work and striving? Would America have been America without her Negro people?"

No one can answer to Du Bois that America would have been what she is without her Negro people. That goes without saying.

What needs to be said, however, is that America cannot today, nor yet in the future, deny her debt of gratitude to the Negro people without being a traitor to herself.

Spiritual and Artistic Debt

And letting the economic phase go by for those better informed, even a cursory examination of the Negro songs establishes the spiritual and artistic debt of America for these creations of the race which suffered slavery in times gone by, and which even today is cursed with peonage in Georgia.

The race that out of the blood-sweated soil of its enforced ignorance produced such a flower of native poetry as the nocturnal funeral song, "O, Graveyard!" could well afford to smile at the laboriously acquired culture of its white compatriots, if a comparison of artistic feeling should be forced:

"I know moonlight, I know starlight;
I lay dis body down.
I walk in de moonlight, I walk in de starlight;

I lay dis body down.
I know de graveyard, I know de

graveyard,
When I lay dis body down.
I walk in de graveyard, I walk troo de graveyard.
When I lay dis body down.
I lay in de grave and stretch out my arms.
I lay dis body down.
go to judgment in de evenin' o de day.
When I lay dis body down.
An' my soul and your soul will meet in de day.
When we lay dis body down."

The Negro and His Music

A copy of "The Wellspring," a publication for juveniles issued at Cincinnati, Ohio, has come to my desk, carrying an article by John W. Work of Fisk University, on "The Negro and His Music." Mr. Work is an authority on this subject, being in charge of the jubilee singing at Fisk, and having given a number of years serious study to the Negro Spiritual and folk song. The ground covered in this article makes it of peculiar interest and so I am taking the liberty to reproduce it for the benefit of THE AGE readers. It is given below.

"THE NEGRO AND HIS MUSIC"

By J. W. Work

Music is such a wonderful medium of expression and withal so effective that a race so distinctly endowed with it as the Negro must have been so endowed for some great purpose.

The Ethiopian race possesses the soul of music. It prays, praises, labors, rejoices, suffers, and fights through the inspiration of its song, which is the only folk music bearing a distinctive message to the world. In wondrous wise it bids the world look upward, fight onward, be humble, be patient, be joyful, be loving. This message was first sung to the world by the remarkable bands of "Jubilee Singers" from Fisk University and from Hampton in the seventies. And the world listened with amazement and with a new-born interest in the Negro!

The multitudes on two continents who heard that message are themselves still singing, "Steal away to Jesus," "Roll, Jordan, roll," "Go down, Moses," "You may bury me in the East," and "Swing low, sweet chariot."

Probably the Negro's music is the most racial of all music. It expresses the Negro soul more faithfully and more thoroughly than the music of any other race expresses the soul of that race.

There is scarcely a single characteristic or peculiarity of the Negro that does not find a positive and striking expression somewhere in the hundreds of folk song that grew up in the South during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and first half of the nineteenth centuries. This is the music of the primitive Negro and ranges from the barbaric native Africa spirit through a transition to real Americanism. The Negro's music is truly and genuinely American.

What does it mean to him? It is about impossible to state just how much the Negro's music has meant to him in the past, just how much it means to him now, and how much he hopes it will mean for him in the future.

Sometimes we know more and feel more than we express; our consciousness and experiences are beyond our power to make others comprehend or feel. So it is with the Negro and his music. Though he has endeavored earnestly and long to convey to the world the meaning of his music, and notwithstanding the fact that there has been some positive impression made upon the heart of the world, though the world has laughed, shouted, rejoiced, prayed, and wept as he has sung, yet in his heart of hearts he knows that the whole story of his music has not been told, nor its meaning comprehended.

It is quite evident that the world thoroughly enjoys "Little David, play on your harp," "Shout all over God's heaven," "Great camp meeting," and songs of that character; but it is quite as evident that it has not yet touched the wellsprings of divine joy from which these songs have flowed. The smile evoked by these songs is not the expression of a feeling of the ridiculous, but a smile of pure gladness springing from steadfast faith and undimmed hope. The world has shouted and cried hallelujah as the Negro has sung, "Rise! shine! for thy Light is a-comin'," "Good news! the chariot's comin'," and "The band of Gideon," but has the world ever known the power of ecstasy which shot these songs from the Negro's heart?

By these blasts of melody he was lifted up the Mount of Transfiguration where he beheld and communed with the glorified Christ.

The world has prayed as it has listened to "Lord, I want to be like Jesus in-a my heart," "Steal away to Jesus," and "Lord, make me more loving," but the world has not yet fathomed the meaning of the prayer, born in the deepest recesses of the Negro's soul, breathed into the melody and lifted on the wings of his song.

The world has listened to the weird, sorrow-laden strains of "Couldn't hear nobody pray," "You hear the lambs a-cryin'," "Swing low, sweet chariot," "Were you there?" But the world has not yet felt the burden of the tears, nor the pang of that sorrow that fills every note of these songs.

Has the world felt the fighting spirit of a soldier when it has heard the bugle call of "March on," "Don't you want to be a soldier?" "Lord, I want to be a soldier!" In these songs the Negro was endeavoring to express a burning enthusiasm, a consuming fire, which no words can portray.

So on and on we might go, but vain and futile would prove our attempts to tell all the meaning of the Negro's music to the Negro himself.

Since the Negro has come the opportunities for education, his music has entered and followed a new course of development, and such composers as Coleridge-Taylor, Burleigh, Dett, Tyler, White, and Diton have brought forth productions showing remarkable talent, uncommon capacity, and splendid ability. The best work of these writers has been based upon and inspired by the folk music.

In the masterpiece of Coleridge-Taylor, "Hiawatha," we can readily trace the influences of the folk music of the American Negro in respect to cadence, rhythm and melody. He, too, has transcribed a number of the melodies. "Sometimes I feel like a motherless child," and "Steal away to Jesus" are among the best known of his transcriptions.

Harry T. Burleigh is a voluminous song writer. In addition to his "Jean," which of itself is enough to stamp him as a writer of splendid worth, he has transcribed a large number of the "Spirituals" with special effects. Probably the one which has made the deepest and most favorable impression is his "Deep River."

R. Nathaniel Dett has composed some works for the pianoforte, based upon the characteristics and inspired by the spirit of this folk music, which are faithful portrayals of its rhythm and abandon. He has also transcribed and harmonized some of the songs. Among these are: "Is there anybody here like Weeping Mary?" "Somebody's knocking at your door." He has also developed some of the themes as in "Listen to the lambs." His most comprehensive work, and one of the latest, "The chariot jubilee," is a motette. This shows the composer at his best. Musicianship, scholarship, and a deep appreciation and comprehension of the genius of the folk song are all clearly indicated in this work.

Gerald Tyler and Carl Diton have, comparatively recently, taken up this work of composition in the field of transcription and development of the folk music, and have begun what certainly will make an impression, for both are well trained musicians of marked abilities.

Clarence Cameron White has produced a delicious "suite" for the violin, breathing the spirit and exhibiting the features of the folk songs. His is probably the only work of its kind.

These are not the only Negroes who have composed such music, but they are doubtless our foremost exponents; they are the harbingers of what is to come in that big, bright future when the folk song of the American Negro, enveloped and developed, shall have breathed its spirit into, and impressed its character upon our national music.

Decline in Popularity of Jazz and Dance Orchestras

New York Age 1/23/21
Instrumental players among the colored musicians have not succeeded in holding their own in competition with white musicians in the matter of orchestral playing. This statement does not refer to symphonic orchestral playing, because in that sphere there is simply no comparison as yet, nor has there ever been. Of course there have been some ambitious efforts by race musicians that attained meritorious results, but they were individual or local and do not affect the general application contained in the foregoing statement.

But the Negro musician has had ample opportunity for development in the matter of orchestra playing from the standpoint of amusement furnishing and for the followers of Terpsichore. And it is a lamentable declaration, dictated though it be by candor and honesty, that is contained in the expression "He has not held his own." It would not be true to say that he did not make good. The colored musician did make good at first, and for awhile he was so greatly in demand that the supply could hardly be met.

Casting back through the past few years, the records show that besides the innumerable temporary and single engagements, requiring for furnishing entertainment and dance music the services of from one or two musicians to orchestras of twenty-five to fifty men, or more, there were some twenty or thirty permanent engagements being filled by Negro musicians. These comprised not only cafe and restaurant entertaining, but Roofs, Gardens, hotels and theatres as well, the list including some of the most sumptuous establishments in America—and that, of course, means the entire world.

At least at two New York theatres—the Selwin and the Fulton—there were at one time Negro musicians occupying the orchestra pit for the regular theatrical performances. There were several instances in which artists appearing on the vaudeville stage used their own orchestras composed of Negro musicians under a Negro director, either augmenting or displacing the regular theatre orchestra for their particular acts. Perhaps the most notable engagements of this nature was filled by the orchestra led by the late James Reese Europe, which accompanied the famous Castles on a trans-country tour.

New York's most noted restaurants—New York's night amusements was the Delmonico's, Sherry's, Rector's, Shanley's, Churchill's, and others, employed at one time colored orchestras to play for the entertainment of their guests. The Hotel Plaza, Hotel McAlpin, Marquis and Marlborough Hotels, famous throughout the country for their exclusiveness, used musicians of the race, and this was true of hotels in other cities than New York, some of the most notable being the Copley Plaza, Boston, the Tea Eyck, Albany,

der permanent season contracts at the Strand Roof, the Winter Garden, at Reisenwebers, at Healey's Golden Glades, at Hotel Shelburne, Brighton Beach, at Tappan's, Sheepshead Bay, at the Dance Carnival, West 66th street, and, incidentally, at DeLisles' French Restaurant, Allaire, N. J., not so familiar to Gothamites, perhaps, but a place of distinction over in Jersey.

Now this a pretentious list of engagements, one of which any particular body of musicians might well be proud. But the list is almost completely wiped out today. Questions to one of the race's leading music purveyors, a man in constant touch with the entertainment and dance music demand, brought out the information that less than a half-dozen aggregations of Negro musicians are now being employed.

To be precise, he mentioned Reisenwebers as continuing to use a race body of players—and in that case it is the Roy Smith's Symphonic Orchestra from Detroit, Michigan, that is filling the position. Tappan's Village at Sheepshead Bay, and the Dance Carnival on West 66th street, are also put on the roll, but further than that the information does not go.

Of course there is a reason. The playing of the Negro musician was so appreciated at one time as almost to be considered preeminent. Why did it not maintain that high altitude? There are several reasons. For one thing, the Negro musician has never seemed to take his work seriously. He has been content to acquire a certain digital dexterity, sufficient to enable him to meet the immediate demand, but future advancement and development has not entered into his calculations—if advancement and development meant serious application and hard work. He failed to realize the connection between mentality and musicianship.

It was evidently in his mind that the vogue which carried him to the top of the wave of popular success would be permanent thing—it was about as permanent as are waves of the ocean. He should have looked upon it as a ladder, the climbing of which entailed effort and persistence, but which carried to permanence. What was a novelty at first hearing became a nuisance after endless repetitions, with no change in manner or mode. Failing to progress, naturally the result must be retrogression.

Another reason given is that the musician did not give proper consideration to his obligation and duty from a commercial standpoint. He was being paid to render certain and particular service. The popularity and acclaim disturbed his sense of values and gave him a distorted opinion as to what constituted a fair return for the emolument received. In other words, he did not "keep on his job," but was inclined to slackness in punctuality and even undependability so far as regularity was concerned. There was a tendency to swagger around, holding the

idea that he was an indispensable adjunct in that particular sphere.

Of course that was a false idea. No man is indispensable who cannot be depended upon. Much of the value attached to a man's service is in his faithfulness and sincerity. It is said that in some cases men belonging to certain orchestras were not amenable to discipline. It is reported that in the case of an orchestra employed in a most exclusive place of entertainment that even requests of the employing management that certain men, whose work was not satisfactory, be replaced with others were not complied with by the orchestra manager because he could not control or discipline his players.

The shortsightedness of the players is emphasized by the present conditions. It also emphasizes a lack on part of the managers, because unless in possession of sufficient forcefulness and strength to enforce ordinary discipline a man has no place as a leader of men.

Another reason given is that the player developed a big bump of egotistic self-appreciation. The recognition given the player and musician was often mistaken for a tribute to the man. In many cases there was not the mentality among the Negro musicians which would have kept their feet on the ground and prevented many grievous mistakes along social lines. There would have been no mistaking liberty for license, with its attendant ill-consequences, resulting in the closing of doors to the artist because his actions as a man were not agreeable.

The style of music originated by the Negro player has been copied and adopted by the players of other races and gradually the other fellow's more serious conception of the value of improving an endeavor has put them in the forefront. If the Negro musician had kept pace with the times, if his development had followed his opportunity, it follows that he would today be occupying a broader and more useful field of endeavor. The restriction of his opportunity and the curtailment of his effort is the natural result of his own wilful neglect and shortcoming.

Why should a group of players from California or Chicago or Detroit come to New York and be given opportunities denied the home players? Simply because they supply a need, fill a vacancy—and the need nor vacancy would exist if there had not been a lack of vision somewhere. It doesn't matter that the visiting players have no more developed technique or musical knowledge than the home players. They are giving satisfaction.

It is no argument to say that one is as proficient as another unless that proficiency is demonstrated in performance. To be capable of a certain degree of excellence on every occasion, is in itself a duty owed not alone to the public but to one's self as well. If Dabney's orchestra should not be reengaged for the Ziegfeld Roof it will indicate in

the most unmistakable manner that Dabney and his men have not maintained the pace. It does not follow that they are deficient in ability, but it does mean in some way they have not always developed that ability to its fullest extent.

Frequenters at the Lafayette Theatre have commented at times on the excellence of the orchestral performance. And there have been occasions when equal or greater emphasis has been put into adverse comment on renditions by the same aggregation. It meant, not a lowering of ability, but a lowered morale—temporary, perhaps, but preventing the putting forth of best efforts.

There must be consistent and earnest effort on part of the Negro musician before he can hope to regain his former standing as a factor in the entertainment world. It is a hard lesson he must learn and it may be that the Negro musician will be put back in his classes a number of times before he demonstrates to the satisfaction of his teacher—the employing public—that the lesson is well learned.

ANNUAL MEETING OF NEGRO MUSICIANS *Nashville, Tenn. 1/29/21* THREE DAYS SESSION OF ASSOCIATION HELD SOLOISTS, COMPOSERS AND PERFORMERS

With more than one hundred all stars in the Negro music world in attendance, the National Association of Negro Musicians opened its annual convention in this city Tuesday morning at the Mt. Olive Baptist Church. President Grant called the meeting to order, and after some preliminaries such as hearing the report of the Board of Directors, which held a continuous all-day session on Monday in the parlors of the Y. M. C. A., the 1921 session got down to business.

There were a deal of preliminaries to be cleared away and many new members were added to the personnel of the organization. The sessions concluded Thursday night. It was decided to accept the Board of Directors' report with a recommendation sustaining the action of Prof. Board of Directors and the original Nashville member of the organization who, while at the New York session last year, offered Nashville's invitation to entertain the musicians. The most celebrated celebrities in the music world among the Negroes such as composers, performers on instru-

Race musicians have performed un-

ments such as wind, string and other keyboard instruments, are in a tandem. Men and women who have traversed the United States, Canada and Mexico and have studied abroad are here to lend their full support and co-operation for the furtherance and the advancement of the Negro youth who aspire to the profession of music.

The all-star concert that had been much talked of proved one of the biggest drawing cards throughout the session. It was held at M. Olivet Baptist Church. Standing room was at a premium, and it was reported as the biggest success with the largest array of talent that ever faced a Nashville audience.

The endowment fund being raised by the Association to be used in furnishing scholarship to the deserving youths of the race was boosted considerably at the second day's meeting. Negro music and Negro compositions were stressed throughout the sessions, which, according to the best informed observers, indicates a revival of the usefulness of Negro productions in schools, churches and fraternal organizations where music is necessary.

Wednesday morning session was opened with an address by Prof. Isaac Fisher, who welcomed the association to the university. The response was made by Henry L. Grant, president of the association. Other features of the session were discussions on musical problems, such as the teaching of music in the schools, the grades in which there should be piano study and ear training.

Wednesday afternoon, Prof. D. R. Gebhart of Peabody College addressed the association on "Music in the Schools," and Prof. J. W. Work of Fisk University read a paper on "Negro Folk Songs." Another interesting feature of the afternoon was the playing of compositions by members of the association from the original manuscripts, the organization having several noted composers, within its ranks. The various papers and discussions were interspersed with musical numbers.

Wednesday, a concert was given in Fisk Memorial Chapel by the Fisk Music Study Club, the Fisk quartette and the jubilee singers. Several of the out-of-town musicians will also participate. They are Kemper Harfield of Atlanta, violinist; Cleota Collins of Columbus, O., soprano; Mabel Story of St. Louis, contralto, and Tourgee DeBose of Talladega, Ala., a graduate of Fisk, pianist. Prof. Work sang a solo from "Hiawatha," by Coleridge Taylor, one of the greatest composers of the race. Those to lead in the jubilee songs are Mrs. Agnes Work, Mrs. Mabel Hadley and Mrs. T. A. Duncan.

The concert Thursday night was given by the Nashville Local Association and the leading musicians will appear on the program.

Those appearing on the program Tuesday night were Theodore Taylor of Chicago, Carl Dilton of Philadelphia, L. J. Sikes Smith of Chicago and Henry Ethridge, all of whom have won considerable fame.

NEWS OF THE MUSIC WORLD

Chicago By [illegible] 8/6/21

On the historic soil of Fisk University, which has since 1871 heralded the folk songs of the Negro through the sweet voices of the Jubilee Singers, the N. A. N. M. met and renewed their faith in the music of their fathers, and pledged support and fellowship to all struggling musicians. No more fitting place could have been selected because of the similar activities both are engaged in. It is possibly not known to many that the Fisk Singers have largely contributed to the financial upkeep of the university. Their first tour was planned to raise \$20,000, but they returned in three years with nearly \$100,000.

The use of music as a means to an end, as a noble structural element, strengthens the hopes of the national that they may encourage and stimulate the younger generation to realization of its importance in the building of our modern civilization, culture and even its power to finance a university, as in the case of Fisk.

Donates to Fire Relief Fund
It might be interesting to many to know that the entire proceeds of the first paid concert of the singers, which amounted to something less than \$50, was donated to the Chicago Relief Fund, which was started because of the great fire of 1871. Musicians have and will ever be missionaries, carrying love and truth to the world through the medium of music.

Third Annual Convention
The third annual convention of the N. A. N. M. met in Nashville, Tenn., July 26 to 28, with the opening meeting at Mt. Olivet Baptist church, under the patronage of the Nashville local. Address of welcome by the local president, Mrs. H. J. Johnson. Response by the national president, Henry L. Grant of Washington, D. C. The morning session called for general business, followed by a delightful luncheon served by members of the Nashville local. The afternoon was given to a musical program, interspersed with papers and general discussion of musical subjects. A stirring address was delivered by Rev. Acton Hill, pastor of St. Paul A. M. E. church.

Concerts were given by members of the national and Nashville local, Monday and Tuesday evenings, which included numbers by the Choral Society, Grace Willis Thompson, soprano, Cleveland; T. Theo. Taylor and Carl Dilton.

Wednesday morning, July 27th, the national opened its session in the impressive structure of Fisk's chapel—Memorial Hall—and the members were led in singing by Prof. John Work, instructor of Latin at the university, and compiler of the well known collections of folk songs. Prof. Isaac Fisher, editor of "Fisk University News," was selected by President McKenzie to deliver the welcome address, because of his absence on a vacation. Prof. Fisher weighted the point of the open door. "Be-

hold I have opened a door that no man can shut." He made a reference to the door of the world being open to the Negro through the medium of music, and remarked that "Whenever we see a genuine musician we know you are the sign of the open door." The president of the national thanked the faculty of Fisk for their sincere hospitality. In an address by Prof. Gebhardt, in charge of music at Peabody Institute, he asked that leading musicians, especially those working in public school music, seriously consider compiling a "public school music course," which would employ a majority of Negro folk songs as leading material to work with. He intimated that they were even more adaptable than many folk songs used in other courses and predicted a large sale and usage among whites and Colored.

Study Club Gives Concert
On Wednesday evening the Music Study Club, composed of leading musicians of Fisk and Nashville, gave a concert in honor of visitors, which was largely attended. The program included choral selections by the club and solos by Tourgee DeBose, Cleota Collins Lacy, John W. Work and the Fisk Quartet. The proceeds of the evening went to the scholarship fund.

The last day was given to business, musical discussions and the election of officers, which placed the same staff in office for the ensuing year, with the exception of two new members on the board of directors.

Concerts, parties, banquets, luncheons, automobile drives and general hospitality ended a delightful visit of the new-born national with its foster mother, Fisk University.

Opens Pageant of Progress
Saturday evening at 8 o'clock a chorus of 1,000 voices, directed by James Mundy, well known choral conductor, opened the evening's programme for the Pageant of Progress at the Municipal Pier. Mr. Mundy is noted for his choral work, having directed the choruses during the war at the Auditorium, for the Negro Jubilee Exposition at the Coliseum and for the Bishops' Council at the Auditorium in June.

Chicagoans at the N. A. N. M. convention and the offices which they hold on the official staff were: T. Theo. Taylor, member of the board of directors; Mildred Bryant Jones, chairman of the public school committee; J. Wesley Jones, chairman of the scholarship committee, and Nora Douglas Holt, vice president.

The Negro Musician, official organ of the N. A. N. M., has merged with Music and Poetry, which will hereafter publish in the interest of the national in particular, and all genuine musicians in general. Nora Douglas Holt, editor-in-chief; Henry Grant, editor of N. A. N. M. preface.

All communications, financial or otherwise pertaining to the magazine must be addressed to Nora Douglas Holt, editor of Music and Poetry, 4405 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill. Full details of the convention in the August issue. All subscriptions and orders should be sent in immediately.

Negro Arts Exhibit Showing

At 135th St. Public Library
New York Age 8/6/21
Painting by Henry O. Tanner Loaned From Rodman Wanamaker's Private Collection—Open Daily 2:30 to 9 P. M.

The entire month of August will be devoted to an exhibit of Negro Arts at the 135th street branch of the New York Public Library. The display was opened to the public on Monday night, August 1st, but Miss Ernestine M. Rose, branch librarian, who is serving as general chairman of the exhibition committee, arranged the formal opening for Friday evening, August 5th, the occasion to be marked by an entertainment with a musical program the principal feature.

E. C. Williams, librarian at Howard University, Washington, is secretary of the committee, and the civic committee in charge of the work has had the cooperation of the clergy, professional, business and newspaper men. Invaluable assistance has been given by the women's committee, composed of representative women from the various churches and welfare organizations.

H. O. Tanner's Painting.

The purely art side of the exhibition enters around a painting by the distinguished Negro artist, Henry O. Tanner of Paris, whose wonderful picture showing "Christ Washing the Feet of His Disciples," was loaned for the occasion by Rodman Wanamaker from his private gallery. Local artists who are exhibiting include, Miss Louis Latimer of Flushing, Long Island, and William Russel, The Age artist and cartoonist.

Examples of sculpture by May Howard Jackson and Meta Warrick Fuller are shown.

Musicians will find much to interest them, a section being devoted to a collection of Harry T. Burleigh's music manuscripts.

The Paul Laurence Dunbar collection includes several first editions, there is a copy of Phillis Wheatley's poems, issued originally in a limited edition, and much attention is being given numerous prints and engravings of Dumas, pere et fils, Toussaint L' Ouverture and Frederick Douglass.

Native African Crafts.

From various sources there has been gathered a large collection of examples of the art work and craftsmanship of native Africans, including pottery work, basketry, hand-woven cloth and blankets, and metal working in brass, iron, silver and gold.

During the month there will be various special evenings, the first of which will be the formal opening musicale on August 5th. Another musicale will be given, and there will be an evening devoted to a literary program and one to a dramatic offering. One evening will be denominated as artists' night, for the exhibitors and their friends, and other special evenings will be announced later.

Open 2:30 to 9 P. M.

The exhibition gallery will be open daily from 2:30 to 9 p. m., and the public is given a cordial invitation. There will be no admission charges. It is hoped through this exhibition to encourage artistic production in the race and a wider diffusion of interest in the same, and the showing includes painting, sculpture, drawing, literature and musical manuscripts and craftsmanship.

Music Poetry & Art.

NEGRO MUSICIANS TO MAKE PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

Company Organized By Race Men
With Hundred Thousand
Dollars Capital

New York, N. Y., Jan. 9.—An announcement has just been made of a new departure in music and business on the part of the race. A corporation with a capital of \$100,000.00 has just been formed for the purpose of making phonograph records, using exclusively the voices and talent of colored people. It has long been a subject of comment that although colored people are very large buyers of phonograph records, our best voices and high class musicians have had no recognition from the large white companies who furnish all the records that are supplied.

At present only three colored people sing for the records out of the hundreds of artists that are employed in this work. One of these is making purely comic records, another is singing blues, and the third is singing his own syncopated songs. When artists like Madam Hackley, Madam Patti Brown, Mrs. Florence Cole-Talbert, Harry Burleigh, Marlon Anderson and Roland Hayes desire to make records they are advised that they must pay the companies to bring out their records. At very great expense Roland Hayes produced some of his records a few years ago, but the cost was so heavy that he could not continue it. The organizers of the present company believe the demand on the part of the race to perpetuate the voices of its best musicians must be met and that such records will sell.

While not deprecating the commercial value of comic songs, "blues" and ragtime songs, the new corporation proposes to furnish every type of race music, including sacred and spiritual songs, the popular music of the day, and the high class ballads and operatic selections. It proposes to use some of the most famous quartetts, concert artists, church and

school choirs and glee clubs, together with many colored vaudeville acts, for which contracts are being prepared and sent out.

The organization of the company is in charge of Mr. Harry H. Pace, who has been identified with the establishment of some of the largest and most successful business ventures of the race, including the Million Dollar Silver Savings Bank and Trust Company, of Memphis, Tenn., The Standard Life Insurance Company of Atlanta, Georgia, and the Pace and Handy Music Company of New York, N. Y. Mr. Pace is desirous of getting in touch with singers and musicians of the race who have talent along this line with race merchants and dealers who are interested in handling such records.

WHITE PHONOGRAPH RECORD CO.'S OBJECT TO RACE MEN MAKING RECORDS

Times Plain Dealer
2/19/21
They Succeed in Making Pace & Handy Music Co. Change Firm Name—Harry Pace More Determined Than Ever.

New York City, Feb. 17.—Following the announcement a few weeks ago that the Pace Phonograph Corporation of New York, had been organized to reproduce Negro music, using exclusively Negro voices, notice was served on the Pace & Handy Music Co., of which Mr. Harry H. Pace was president, by two large white phonograph record companies that it need not expect any more of its published music to be reproduced by them. It later developed that practically every one of the record companies had read the announcement which had been taken or sent to them by certain colored men desirous of starting such trouble, and had reached an understanding that no more songs published by the music publishing firm of Pace & Handy Music Company would be brought out on their records.

After a consultation with attorneys and friends of the publishing house, Mr. Pace decided to retire from all connection with Pace & Handy Music Company, publishers, and the charter of the Company was amended so as to change the name to Handy Bros. Music Company. The firm will now consist of Messrs. W.

KNOXVILLE TENN. SENTINEL
AUGUST 13, 1921

CHILD PRODIGY OF NEGRO RACE TO PRESENT RECITAL

Nelle Wright, child prodigy of the negro race and heralded as a born Dunbar artist, will present a recital, with the assistance of the Second Battalion band, at Market hall next Tuesday evening, August 16, under the auspices of Clinton Chapel A. M. E. Zion church. She has given recitals for the benefit of French and Belgian relief associations, Red Cross chapters, day nurseries, old folks' homes, churches and charitable institutions since she was four years old. She is the daughter of Samantha Creek-Wright, general secretary of the Phyllis Wheatly branch of the Y. W. C. A. of this city.

Seats will be reserved for white residents of Knoxville on the occasion of the recital, a small admission, being charged all attendants.

violinist, age 16 years, and David I. Martin, Jr., cellist, age 13 years, both of New York.

These young artists were assisted by Miss Hazel Thomas, a young colored pianiste, and by the Hampton Institute Girls' Glee Club. This concert was the second in a series arranged by R. Nathaniel Dett, director of vocal music at Hampton Institute.

The program announced the following musical attractions: Christine Langenhahn, dramatic soprano, Ogden Hall, Hampton Institute, February 4; Hazel Harrison, pianiste, February 26; and Hampton Institute Glee Club, with Marlon Anderson, contralto, April 2.

The playing of the Martin brothers was characterized by serious and effective musicianship. They played like matured professionals. They created great enthusiasm and respect among their auditors. They showed the effects of good training, as well as rare native talent. They justified the high praise which music critics had given them.

PACE & HANDY 1921 SONG HITS

Chicago Tribune
2-5-21
Loveless Love, a blues song written by W. C. Handy, while on his two months' visit to Chicago, and featured at the Dreamland by Miss Alberta Hunter, was released Jan. 1st and has had the more success with phonographs and player rolls, as well as with singers and acts, of anything he has written heretofore. The Q. R. S. Music Roll Company has just released a roll of Loveless Love, played by James P. Johnson, a New York colored pianist, whom they are featuring after the style of Mamie Smith and the Okeh records. Mr. Johnson has shown himself an artist by his rendition of Loveless Love, and it might be well to say that Loveless Love has been recorded by almost every phonograph company in America within the last 30 days. It has taken heretofore one year and sometimes three years to get one of Mr. Handy's compositions on the records, but he has proven himself a master of the blues when it comes to originality and Loveless Love is original in title, in treatment of the words and in the arrangement of the music and orchestration and we predict for it the biggest song success of 1921.

The song is published by Pace & Handy Music Company, who has just put on the market another one called, Whistling Blues. In another column you will see their announcement of late songs that can be had on phonograph and player rolls.

GIVE CONCERT TO AID NEGRO CONSERVATORY

N. Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICA
APRIL 30, 1921

Native Artists, in Interests of National School, Give Exposition of Own Music

In the interests of a movement to

establish a National Negro School of Music, Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes combined with the Washington Conservatory of Music in presenting one of the finest expositions of Negro music ever given in this country.

The program, which was given at Town Hall on April 24, presented three periods in Negro music and drama, beginning with the primitive African songs. Against a background set with colorful bits of Negro handiwork, a scene from African native life was staged. The actors, all Negroes, gave unforgettable interpretations of their rich folk art, Madikane Cele, a Zulu, and C. Kamba Simango giving several eloquent songs and chants. Possibly the most moving contribution was the exquisite "Chili lo," an African lament, sung by Beatrice Henry, who was called upon to repeat it. Katherine Easmon gave a plastic interpretation of an African legend.

Songs from the ante-bellum period in America were sung by the Hampton Quartet, a group of men singers, who by their devotional and spontaneous interpretations of the black man's art, have won many to the fascination of Negro folk music.

Modern music as developed by Cole-ridge-Taylor, H. T. Burleigh and Dett was then interpreted admirably by Helen Hagan, pianist; Ravella E. Hughes, soprano, and Eugene Mars Martin, violinist, and the Washington Quartet, who demonstrated that the Negro race has produced some splendid exponents of its music.

Addresses and appeals in aid of the National Conservatory were made by Natalie Curtis and Mrs. Harriet Gibbs Marshall.

The program proved a most eloquent appeal in behalf of the black man's art and revealed splendidly the proficiency of African music.

ALBERTA HUNTER TO SING FOR RECORDS

Chicago Tribune
5/2/21

New York City, May 21.—Alberta Hunter, of Chicago, entered the offices of the Pace Phonograph Co., on W. 138th street, early this week, and left with an exclusive contract to sing for "Black Swan" records. Miss Hunter is well known in entertainment circles in Chicago, and no doubt her records will rival those of Mamie Smith for popularity. Release of the first records is expected about July 1.

N. Y. C. REVIEW
MAY 28, 1921

"SHUFFLE ALONG," the Big Colored Musical Melange, will enter upon the second big week of its summer engagement at the 63rd Street Theatre Monday night. This all-night show has proven to be one of the biggest drawing attractions in New York in some years. With its amusing comedy by Miller and Lyle, and its scintillating melodies by Sissle and Blake, this show has amused hundreds of people within the past week.

Crowned by the Immortals

A Poem in prose by Prof. Caswell W. Crews

At the request of numerous literary folk of the two cities we are reproducing this fascinating and brilliant epic from the pen of the talented young writer, Prof. Crews, whose articles are being willingly accepted by the leading magazines of the East.

Copyright, 1921.

2/12/21

When death had had his mask torn from his face and stood revealed a kindly disposed medium whose task was to present the chief creation of Jehovah before His throne, and the nations had set them down for an aeon to give vent to their joy and bathe in happiness without end, they began to talk of Beauty and beautiful things.

And among them the query arose as to what of all things created by the Master was most beautiful.

And they bethought them of the blushing rose and the wondrous northern light; of sunset's glow at sea and of the harvest moon; of the gorgeous dawn of that morning so resplendent as to impel the stars of heaven to break forth into rhythmic chorus; of the amber leaves of autumn when the first frost had kissed them and of God's own beauteous season—spring-time.

But thinking of all of these they all and with one accord granted that

And straightway they went the length of the garden and gathered the rarest flowers and fashioned them into a great crown, so marvelously beautiful that even among those who on earth had been painters and sculptors and connoisseurs of art there was none who had been able to imagine such ingenious combining and blending of loveliness; and with this crown would they honor whoever was the most beautiful of the daughters of Eve.

One said: "It is Helen. Let us crown Helen."

And she whose charms plunged two nations into ten years of strife and bloodshed was brought and placed before the throng. And so fair was she to look upon that even the sun hid for very shame. And with one accord they were about to crown her queen when—

"Not Helen, but Psyche," cried one with a loud voice, "behold her—she possessed of so rare beauty as to cause even Cupid, confused by her loveliness, the like of which he had never seen, to pierce his own heart with an arrow so that he loved her with undying love."

And they were for crowning her, for in sooth as she approached, her charms were so great that no words could be found to describe it, but—

"Rather let Campaspe wear it," shouted another—"Campaspe to win but one kiss from whom Cupid gambled and lost his quiver, bow and arrows, dimples, the coral on his cheek and even his eyes and thenceforth was blind. And, beaming and radiantly beautiful they led Campaspe in and a pang of jealousy arose forth with within the hearts of Helen and Psyche.

"Those others are of surety beautiful, said they, but to this one undoubtedly should go the crown, but—

The mother of Cupid, the goddess of Love and Beauty, even Venus Milo, perfect in form, whose name had for all ages and among all peoples been the synonym for beauty had come swiftly from her feasting upon ambrosia and nectar for the fleet-winged Mercury had been sent in great despatch that she might come lest her glory be given to another.

And she stood, the scarlet anger making her cheek to mantle her

bosom heaving with ill-suppressed wrath that any should aspire to her queenly throne. With head high and hair blowing in the winds and skin soft as the down of the swan's bosom, she entranced the multitude and straightway Helen and Psyche and Campaspe were forgotten.

And amid thunderous applause and a joyous tumult of acclaim, she was kneeling to have the crown placed upon her head when, lo—

There entered—no not so—for so graceful and undulating was her motion that she seemed not to enter but to appear—a creature whose presence caused a sudden hush to come upon the throng—silence prevailed and all were dumb. For the space of many minutes none could speak—only gaze in mute admiration.

Now she had come out of mere curiosity, for she knew not that they were to crown a queen. And as she stood with a simplicity fascinating, her questioning, half-parted rosebud lips disclosing two rows of evenly set and perfect pearls, her raven hair falling in two great soft rebellious spirals over her shoulder and to her supple waist, her eyes lustrously black as midnight, tall enough to be commanding, yet lithe so that she was petite, form perfect in mold yet willowy, a gleam of aristocracy showing forth from her face vaguely hinting of royalty of far-gone yesterdays coursing through her veins, yet not knowing why with such eyes they gazed upon her, she half shrunk abashed and the blood mounted to her cheeks making her look the lover.

And when the crowd could recover from its amaze and regain its voice, it cried in such delirium of joy that the universe trembled: "Behold, behold, our queen." And even the flowers nodded their heads in approval for they knew that for beauty she was incomparable. And the song-birds swelled their throats with glad-some song, doves cooed in the branches and the wind held its breath in rapture.

And because Cupid had been the instrument of so great happiness to mortals as well as so great misery, of an instant the scales dropped from his eyes so long blinded—Campaspe had so bewildered that for her he lost his sight, but this creature whose name no one knew nor had been regarded in the annals of the world, she by her ravishing loveliness had been the instrument of restoring his sight.

And when he had seen her, he seized the crown that he might have the honor of crowning her.

But Helen and Psyche and Campaspe and, yet, even Venus—they all for

had acknowledged that she was one of all women most beautiful. And Venus, her hauteur and arrogance gone, bade her kneel and taking the crown from the reluctant fingers of Cupid, kissed her and placed it upon her brow. And she arose a poem of gracefulness, the dimples in her cheeks heightening and even yet her charm.

And her color—it was brown—rich, clear and flawless—like unto leaves when kissed by autumnal frost. And suddenly they remembered to have always seen her and they marvelled.

N. Y. C. MAIL
MAY 3, 1921

AMBITION and earnest purpose are qualities that all singers probably cultivate. But they do not always make an enjoyable evening. Wilson Lamb, the negro baritone, who gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last night, had them both, with no sense of humor to lighten them.

Choosing songs by Rachmaninoff and Borodine, Brahms and Grieg should have made variety, but Mr. Lamb sang every number with the same grave effect of too serious endeavor.

You rather expected his negro spirituals to swing into their native rhythm. Perhaps the rows of empty seats were depressing. Mr. Lamb has a voice of power and when he did not force the upper register the quality was pleasing.

GEORGE RHEIMHERR SINGS

A SONG recital by George Reimherr always has unusual features. Last night's programme at the Academy had many novelties by American composers, but Mr. Reimherr was at his best in the Russian and German groups. He uses his engaging tenor voice to create a mood with rare skill; his diction is remarkably clear and he knows the value of deft interpretation.

SUMMER CONCERTS

THERE will be an eight weeks series of concerts at the Stadium, beginning Thursday, July 7. Henry Hadley, conductor of the Philharmonic, and Victor Herbert will conduct. The concerts will be given under the auspices of the Music League of the Peoples' Institute.

NEGRO TENOR GETS A GIFT FROM KING

NEW YORK HERALD
MAY 2, 1921
Roland Hayes of Georgia Sings in Buckingham Palace.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK HERALD. Copyright, 1921, by THE NEW YORK HERALD. New York Herald Bureau, London, May 1, King George was so delighted with the songs sung for him by Roland

Hayes, a Georgia negro tenor, that he presented him with a diamond pin. Hayes made such a favorable impression during his first visit to London that he was invited to Buckingham Palace, where he sang before the royal family, featuring such songs as "Go Down, Moses," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Peter, Go Ring Them Bells."

The royal family was delighted with the voice and conduct of the entertainer, and the King observed how different the songs were from what the English had been taught to believe were characteristic negro melodies.

Hayes has a wide repertoire of operatic arias, but his heart is with his race, and he says that he is striving to rescue the genuine folk songs of his people from the debasement which they have suffered as the result of ragtime.

He told the King that the songs he sings sprang from religious fervor worked to white heat during camp meetings and were never associated with comic or minstrel entertainments. He said his parents were slaves in Georgia and therefore he realized the spiritual significance of the songs, because during slavery times the music of the negroes was essentially religious, for their only comfort lay in the promise of God.

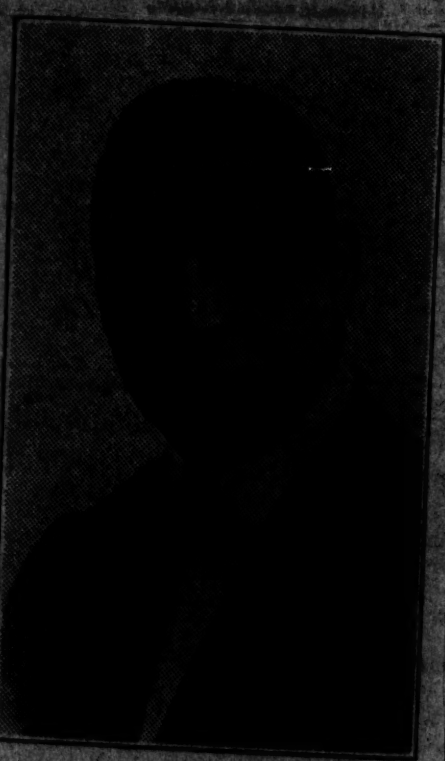
Hayes declares that he intends to go to Africa to collect native melodies as their source so as to compare them with the chants of the negroes in America. He told the King that he thinks Western civilization has had the effect of softening the barbarities of primitive songs, but that otherwise it had made little difference in them, as the rhythm and syncopation remained the same. He said that he hoped to do for the African folk songs what Sir Walter Scott did for the border ballads.

NEGRO MUSICIANS RE-ELECT OFFICERS

NASHVILLE TENN BANNER
JULY 29, 1921
concert, participated in by members of the association from various sections of the country, brought the third annual convention of the National Association of Negro Musicians to a close. The concert was held in Flisk Memorial chapel Thursday night and was attended by a large crowd.

The business of the association ended Thursday afternoon when the officers were elected and installed and the next meeting place chosen. The officers of the past year were re-elected. They are: Henry L. Grant, Washington, president; Nora Douglas Holt, Chicago, vice-president; Alice Carter Simmons, Tuskegee, secretary, and Deacon Johnson, New York, treasurer. The convention will be held in Columbus, O., in 1922.

Among those taking part in the concert were: Sonoma Talley, Estelle Pinchney, Camille Nickerson, Touge De Bose and the Flisk quartette. Sonoma Talley gave "Juba Dance," a piano composition by Nathaniel Dett, who is a member of the association, and a Chopin number. Estelle Pinchney, who is a Washington resident, sang and Camille Nickerson rendered "Concerto," with Touge DeBose as accompanist. These musicians are graduates of the conservatory of Oberlin College at Oberlin, Ohio.



PROF. CASWELL CREWS

Teacher of English and History at Western University.

though they were supernally fair, the most beautiful of creations of God was—woman.

Westerners Make Poor Showing On First New York Appearance

New York Age 2/24/21

In this column last week I said that New Yorkers would have an opportunity of hearing "two singers from the Pacific Coast" in the persons of Mrs. Annie B. Range, soprano, and Elvy Lively, tenor, both of Los Angeles, Calif., when they appeared in recital at St. James Presbyterian Church, West 137th street, on Monday evening, February 21st. My definite statement as to these "singers" was based on information received from sources which I considered trustworthy, which information led me to believe that I was perfectly safe in characterizing them as "singers."

It is not often that this column contains a definite statement unless it is founded on direct personally acquired facts. If the name of my informant were used in this connection, however, it would be sufficient justification for my accepting the information at its face value and using it accordingly. But the fact remains that I was misled and the best excuse to be offered for my informant is that his charity exceeded his good judgment. By no stretch of sympathetic tolerance can it be said of Mrs. Range and Mr. Lively that they are "singers" in the sense that one refers to artists.

To quote from Friend William Shakespeare in a general sense, one is compelled to say that "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true!" that there is a lamentable lack of equipment for finished artistic work in the case of these western aspirants for recognition as musical purveyors.

Mrs. Range attempted a program that would be entirely within the compass of even a high school music student, but she was not equal to it. An organ of childish sweetness, but lacking breadth, color and range, was not able to handle adequately such stand-byes as Millard's "Waiting," her opening number, (essayed, too, in Italian), Bohm's "Still wie die nacht," (in German), or Carter's "Bowl of Roses." A Negro Spiritual, "Go Down, Moses," (Burleigh), ought never have been attempted, and that strong and intense setting of "The Lord is my Light any My Salvation—Whom then shall I fear?" by Allisen, was not even comprehended by her.

As a matter of record it should be set down that her other numbers included "Yet, Ah! Spring Should Vanish" (Whiting), "Parla Valse," (Arditi), and "Ernani Involami" from "Ernani," (Verdi). Mrs. Range does not need to sing for a living, which is fortunate. She came East last summer and has been studying since then with a purpose of going on the concert stage, according to the information which has come to me concerning her. She has a very pleasant personality, if an opinion is justified by only a few minutes contact. She must have ambition or she would not be giving the time and money which she must be expending, and that she has nerve is testified to by the fact of her seeking the approval of a metropolitan audience.

Such voice as she has is small in volume, restricted as to range lacking in flexibility and such sweetness as it has is saccharinish in quality, with little color or individuality. She has acquired some technical facility but this applies only to her legato work and is not in evidence in her essays into the realm of *coloratura*. Here the voice is stilted, stiff and awkward.

Her associate, Elvy Lively, was programmed as a dramatic tenor, but this was most decidedly a misnomer. His voice is still in its swaddling clothes and does not indicate that even in the future it will possess dramatic possibilities. His head tones come with a cloudy, murky utterance and there is a straining after results that is painful to listen to.

Attempting to produce a warm, full tone, as in *Del Riego*, "Thank God for a Garden," he succeeds only in sending forth overtones that seem to be blanketed, such as might be caused by muzzling the mouth. He is young, very young, by his appearance, and he may develop into something worthwhile in the future, but certain it is that he is making a premature bid for recognition. His other numbers, none of which deserve individual mention, included Tonio's aria from "Pagliacci" (*Leoncavallo*), "Macushla," "M'appari" from "Martha" (*Flotow*), "Sunrise in You" (*Penn*), and "The Lilac Tree" (*Grattain*).

The concert was billed as being under the management of Sidney Woodward, but Mr. Woodward declared that details of the arrangement had been taken from his hands and therefore he was not responsible for any shortcomings. However, one of the most enjoyable offerings of the evening was the group sung by this distinguished vocalist and teacher. Mr. Woodward sang with fine effect, "Beauty's Eyes" (*Tosti*), and "La Donna e mobile" (*Verdi*). For the Tosti song Hall Johnson played a violin obbligato that was one of the outstanding features of the evening.

Another number was the violin solo played by Mr. Johnson, who rendered the first and third movements of the *Vieuxtemps* Concerto. Delightful in tone and texture was this performance, and the violinist exhibited a most excellent technic. His bowing was good but there seemed a slight hesitancy in fingering at times, due, perhaps, to considerable viola playing which Mr. Johnson has been doing in orchestral and quartet work. Another impending *contretemps* was met in a calm and matter-of-fact sort of way, when a hair on the fiddler's bow became detached at one end. Instead of attempting to proceed with the hair dangling, Mr. Johnson quietly proceeded to break the hair loose from the bow at the other end. This happened more than once, but the player was not phased a bit. For an insistent encore he played a "Spanish Dance" (*Rehfield*).

Ramon P. DeToro played the accompaniments for Mr. Woodward and Mr. Johnson, and Franklin Lorenzo Dyer performed the same service for Mrs. Range and Mr. Lively. Both did splendid work and gave evidence of their claim to artistry. Their work was even and afforded desirable support to the soloists. Mr. Dyer's work was specially commendable under the circumstances, the only criticism to be made of his playing applying to a slight lapse in an interlude in the "Ernani" number, but he quickly recovered and continued to the end of an evening's excellent work.

I have no personal knowledge of the work of W. Henry Hackney of Chicago, tenor, but a correspondent, Mr. L. J. Collins, sending from Galveston, Texas, an account of a recent recital in that city by Mr. Hackney, writes the following information, which is given space in this column because of its nature. It is written that: "Mr. Hackney was the first Negro in the Northwest to promote a series of concerts of Negro composers. R. Nathaniel Dett, composer, Miss Helen Hagan, pianiste, and many other of our artists got their first publicity from the big dailies of the Northwest by appearing in Mr. Hackney's programs. The three songs by Mrs. Holt, musical critic for the *Defender*, got their first appearance on his program, the tenor rendering the songs himself with the composer at the piano. One thing can be said about Mr. Hackney, he knows how to mix his program and present his songs in such a way that all present will like the program."

Accompanying the above statement there came the following "write-up" of Mr. Hackney's recital in Galveston; with a request that I "give it a hearing." It reads as follows:

W. HENRY HACKNEY, PREMIER TENOR, SCORES BIG HIT

On Friday evening, February 11, the elite of Galveston saw one of the largest gatherings in years out to hear a single artist. The occasion was the first appearance of W. Henry Hackney, the Chicago tenor. Long

(over)

Sunday afternoon, New York Age
The drive which was started on March 6th for a \$100,000 Endowment Fund Campaign for a National School of Music was well advertised when more than a hundred young women captains and lieutenants visited every section of the District on Saturday and Sunday selling tags for the fund. The amount gathered through this source far surpassed all expectations. The team captains are: Mrs. William H. Wilson, Miss Jane Ryder, Mrs. Ethel McKenney, Miss Inez M. Richardson, Miss Francis D. Mask, Miss Rhetta Wilson, Mrs. Vivian Turner, Miss Mattie Daniels, Miss Mary Webb, Miss Mary Craft, Miss Stella Skinner, Miss Sue Wilson, Miss Veola Menard, Mrs. Ruth Curtis, Miss Ethel K. Graham, Miss Mildred Shull, Miss Irene Hall, Mrs. Enola George, Miss Natalie McGinnis, Miss Louise Adams, Miss Pearl O. Flagg, Miss Muriel Milton, Mrs. Robert B. Wilson, Miss Edna Wilkinson, Miss Hilda Russel, Miss Isabell Hall, Miss Bernice Sewell, Miss Mary Johnson, Mrs. Ida Pinn, Miss M. P. Burrill, Miss Lillian Alexander, Miss Raevilla Hughes, Miss Estelle Collier and Miss Jeannette Carter.

The proposed National School of Music has a Board of Trustees consisting of the following: Hon. H. B. F. MacFarland, Ex-Commissioner, Washington, D. C.; Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, Percy Foster, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Addie Hunton of New York, and Charles W. Morrison, director of Oberlin Conservatory; Harry Gibbs Marshall, president; Emma Lee Williams, secretary; Archibald S. Pinkett, treasurer; and John R. Williams, campaign director.

From Generation to Generation

- # -

The mantle of the late Samuel Coleridge-Taylor has fallen, successfully it would seem, on the young shoulders of his children, Hiawatha and Gwendolen. The Croydon Advertiser and Surrey Country Reporter, England, says:

Of far more than transient interest was the concert of the String-Players' Club at Croydon Public Hall on Friday. Within this organization is inscribed special devotion to the work of the late Mr. S. Coleridge-Taylor whose laurel-adorned portrait had place of honor.

---The Crisis, April 1921. p. 266.

before the appointed time for the tenor to appear, the main floor of Avenue L Baptist Church was nearly filled. The tenor was ably assisted by a quartet from the Quartet Society of Galveston, and Mrs. Edna S. Jones, reader.

Mr. Hackney came to Galveston well recommended and those who came out expecting to hear something unusually good were not disappointed. The tenor has made a study of Southern audiences, an example many of the artists coming from more advanced musical sections of the country would do well to follow. His songs included selections from Burleigh, R. Schumann, Puccini and S. Coleridge-Taylor. "Rudolph's Song," from the opera "La Boheme," was rendered in Italian with telling effect. Also, "Onaway, Awake, Beloved." Quite a few of our white friends were out and made requests which were granted. There is no question as to Mr. Hackney being one of America's great tenors, regardless of color. His eight years of study with three of America's biggest teachers of vocal culture has brought him to the point where he is able to sing with great beauty of tone and with a marked degree of authority. He was forced to add five encores and repeat Cook's "Negro Sermon" (meaning "Exhortation," evidently) at the end of the program.

Mrs. Irma Jones-Tresville gave expert assistance at the piano.

Under auspices of Club No. 2, Mrs. Maggie Minor, president, of Mt. Olivet Baptist Church, the Rev. W. P. Hayes, pastor, West 53rd street, a song recital was given at that church on Thursday evening, February 17th, by Mrs. Emma DeLyon-Leonard, soprano, assisted by E. H. Margetson, piano, and Hall Johnson, violin, with F. L. Dyer as accompanist.

Mrs. DeLyon-Leonard sang four numbers, the first a group of art song, including "Love came in at the door" (Liebling), "The bird of love divine" (Wood), and "Birthday song" (Hall Johnson). The Magic Flute aria (Mozart) was her second number, the third being the fairy queen song, "I am Titania" from "Mignon" (Thomas). Her final number was a group of Chadwick's songs, "He loves me," "Thou art so like a flower," and "Before the dawn," the last with violin obbligato played by Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Margetson played "Autumn" (Chaminade) and the prelude in C sharp minor (Rachmaninoff). Mr. Johnson's violin numbers were "Marcia" (Raff), "Spanish Dance" (Rehfeld) and the Finale from Concerto in D minor (Vieuxtemps).

NEGRO FOLK SONGS AND MELODIES

PROVIDENCE R. I. BULLETIN
FEBRUARY 5, 1921

The library has a number of books of negro folk songs and melodies, which should prove of special interest now, when the Atlanta University students are to give their pageant, "The Open Door."

Nathalie Curtis Burlin, in her Hampton series of negro folk-songs, says of the negro music, "The negro, this country is vocal with a folk-music intimate, complete and beautiful. Not that this is our only folk-lore, for the song of the American Indian is a unique contribution to the music of the world, also our Anglo-Saxon progenitors brought with them the songs and ballads of the British Isles. But it is the negro music, with its by-product of 'Ragtime' that to-day most widely influences the popular song-life of America, and negro rhymes have indeed captivated the world at large."

"The irresistible music that wells up from this sunny and unresentful people is hummed and whistled, danced to and marched to, laughed over and wept over by high and low and rich and poor throughout the land." She has made a very interesting compilation of songs, arranged for a four part male chorus, using the harmonies which she heard the negroes themselves sing. She has written explanatory notes which aid greatly in understanding the environ-

ment which has produced these songs, and the peculiar talent which the negro race has for harmonizing.

Another collection which has been recently received is "Old Melodies of the South," compiled by the well-known song writer, Carrie Jacobs-Bond. This contains many of the well-known songs which everybody loves. Other collections in the library are "Jubilee and Plantation Songs" and "Slave Songs of the United States," published in 1867.

Negro songs have been recognized by European composers as pure American music, uninfluenced by European traditions. Dvorak, in his "Symphony from the New World," has made use of them to a large extent.

Another composer of note who has done much to give permanence to these folk-melodies is Samuel Coleridge-Taylor. He was born in London in 1875. His father is an African, a native of Sierra Leone. In his collection, "Twenty-four negro melodies transcribed for the piano," he has used a few songs from different parts of Africa, and more from America. Among the American songs the well-known folk-melody, "Deep River" is a particularly beautiful transcription.

Among others who have used "Deep River" is Henry T. Burleigh, the negro composer. He has arranged this as a solo. The library has a number of his other

songs, most of them not negro songs.

All of this music will be found available in the music collection on the third floor in the Art Department.

Among the books of the week will be found "The War Story of C. Battery" (20401.14). "This must be a story of men not units" write the authors of this record, Henry T. Samson and George C. Hull, so the military operations form only an incidental part of the story of this group of Rhode Island men in the war. The illustrations from photograph are not by any means the least interesting part of the book. Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "The New Jerusalem" (4048.90) is a volume reproducing his note book written on the spot during his recent visit to Palestine. "The New World Order" (808.294), by Frederic C. Hicks, law librarian of Columbia University, (who will be remembered in Rhode Island as a former librarian at the Naval College at Newport), supplies a convenient volume for the study of international relations growing out of the war. "Choosing a Play," by Gertrude E. Johnson (9097.173), offers timely help for the amateurs; a full and comprehensive classified list of titles of plays, and also suggestions in other directions than that indicated by the title.

Those who have read John Galsworthy's "The Man of Property," "Indian Summer of a Forsyte" (in the volume "Five Tales"), "In Chancery" and "Awakening," which make up the "Forsyte Saga" in the order mentioned, will be interested to learn of its continuation in serial form in Scribner's Magazine, beginning in January, under the title, "To Let."

In connection with Prof. John M. Brewer's lecture on "Vocational Guidance" at the Brigham school, on Wednesdays, the library has sent to the Vocational Guidance Office, 9 Exchange Terrace, a collection of books on this subject to be used for study and consultation by teachers.

The exhibition cases in the upper hall contain a remarkably beautiful collection of plates illustrative of Japanese textiles. The colors are wonderfully reproduced. These folio plates are only a part of Verneuil's volume on Japanese textiles design (979.200), recently added to the library.

The number of volumes issued during the week of Feb. 4 was 8276, an average of 1579.

A NOTEWORTHY CONCERT.

The concert to be given at the last next Friday evening by the combined vocal and orchestral talent of the negro educational institutions of this vicinity gives promise of being an unusually noteworthy musical event.

Among the schools participating in this entertainment will be the Morris Brown university, Clark university, Atlanta university, Morehouse college, Spelman seminary and the Gammon Theological seminary; and its purpose is to obtain funds for the benefit of the five major negro charitable and philanthropic organizations that are rendering splendid service to the negro element of the community.

These five institutions are the Urban league, the Leonard Street orphanage, the Carrie Steele orphanage, the Gate City kindergarten and the Neighborhood union.

The program for the evening will, very appropriately, consist almost entirely of negro melodies and folk songs—a class of music in the rendering of which the negro race is unexcelled.

More than four hundred voices, representing the best talent in these negro schools and colleges, will join in the concert, accompanied by an orchestra of forty pieces; and the result will be music that only one who is familiar with the natural musical instinct and ability of the negro can fully anticipate.

Owing to the high character of the entertainment to be offered upon this occasion, coupled with the commendable purpose for which the concert is being staged, this event is one that deserves patronage by all citizens who love good music, and who find pleasure in helping to promote a worthy enterprise.

THE PROBLEM

Richmond Planet.
(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

Out of the wilderness, out of the night,
Has the Black man crawled to the dawn of light;
Beaten by lashes and bound by chains,
A beast of burden with soul and brains
He has come through sorrow and need and woe,

And the cry of his heart is to know,
to know!
You took his freedom and gave it again;
But grudging as ye gave it, ye white faced men.
Not all of freedom is being free.
And a dangerous plaything is Liberty
For untaught children. In vain do you say,
"We gave what he asked for—place and pay
And right of franchise." All wrong, all wrong!
He was but a child to be led along
By the hand of love. Has he felt its touch?
Nay! You gave unwisely and gave too much;
But you gave not the things that his groping mind
Was reaching up in the dark to find.
They were love and knowledge. Oh, infinite
Must be the patience that hopes to right

The wrongs that are hoary with age,
and brought
To the level of virtues by mortal thought,
And greater than a patience must be the trust
In the ultimate outcome of what is just;
And in and under and through and above
Love.
Must weave the warp of purpose—

Red with anguish his way, has been,
This suffering brother of dusky skin,
For centuries fettered and bound to earth.
Slow his unfolding to freedom's birth
Slow his rising from burden and ban
To fill the stature of mortal man.
You must give him wings ere you tell him to fly—
You must set the example and bid him try.

Let the white man pay for the white man's crime—
Let him work in patience and bide God's time.
Out of the wilderness, of the night,
Has the black man crawled to the dawn of light;
He has come through the valley of great despair—
He has borne what no white man ever can bear—
He has come through sorrow and pain and woe,
And the cry of his heart is to know, to know!

N. Y. C. POST
AUGUST 15, 1921

Negro Art Is Exhibited

Sculpture, Paintings, and Manuscripts at Branch Library

An exhibition of negro art is in progress at the 135th Street branch of the New York Public Library, under the management of Ernestine Rose, the librarian of this branch. There are some fine pieces of work that would be of outstanding interest anywhere, particularly the sculptures by Mrs. Meda Warwick Fuller, whose little statuette, "Grandmother," an old negress, huddled like a tiny shrunken figure in a big armchair, with all the resignation of age, and all the vitality of race combined. A fine medallion portrait of a child, Perry James Fuller, is also charming.

A large canvas, "Christ Washing the Feet of the Disciples," by H. Tanner, and lent by John Wanamaker, and a number of exhibits in various media by Laura Wheeler are noteworthy.

A valuable collection of manuscripts and documents relating to historic events and personages lent by A. A. Schomberg of Brooklyn form a fascinating study. Native African work is also included in this collection, and handwork of various kinds, so that the exhibits represent many phases of activity.

Music, Poetry and Art - 1921.

Negro World 9/10/21
THE DAWN
 Let us all be up and doing,
 For the dawn is here;
 Time is pregnant with the freedom
 We so long have sought in vain.
 Freedom from oppressors' bondage;
 Freedom from the white man's chain;
 Freedom from all ostracisms,
 This is what we Negroes claim.

Lack we not ought of valor,
 Our men are brave and true;
 Mentally weighed, yet not found want-
 ing,

Shall we not share in glories, too?
 When the morning glories break
 On Africa's sunny sands;
 And the time for action calls us,
 How and where, men, will you stand?

And ye women of the race,
 Think not men must do it all;
 There is a place—a niche somewhere—
 That every one must fill.
 United we stand. Let it not be said
 That we lack courage and constancy
 We'll back the men on every hand,
 And ours will be the victory.

MRS. A. PORTER.

Montreal, Canada.

FREEDOM'S CALL

Come, ye sons of Ethiopia,
 Freedom doth her arms extend,
 Beckons you along her pathway.
 Bids you now her cause defend;
 Tells you of her golden city,
 Where dwell peace and unity,
 Where no clouds of thralldom linger
 And naught reigns but liberty.

Daughters all of Ethiopia,
 Answer freedom's call today;
 Follow where her spirit leads you,
 Live for freedom day by day—
 Freedom which our fathers longed for;
 Freedom which we hope to gain.
 Fighting will in Ethiopia.
 Freedom's flag unfurl again.

Ethiopia, Ethiopia,
 Freedom doth her arm extend,
 Beckons you along her pathway,
 May you to her call attend;
 May you shake the world's foundation,
 Make your power felt and known,
 Till you rule the world unchallenged
 And the world your power own.

RANDOLPH MURRAY.

U. N. I. A. Literary Club, Montreal

IN TIME

What glorious moments I now enjoy,
 All atrocious assaults I've avoided;
 All stumbling blocks that annoyed
 I've removed and destroyed.

Hail to the Creator above
 To pave in righteousness the way we
 tread,
 Who taught us who and how to love
 That we shall defend our rights with-
 out dread.

Some day I may yet be known
 To brave the perils of the times,
 That the loved ones at home
 Should never stray behind.

JOSEPH C. COGGINS.

371 Woodward St., Jersey City, N. J.

HURRAH!

Hurrah for the day when our land shall
 be free

Hurrah when all thralldom shall end;

Hurrah for the day when that land
 we see,

Hurrah, we'll her shores defend.

Hurrah, for the dawn of her freedom
 is nigh,

Hurrah for Africa's morn.

Hurrah, let your voices be clear and
 high,

Hurrah, when new Africa is born.

Hurrah when her armies intrepid and
 strong

Shall go forth to meet the stern foe;

Hurrah when shall break forth the vic-
 tor's song.

When our power the enemy know,

Hurrah when the struggle for freedom
 is over,

Hurrah when these dark days shall
 cease;

Hurrah when on Africa's sunny shore
 We are dwelling in safety and peace.

Hurrah for our Garvey, hurrah for his
 grit,

Hurrah for the U. N. I. A.

Hurrah for the homeland, and if you'll
 permit,

Just once more I'll say it: Hurrah!

S. R. MURRAY,

Montreal.

SONS OF AFRICA

Negro World 9/17/21
 Sons of Africa, wake, this morning,
 Quiet your slumber, night is past,
 Look! The sun on earth is dawning,
 And the hours are gliding fast.

Don't you hear your father's pleading
 Day and night for men of might,
 Can't you leave your age-long dream
 ing,

Won't you seek for peace and right?

Wake up, oh, ye sons of Africa!
 Afric's blossoms kiss the breeze;
 Join the ranks and face the danger,

"Sons of thunder" sweep the seas!
 CHARLES H. D. ESTE.

TO ETHIOPIA

CHARLES H. D. ESTE.

Land of the pilgrim and the gods re-
 treat,

Regions of bounty, gold-crowned beau-
 ty's seat,

Climate of romance and priceless min-
 eraled store,

Thy foes have stript thee, and be-
 smirched with gore.

We thy true sons lament the drastic
 fate

That pends securely at thy age-swing-
 gate,

And pity, leaving on the breast of
 shame,

Weeps at the base dishonor of thy
 name.

Even freedom's heart recoils to bear
 thy State—

So ignominious and subordinate;

The heavens revolt, the mountain
 peaks bend low,

Earth hear 'hy sobs, and all thy sor-
 rows know.

O Ethiopia! Land of ancient fame,
 Dry all thy tears and cease thy cries
 of shame;

Look upward, and with might, extend
 thy voice.

That heaven may greet thee, and with
 thee rejoice.

58 McTavish street, Montreal, Can.

APPRECIATION

I love the modest aspect of your mien,
 The traces of intelligence I have seen;
 The harmony of beauty, love and creed,
 Where meekness meets life's warm and
 ample need.

I love the quality of your company,
 Platonic in its fuller dignity,
 I love the fervor of your sympathy,
 Love of ambition and integrity.

I love to sit beside you (tis a treat),
 And taste your fruits of influence so
 sweet;

I love the elevation of your mind,
 And disposition noble, strong and kind.

CHARLES H. D. ESTE.

ETHIOPIA'S CALL

Ethiopia! awake from thy slumber,
 God's calling to thee to arise;

And shine in thy former splendor,
 The land thy God doth prize.

Look up! thy children will drive
 The aliens from thy land,

Their greed and avarice to deprive,
 And their companies disband.

Ethiopia! awake and hasten
 To victory, for thou shall see,
 Jehovah, leading thy long, lost chil-
 dren

From captivity to liberty.

ROSALIA PHYFER.

226 West 140th street, New York city.

TOMORROW

Let tomorrow bring forth what it may,
 Of joy or sorrow or ill;

'Twill never thwart or cloud the way
 Of those who trust God still.

He has given to man a purpose
 And an object to fulfil.

ROSALIA PHYFER.

226 West 140th street, New York City.

IN MY SOUL

By THOMAS MILLARD HENRY

A bright star rises in my soul at times,
 That ends my gloom with morning's
 golden fair;

And birds within my soul sing glory-
 rhymes,

'Twixt earth and sky—'twixt flight of
 rapture there.

AFRIC'S RISING SUN

Slowly Afric's sun is rising,
 O'er her hilltops far away;

Filling all her land with beauty
 For a bright and prosperous day.

She with daughters weak and weary,
 All are mingling with her pains,

Which have been inflicted on her
 For the past three hundred years.

As thy radiant sun is shining
 So are thy scattered children rising,

For their future lies before them
 On thy golden, balmy shores.

O Mother Africa, thy children which
 were torn from thy breast

Are hastening, hastening back to
 thee:

They are coming into thy fold to rest
 Once more on thy loving breast.

They are coming from the hilltops,
 They are coming from the plains,

They are coming from the valleys,
 From these cursed lands which slay.

As thy future is appearing
 And thy weary years are fleeting,

Thou hast set the nations gazing,
 Wondering, wondering over thee.

MINNETT LAMONT,

Rosendo Collazo No. 10,

Quemados de Marianao,

Havana, Cuba.

BLESSINGS

(Musical Rights Reserved)

How am I bless'd? By sun and moon
 and star;

By lovely things, too dear for idle
 words;

By aspirations, bearing me afar
 To realms of dream, where chant
 love's magic birds;

Bless'd by the rose that seeks a coun-
 try-way,

By stars that dance in skies of peer-
 less blue,

By the pale lily, virgin as the day.

By faith and hope—but most of all
 by you.

How am I bless'd? By glamour on the
 sea,

When speeding ships, with fleecy
 wings unfurled;

Seam voyaging toward Eternity,
 Beyond the bourne of this entranc-
 ing world.

But not blue sea, green earth, nor
 cloudland lace,

Nor perfumed rose, nor gem in
 moonlight skies,

Is dear to me as your dear brooding
 face,

Your golden voice, the lovelight in
 your eyes!

J. M. STUART-YOUNG,

Lagos, Nigeria.

DAWN OF FLAME

(Musical Rights Reserved)

O Dawn of Flame, at Eastern portals
 burning,

I wish sometimes your wealth be-
 longed to me;

Your joys are many till the dark's re-
 turning,

O rose-red ruby in a sapphire seal!
 The lilac clouds are yours for couch
 and curtain;

The flowers your gems, new-kissed
 with diamond dew;

The birds your quire, with voices
 sweet and certain—

O Dawn of Flame, sometimes I envy
 you!

Yet, Dawn of Flame, my treasures are
 eternal;

One snow-white rose that blooms
 for me apart;

One gem serene, whose rays of light
 supernal

Illumine every chamber of my heart.
 Soon night will come in robes of silver
 splendor,

And then, O Dawn, your joys must
 meet eclipse;

Dusk bears me back her presence,
 sweet and tender,

Her hands, her eyes, the clinging of
 her lips!

J. M. STUART-YOUNG,

Lagos, Nigeria.

THE WHITE OUTCAST

If I should die O do not grieve;
But glory in my rest.
Remember how emotions warred
Within my aching breast.

For when I spoke the love I felt
For weary, wandering slave,
I did not think how oft that I
Would long for restful grave.

Good-by white race! You gave me
naught
But agony and tears
And promises chimerical
Through many weary years.

And when I clasped hands with the
slave
You sneered and looked aghast;
Because my lips spoke love and truth
Tonight am I outcast.

So let me wander in the cold.
My heart is warm with love.
I do not nurse the snake of hate;
But sympathy's white dove.

And O I wander in a realm
Of fancy's rarest bliss,
Where dusky hands clasp fingers
white,
And slave and captor kiss.

My bark is riding high the main.
I would not turn me back.
I must gain yonder verdant shore
Where no voice whispers "black."
My soul must gain the height sublime
Where White Curse cannot reach.
Let others linger, if they will,
By prejudice's low beach.

It is the voice of God that says:
"O wanderer press on."
The wing of darkness shadows me—
"My rest" is but "a stone."

But nearer O my God to thee—
The presence I can feel
While in the shadow with the slave
Toward thy realm I steal.

Oh "Jesus, lover of my soul,"
Take me unto thy rest
As I have loved the slave and clasped
Him to my throbbing breast.
ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.
3233 Wentworth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

ROSE OF GREY

(Musical Rights Reserved)
Life has roses in her chalice,
Crimson, yellow, white;
Each a tiny perfumed palace,
Gem'd with dew and light.
But one rose of shy surrender,
Holds the gates of day;

Wistful, dreaming, timid, tender,
Sweet my rose of grey!

Rich my rosebud unmolested,
Neutral and alone;
For within her heart, untested,
Wait all beauties known.
Answering to my adoration,
She is born anew;
Free from maiden meditation—
Rose of grey—just you!

J. M. STUART-YOUNG.
Lagos, Nigeria.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE

Hours are fleeting dreary,
Thoughts seem all in vain,
As I wander weak and weary,
Listening to the rain.

I heard a gentle voice call
As I stood there listening;
Thy sweet echo came from the hall
"Come this way; I'm waiting."

As I stood there h'aring,
Listening for another call;
I heard a soft, gentle tapping,
'Twas the rain against the wall.

Then came the voice—louder,
Calling, calling, as before;
Methinks it was the voice of mother,
Calling as of yore.

"Child," she said, "thou art weary;
Here I bring thee news of joy;
Just another day to be weary;
Joys and pleasure shall be thine."

MINNETT LAMONT,
Rosendo Collazo No. 10,
Quemados de Marianao,
Havana, Cuba.

LINES TO J. HUNTER

Afric son, you thrill my spirit
With your words of praise and cheer.
And the harp by Nile stream hidden
Sends your strains triumphant here.
Let me stand with you where Egypt
Saw her star of fame expire,
And sing with you of her rising,
While you smite her magic lyre.
For another star has risen,
Ethiopia's dark sky
Has been brightened with its glory—
And it heralds dawn is nigh.
Ah, I see it in the Black Belt,
Here where I pray with the slave.
Over Africa it poises,
And it lights the ocean wave.
Yes, a year ago I saw it;
But the white man would not hark
Until meteoric showers
Bade him heed its mystic spark.
And King Herod sees its brilliance,
He is seeking for the place
Where its star shall guide the wise
men,
That he might destroy a race.
But the wise man will not hearken;
Will not do as he decrees.
They will flee for life and safety

To their country o'er the seas.
Africa's the holy mother,
And the slave her sacred child;
But King Herod cannot find it;
For the king's heart is defiled.
He is seeking for the first born
To destroy the infant king.
Garvey and his sects shall hide them
In the shadow of God's wing,
And the slave shall be protected
And increase in heaven's grace.
And the wisdom that he teaches
Shall raise up a wondrous race.
Afric son, O let us glory
In the dawning of this day.
Futura ages shall relate it;
How King Herod rose to slay,
And how white hand clasped the black
hand

To escape Gomorrah's fate.
Let me flee with thee to safety—
For my race I cannot wait.
Aye, through my heart there goes
throbbing

Blood of Ethiopian queen;
But the white mask God has given
Hides the royalty unseen.
By my words you recognize me:

I am of the royal line
Of King Menilek. Queen Sheba
Fans my spirit's flaming shrine.
Ethiopia sends glory
Forth as in the days of yore,
When she flourished by the Gihon,
Nearby Eden's happy shore.
Clasp my hand and lift your vision
Till the black race feels our bliss.
And upon the slave's brow, weary,
Let me press the first white kiss.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.
3233 Wentworth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS

Hopeless life is but a timely torture,
Striking horrors yet untold
Into the frail structure of human
nature,
Into the strongest, into the bold.

Life's fleeting hours bring no pleasure,
Nature's grandeur but a mist;
The future a story so immature,
Death and the grave is all, I insist.

What is there around for hope—to
brighten?

What is there in life for man?
What is there in all the world to
lighten

This burden on the sons of Ham?

Born in a world of modern knowledge,
Born 'midst pleasure, wealth and
joy;

Born where man his rights do chal-
lenge,
Born in a world my race alloy.

Doomed to eternal serf and peonage,
Doomed to thralldom, doomed to
spoil;

God of justice, in this our age,
Deliver us our native soil.

Ah, the mist is clearing, now I see
There's a God of justice and of right;
There's a land of freedom o'er the sea,
There's a man to lead us through the
night.

Hopelessness, we bid thee now depart;
Undaunted through life's struggles
we'll go;

'Tis liberty, freedom, home we sought;
'Tis our father's country, Ethiopia,
free.

ARTHUR GEO. BURKLEY,
Havana, Cuba.

THE NEGRO

(Selected and Paraphrased)

Who casts a slur on Negro worth,
stain on Negro fame—

Who dreads to own his Negro blood or
wear his Negro name—

Who scorns the warmth of Negro
heart, the clasp of Negro hand—

Let us but raise the veil today and
shame him where he stands.

The Negro fame! It rests enshrined
within its own proud light.

Wherever sword or tongue or pen has
fashioned deeds of might,

From battle charge of No Man's Land
to bloody old Argonne,

It holds its storied past on high—un-
rivalled and alone.

The Negro blood! Its crimson tide
has watered hill and plain,

Wherever there were wrongs to crush,
or freeman's rights to gain;

No dastard thought, no coward fear has
held it lightly by

When there were noble deeds to do or
noble deaths to die.

The Negro heart! The Negro heart,
God keep it fair and free;

The fullness of its kindly thought, its
wealth and honest glee;

Its generous strength, its ardent faith,
its uncomplaining trust

Though every worshipped idol breaks
and crumbles into dust.

And Negro hands—aye, lift them up
embrowned by honest toil,

The champions of the western world,
the guardian of the soil;

When flashed their battle swords aloft
awaiting foes might see

What Negro hands could do and dare
to keep a nation free.

They bore our starry flag above through
fortress, fire and wall;

They stood before the foremost rank,
the bravest of them all.

And when before the cannon's mouth
they held the foe at bay,

Oh, never could old Afric's heart beat
prouder than that day.

So when a craven fain would hide the
birthmark of his race,
Or lightly speak of Afric's sons before
her children's face,

Breathe no weak word of scorn or
shame, but crush him where he
stands.

With Negro worth and Negro fame, as
won by Negro hands.

J. W. J.

New Orleans, La.

The Negro World

Magnify Jehovah's name
For His mercies ever sure;
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

Let His ransomed flocks rejoice,
Gathered out of every land;
As the people of his choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

In the wilderness astray,
In the lonely waste they roam,
Hungry fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home.

To the land thy God they cry,
He inclines a gracious ear;
Sands deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fears.

Them to pleasant lands He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow;
Where from verdant hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord,
For His goodness to their race;
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace.

WILLIAM H. WOOD.
68 Flowre street, Hartford, Conn.

FREEDOM IS OUR CRY

Freedom is our cry today.
Let us alone that's all we say,
Then shall we continue, hand in hand
We shall be one glorious and.

Day by day we ask for blessings,
From our dear Redeemer's hand;
Help us, oh Lord, we are trying
To regain our Father's land.

We are drawing near th goal,
We are marching hand in hand,
Laughing, smiling, as we go onward,
To our dear, old fatherland.

When we reach that sunny shore,
We shall then no longer be
Slaves and bondmen as before.
But a race all nations will fear.

RICHARD S. DUNBAR.
Céspedes, Cuba.

Music, Poetry and Art. - 1921.

A PRAYER FOR ETHIOPIA

The N.Y. Negro World 10/22/21

O Lord, wouldst Thou wilt to death all
sinful deeds,
We, then, would live by faith, with
hearts that's clean.
O Lamb of God who shed Thy Holy
Blood,
To save us from perdition's awful
pent,
Rebuke the raging waters where the
flood
Of evils rise, that we may now re-
pent.
O, hear my supplication, Lord, I pray!
And hear sad Ethiopia's moans and
cries!
Behold her baneful state I plead today,
Consider my petition ere she dies.
Eternal God, to whom all things belong,
Omnipotent Creator strong to save,
Thee in Thy Sanctuary Lord, how long;
How long must this estate be dense
and grave?
Thou who didst make us in Thy image,
Lord,
And decked us with the color to Thy
choice,
Thou who wouldst have all things in
sweet accord,
Hark now, I cry! Hark, Lord! Thy
servant's voice!
Thou art the God of Ethiopia still,
Yet thou she walks within the bonds
of sin,
Her sons and daughters, Lord, shall
do Thy will,
They knock; O Saviour, listen! Let
them in!
How long, O Lord, must we, Thy peo-
ple cry?
When shall the last be first and first
be last?
O hear me, gentle Jesus, lest we die,
Forgive us all our sins done in the
past.
Then bless this nation, Lord, with
vision clear;
That by commercial wisdom we may
rise,
But let us not forget Thy power to
fear,
Though we should scale fame's
heights up to the skies.
Lord give us diplomats to fight our
cause;
And give us leaders skilled to make
a state!
And grant us strength to keep within
thy laws;
Teach us to love and not to spurn
and hate.
Thus may we scale the heights of great
success,
Then ride with laurels in the victor's
car;
If only Thou wilt give us peace and
bless
Our deeds; for we are not a race of
war;
When we by faith shall live and trust

In Thee,
And by Thy Spirit shall have reached
the crest,
To that Celestial City may we flee,
Then from our labors there serenely
rest.
Amen!

JOSEPH HAZEL DONALDSON.
Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa, Sep-
tember 3, 1921.

O, EPHRAIM RETURN AGAIN!

The N.Y. Negro World 10/22/21

Over the sea, over the sea,
Voices from Africa's shore
Whisper to me, whisper to me,
My sires have opened their door.

Over the sea, over the sea,
Winds that blow into the West;
Murmur to me, murmur to me:
"Captive, return and be blest."

Over the sea, over the sea,
Nature sighs back a refrain;
Closer to me, closer to me,
O Ephraim return again.

Over the sea, over the sea,
Softer than ocean's mist—
Tender to me, tender to me—
Lips press mine fancy have kissed.

Over the sea, over the sea,
The sunlight streams over the wave—
Look, I can see, look, I can see,
The home of the free and the brave!

Over the sea, over the sea,
The spray by the African shore,
Falls light on me, lightly on me
Where I would bide evermore.

Over the sea, over the sea,
Africa lies like a shell—
Fair as can be, fair as can be,
Murmuring that all is well.

Over the sea, over the sea,
If soul and body might part,
Captives set free, captives set free,
Would dwell in the land of their
heart.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.

TO THE ETHIOPIAN SONS AND

DAUGHTERS OF CHICAGO

The N.Y. Negro World 10/22/21

O Windy City, far thee went
I've left the Black Belt's zone,
I stole away—you will not care—
You never heard my moan
That poverty and Ephraim's woes
Heaped on the heart of me;
But God looked down and, merciful,
My suffering heart set free,
O never shall my soul forget
The weeping, outcast slaves,
Mine eyes shall watch with him 'till
dawn
Suffuses land and wave,
And I shall haunt the Black Belt's zone
With memory for guide,
And when the winds of winter blow,

I'll walk by Ephraim's side;
I'll feel the stinging winds that chill
His ill-clad, shivering frame;
I'll fast to feel his suffering
That's caused by hunger's pain,
While I am in the land of sun,
The happy, Golden West,
How can I joy while misery
Clasps captives to her breast?
But hark ye slave! the frowning sky
That Michigan's shores wear
In winter time, and poverty,
Will make you do and dare!
Tis wind that chills and hand that
blinds

Which rouses sleeping slaves
To drastic measures that will build
An Empire o'er the waves;
Ah! those who walk in paths of ease
Will never free their race!
It is the outcast slave that seeks
A better, safer place.
The Empire that your race shall build
Across the briny sea
Shall emanate from hardy hands
That struggled to be free.
Hamitic zone and daughters all,
Of Windy City fame,
Who turn your eyes to Africa
Where you might win a name,
Oppression's corpse is growing cold,
And soon its glassy stare
Shall loose Goliath's evil hold
Because you chose to dare.
I left you where I humbly dwelt
With your beloved race,
That in the future I might serve
You with a better grace.
When Michigan sends up a sigh
From out that giant lake,
Remember how I walked with you
All for the captive's sake;
How I endured the stinging cold
That I might closer be
To suffering slaves whose dreams have
built

An Empire o'er the sea.
And I will hear your troubled cry—
Write from the Black Belt's zone;
When wolves of ease pursue your steps
Bear not the cross alone.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.

An Acrostic on Lady Henrietta Vinton
Davis

The N.Y. Negro World 10/22/21

Hush! have you not heard her charm-
ing voice,
Ennobling, rich, so pure and choice;
Never before, such, to mortals tell,
Realities free from doubt? Ah! well,
I must with pleasure loudly declare;
Else someone, somewhere, may fail to
hear.
There are millions now who join the cry;
The echo of which has reached the sky;
And millions more are getting in line,
Veiled in the light of the cause sublime.
Increasing, day by day, we are told,
Numbers in the Universal Fold;
Telling the story the Voice had begun,
Onward! onward! till the goal is won;
Nothing doubting, nothing to dismay,
Dauntless the millions stride day by
day;
Advance! advance! their voices now

claim,
Viewing with reverence her famous
name;
International Organizer,
She—the Lady, the true Believer.
R. J. WHITE.
Barranquilla, Colombia, S. A.

WHAT'ER MY FATE SHALL BE

Whatever my fate shall be,
I know thou'll shape my destiny,
And when I cross the distant sea
I know, O God, thou seest me.

THE LESSON

The N.Y. Negro World 10/22/21

By H. ELIZABETH DOWDEN
I have learned a bitter lesson,
Yet sweet it seems to me,
That joy is of deep sorrow born,
And smiles of misery;
That clouds but hide the sunshine—
We know 'tis always there,
Though we sometimes doubt, and
say so,
When trials are hard to bear.

I've learned to know the sun's warmth
And love the smallest rays;
For, if I trust, the sunshine
Will brighten darkest days—
And tears, like sudden showers,
Predict a rainbow high;
So I shed them and dry them,
Then smile up at the sky.

Tomorrow's storm may dampen,
But I shall not complain,
For soon will come the sunshine
To dry me off again—
Today may be your dark day,
But the clouds will surely break,
And if you're buoyant hearted,
You'll find they're not opaque.

There's always the silver lining
Brightly gleaming through,
And if you look in earnest
'Twill sparkle and gleam for you.
Forget yourself for a moment,
And look on another's woes;
Most likely he has real sorrow—
Yours be imagined—who knows?

Just smile, though your heart be
aching;
You'll find your cares will fade.
Learn to find strength in troubles,
And sin will be dismayed.
The longer you nurse disappointment
The longer 'twill keep you sad,
And as soon as you look at life rightly
You'll find there's good in all bad.

Life is full of pitfalls,
We cannot pass them by;
We'll find them sooner or later,
No matter which path we try.
Each one has a separate journey,
Though the end must be the same,
Nor can anyone travel for us
Or take our joys or shame,
No matter how joyous and carefree.

The path you choose may be,
Remember your state of sorrow
Is near, though you cannot see.
We might as well start out smiling,
And determined to win the prize.
It's bliss unalloyed and pleasure
At the end for him who tries.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE

The N.Y. Negro World 10/22/21

NIGHT?
Watchman, what of the night?
The darkest hour welcomes the morn,
Fills the earth that's dreary and lone,
Ushers the dawn of light.

Watchman, what of the night?
Far off I hear the clanging of chain,
And groans of a people in pain,
Yearning for freedom and right.

Watchman, what of the night?
Lo! there's a man with steadfast
gaze,
Seeking to redeem his down-frodden
race,
From the grip of the white man's
might.

Watchman, what of the night?
The morning cometh and with it,
I see, a people received with vigor
and might,
Vowing to stand for the right.

Watchman, is this what you see?
A people determined and grave,
Are these the men that fought to
save
The world for Democracy?

Ah, watchman, is this what you see,
Two million or more that was drafted
away?
Lo, thou seest four hundred millions
and they
Are resolved that Africa shall be free.

ROSALIA PLYTER.
226 W. 140th street, New York City.

ALL NATURE PRAISES GOD

The N.Y. Negro World 10/22/21

There sit amongst the branches
Some merry little birds,
They pour twix earth and Heaven
Their songs of joy and love.

We turn our eyes towards them,
We listen to their lays;
Then blush because we do not give
Such praise to God in high.

The sea with all its waves roll on,
The mighty rivers flow;
The little streams and laughing rills
Sing praises everywhere.

The stately mountains and the hills,
Bedecked with flowers so rare,
Pointing their graceful forms on high
All whisper God is here.

The beautiful lilies of the field
They do not toll nor spin;
Yet in them hid such wealth untold,
They praise the Lord and King.

The winds and storms His message
brings.

To creature everywhere;
They are but messengers divine,
They tell us God is near.

Wild beasts and birds of savage name
All creatures great and small;
Remind us of His mighty power,
They praise the King of Kings.

Though loud the thunders roar,
And rain in torrent pour;
We may not fear since God is near
These, too, His praises sing.

"Let the people praise Thee, Oh God,
Let all the people praise Thee,
Then shall the earth give her increased
And God, even our own God shall
bless us."

A. S. BURTON.

37 Princess street, Kingston, Jamaica.

Lines to Elder J. D. Barber

Through God's triumphant grace we
met,
For heaven made it so.

The happy days have flown away
Like birds when summer's o'er.
With you I've gazed across the sea
At Abyssinia's shore.

With you I've roamed in Paradise,
O God help me to stay
Fast in Thy word that life may be
One grand eternal day.

With you I've looked across the sea;
Beheld the Southern Queen,
Where floats the flag of Africa—
The Red, the Black and Green.

The Stars and Stripes waved o'er us
long—
Dark was the path and lone.
The flag your sires protected well
Lit up the white man's zone.

To save the lives of those you loved,
You bade them rise and flee.
It pained my heart your noble race
Should be a refugee.

My soul is free from every stain
Of prejudice and guile.
Thy burden was the heaviest,
But brightest was thy smile.

Ah! never shall my soul forget
Those sacred, happy days
When freedom thrilled our hearts and
God
Showed us his loving ways.

Ah! there was little time for talk—
All work and little play.
You early rose and late retired—
Some nights you turned to day.

To win God's precious golden prize:
A home across the sea,
Where those you love might happy
live

And walk as men set free.

I long to see your smiling face
And grasp your hand again,
When freedom wakes and heaven's
hand
Avenges wicked Cain.

Sweet are the past year's memories—
An age of joy they hold—
Thou noble worker for thy race
With heart of Ophir gold!

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP,
3323 Wentworth Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

THE CITY OF A THOUSAND LIES

By LESTER TAYLOR

The stagnant river laves her feet,
Her tiled towers pierce the skies;
Drunk with illusion and deceit,
She livers with mocking, wine-bright
eyes.

Her streets are thronged with lip-red
lust,
With painted wantonness and crime;
Disease sits brooding in her dust,
Death in her shadow's reeking slime.

A blazing stain of jeweled light,
Trembling with shouts and laughing
cries,—
She is most beautiful,—at night,—
The City of a Thousand Lies.

THE WEST INDIAN NEGRO STUDENT IN NEW YORK

By LESTER TAYLOR

The sum of his belongings in his hand,
Strong with the strength of honest
enterprise,
Bravely he steps into the stranger's
land,
A wealth of faith reserve behind his
eyes.

The great skyscrapers glare unfriendly
down,
The busy city's clangor frights his
ears;
Naught for the unfamiliar faces' frown,
Naught for the half-guessed scorn
or gibe he cares.

Resolved to conquer, struggling day
by day,
His hours of study snatched when
best he can;
Fried in the fires of the "Melting Pot,"
Behold emerge, aye, in God's truth,
a man!
Breed more of such as these. Oh, thou,
my Race,
Then shall indeed the nations give thee
place!

HAVE YOUR NAME ENROLLED

Our hearts are linked with Africa,
We are making for her shores;
Lift high the red, the black and green,
And let her colors blow.

Father Garvey's voice is calling now—
His sheep from hill and plain;
And through the mighty powers of
God,
We'll toll 'till freedom's gained.

With faith and unity in our hearts
We'll take the path that Garvey
trods,
And with our beautiful colors blowing
in the breezes
We'll sail for Ethiopia's sods.

And as we feel constrained to say:
We feel no fear within,
But like soldiers brave we'll follow
Garvey—
And the victory hope to win.

But Garvey is on the wrong track—
That is what the critics say;
For Africa is not our home;
We belong to the U. S. A.

But they are seeking political friend-
ship;
And we are seeking true liberty—
The white man's country with all its
riches,
It has no charms for me.

I bid the critics come and join;
For they must surely go this way,
For the only way that they can
triumph,
Is through the powers of the U. N.
I. A.

Some think they are too wise to join,
But they love to come and look;
If you want to prove race loyalty and
pride,
"Enroll" your name on Garvey's
Book.

MATTIE G. JOHNSON,
580 Kruger Avenue, Hamilton, Ohio.

OUR CANAAN

Man is but a shadow and life a dream,
But when in his inner self he finds
That there exists his strength sublime,
Then he opens his dormant eyes to
shine and praise his God divine.

He who made him from the dust of
earth;
He who made him from the earth to
birth;
He who made him full of mirth,
Without distinction nor below any
higher worth.

Then upon this good earth He placed
them all,
Saying, Sons be kind and true to all;
Love thy brother as thy own self,
And serve Me, thy God, and no one
else.

So He left them here all to dwell,
And things went on so greatly well,
But many lost their way and fell—
Down, down to the bottomless hell.

But the Cushites kept on serving Him,
So straight that Satan couldn't break

them in,
So he went to God and said, O Lord,
They serve Thee only for their good
rewards.

So as to prove them Our Lord com-
manded:
Make them servants and slaves from
this very day,
And when they are proven, even as to
Job,
Then I shall make them wearers of my
noble robes.

The Lord has proven us to this very
day,
So, brethren, can't you plainly see that,
With Marcus Garvey as our Moses,
We can start for Canaan now with
ease.

SIBERT H. SMITH,

Central Australia, Cuts

WHERE I'LL LIVE

What gain I by human beings?
I would soon forget these reptiles
If I could reach a place secluded,
Go where I could see no people,
Live among the beasts of burden,
Live among the birds and fishes
Where I see no wicked human,
Have no fights and have no quarrels,
Live the life of a happy hermit,
Love the Lord and praise his goodness
For the good that he has done me.
Where I'll know no strife and troubles,
Know no wars and racial struggles,
Know that I am of God's children,
Forget all, both friends and country,
Love no flag and love no language
In the wilds of Mother Africa.

Where the lion makes his lodging,
Where the ostrich builds his nest,
Where the zebra roams with splendor,
Where the tiger finds his victim,
Where the emu hides her young,
Where the native roams with freedom,
Where the air is filled with fragrance,
Where the Nile overflows its banks,
Make the soil increase in richness,
Keep the people from starvation,
Find food where there's no rain water,
Where the screaming white flamingo
Poses on the growing lotus,
Where the people find papyrus,
Where houses are sand roofs and call-
ings,
Where the air is dry and arid
And the sand is golden bright,
Where I find the tomb of Pharaoh,
Find the spacious tomb of Seneb,
Find ancient arts and mystic wonders
In the land of my ancestors.

Deign, ne'er will I to rest mid culture
Where they clip the beard of nature,
His mustachios and whiskers,
Build their own and awkward dwell-
ings,

Call them better works than nature's,
I shall lie amidst all nature
In my home, the beautiful,
Where the birds shall sing my praises,
I shall drink of nature's beauty
In the land of golden sunshine,
Where the cold I'll never fear

In the land of my ancestors,
Where no bird doth leave in autumn,
Where no leaf doth fall in winter,
There I'll bask in nature's wonders
In the land of Ethiopia,
Where King Menelik is sleeping,
Yea, the land of pearls and rubies,
Where emeralds and jasper flourish,
Where they find most priceless dia-
monds,
Find the turquoise and sapphire,
Where the Negro knows his country,
Knows his God, does not worship idols,
Where the people know Mohammed,
Call their God the great Allah,
Where the Queen of Ethiopia
Waves her sword and waves her
sceptre,
Loves her natives and her nobles,
Loves the land of her ancestry,
Loves the noble mother, Africa.

Let me go to my own country,
Let me dwell in its dense forests
Where I'll write and sing to nature,
Where I'll praise my Lord and God,
Where I'll be far from so-called cul-
ture,
From the troubles of this country,
Far away from human beings
Who may trouble, ay, annoy me.
Take me to that land, the beautiful
Home of Menelik and Queen Sheba,
Let me rest among the lilies,
Breathe their balmy air of fragrance,
Breathe the air perfumed with incense,
Lie among the herbs and rushes,
Basking in its pleasant sunshine,
Let me live and let me die.

BYRON MARSHALL,

October 21, 1921.
Beard of nature—Trees.
Mustachios—Shrubbery.
Whiskers—Shorter grass, etc., that
grows on the earth.
Mohammed—A fictitious god. Truly
a wise man whose religion most
Africans accept.

TO THE U. N. I. A.

Fear not though hostile bands alarm;
Put on thy strength in every land,
From Africa's sunny fountain to India's
coral strand,
Fear not the foe who madly seeks our
overthrow.

Dread not his hate and power,
None climb so high that cannot fall.
Our cause is right, God gave us the
land,
Fear not be strong, his promise stands,
He will not fail us, soon shall wars and
tumults cease.
For Africa sheltered the Prince of
Peace.

POLLY LYONS.

THAT SUNNY LAND OF MINE

I am longing to be in that sunny land,
Which I know is rightly belonging
to me;
There where I can always share the
joys of earth,
Without molested be.
Of realities there is no one to doubt;
How its treasures flow always in
abundance,
From source to river mouth.
I am longing to clasp those hands just
like mine,
Those hands of my brethren, true
brethren from birth;
Of the color that confirms God's own
remarks:
All men is made from earth.
The original hue of the purest soil,
Chosen out by the hands of our
Maker;
Should give the assurance that we are
the ones,
To Him must be dearer.
I am longing to let them all realize,
That I am none else but one of theirs
by right;
From the beginning of all creation,
when
'Twas said: Let there be light.
I am really feeling most melancholy,
To be remaining so very long away
From the blessed land of my fore-
fathers, where
I wish ever to stay.
I am thinking of the largest of deserts,
And of the richest of all places on
earth;
Where I can always live in peace and
plenty,
In happiness and mirth.
There where the spoilers are known to
be boasting,
Of the treasures they hold in their
possession;
But I'm glad they are getting to know,
that near
Is their retribution.
I am so longing to share the liberty,
And the bliss with which no one can
ever cope;
To know that I'm free to stroll from
Algiers, down
To the Cape of Good Hope.
I am longing to see that fair virgin land,
See it forever free from those who
beguile;
To sit at leisure, when I please, on the
banks
Of the Great River Nile,
Where the rising sun in its grand
splendor, red,
And the verdure of the great land-

scape serene;
And the color of the natives—all seem
match
The Red, the Black, the Green.
I am longing to scan the high moun-
tains' tops,
I'm longing to be in the valleys below;
See sighs that are most beautiful to
view, by
The noon-day sun aglow.
I am longing to see the diamonds bright,
See the purest gold of most glittering
hue;
Which I know quite surely, and in very
deed,
Belong to me and you.
Sorry! how very sorry, indeed I am,
That I've not been preparing before
to go
To the land that's so dear to me, its
pleasures
I am to share and know.
I may not yet be going there tomorrow,
And of that glad day, I cannot tell
just now;
But these lines will surely do all my
bidding,
And will tell them just how.
It grieves me, and how I do sigh day
by day,
And that is just why I am longing
to be
On the rich soil of that sunny continent,
That's belonging to me.
R. J. WHITE.
Barranquilla, Columbia, S. A.
**SCORN NOT THE RED, BLACK
AND GREEN**
liberty, unfurl the folds,
The Red, the White and Blue,
and let them shield the only flag
That black men ever knew.
The slave hath walked through fire
and blood—
Three hundred years of pain,
Protect the emblem of his sires
That freedom be not vain.
He kneels beneath the Stars and
Stripes
To breathe this humble plea.
Let Glory light the path of slaves,
Who struggle to be free,
If spangled banner thrills your heart,
His emblem do not hate;
His flag is martyrs' heritage—
Its price deeds brave and great.
The hand that holds it has been
chained—
It burst its shackles bold;
The lash has striped the son who
wraps
In its protecting fold.
O, do not hate the banner won,
By black men; if you do,
How can you hope that God will save

The Red, the White and Blue?
White man gaze not with haughtiness
Upon the black man's flag?
It means a new-born nation's hopes—
So deem it not a rag.
It is his fondest hope and pride—
His spirit's sweetest dream,
So do not hang your head in pride
When bright its colors stream.
The slave has been your faithful
friend—
Helped save the flag for you,
Respect his banner as he did
The Red, the White and Blue.
For every nation has a flag,
Look on the struggling slave,
And vow you will not envy him
The emblem heaven gave.
The Red, the Black, the Green is his
As Glory's stars are thine—
The slave's reward bought with a price
As precious and divine,
Paid for with stripes and martyrdom
His life for us he gave,
Scorn not the Red, the Black and
Green
That lights the paths of slaves!
ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.
3233 Wentworth ave, Chicago, Ill.
OLD GLORY'S DEFENSE
I cast no insults at our flag,
But I revere the slaves;
Whom God prepared for liberty,
On this side of the waves.
I challenged those who say that I
Cast shadow of defame,
Upon our emblem—God forbid!
I love its very name.
No other banner have I known—
Ne'er gazed on foreign sky;
I've lived beneath Old Glory's folds
Perchance 'neath them may die.
It was the flag I waved in youth
When I wore curls of gold,
I folded it o'er virgin breast,
Wrapped dreams within its fold.
My tears have mingled with its stars
On Decoration Day.
In agony I've clasped it tight
When soldiers marched away.
I've trembled when the Kaiser sent
His taunts across the sea;
Old Glory was the only friend
I had to comfort me.
However dark the night may be,
I'll hold our banner high;
If I should perish it is naught—
But let our colors fly.
No traitor I because I love
The flag God gave the slave;
Trust not the man who envies him
Reward that heaven gave.
The heart that pities not the slave
Who won through grief and pain;
The emblem that he waves beats on
For freedom all in vain.
The captive has fought hard to save,
The Red, the White and Blue;
Why should we hate the only flag
That black man ever knew.
Despise not dusky hands that wave,
The Red, the Black, the Green:

But cheer the slave who turns his eyes
Toward the southern queen.
Thus patriots we'll truly be,
And lips beyond the waves:
Will whisper "Glory's stripes were
broad
Enough to shield the slave."
"They educated Afric youths,
Nor scorned the flag they won;
And proved to all the world they loved
King Minilek's brave son!"
Shine on, Old Glory, through the gloom
Thy stars shall ever glow,
If they shed light o'er paths of slaves
For God will make it so.
ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.
3233 Wentworth ave., Chicago, Ill.
**"THE SONG OF THE HOME-
LAND"**
I've forgotten the song of the Home-
land,
The strain I cannot sing.
Years I've been in a strange land
And have lost the melodious ring
Of the old, old song, played by the
band
Back in the sweet Homeland.
I've forgotten the song of the Home-
land,
Yet to me it bears a strain
Like the notes I've heard played by
a band
In Liberty's hall of fame.
Some day, not far, I'll in that land,
Sing the song of the sweet Home-
land.
I'm singing the song of the Homeland,
Its meaning to me doth bring
Days in the future when I shall stand
Here in the sweet sunny spring.
Could I but sing with that ancient
band
The song of the sweet Homeland.
ROSALIA PHYFER.
226 West 140th St.
THE BLACK CROSS NURSES
The Black Cross Nurses—a noble band
Of women who for true womanhood
stand.
God bless their firm endeavor
And crown it with noble valor.
The Black Cross Nurses—a kindly
group
Of sympathetic women who shall
stoop
To raise the wounded and dying
From the fields and trenches lying.
The Black Cross Nurses—a mighty
host
Of women whose aspirations boast
Of true loyalty and heroism
Diffused by "Garveyism."
The Black Cross Nurses—may they
ever stand
Nor cause dissension to disband
Such a budding and fruitful branch
That shall all the world enhance.

ROSALIA PHYFER.
326 West 140th St.
TO ANGLO-SAXON MOTHERS
O Anglo-Saxon mothers, hark!
How would you like to see
Your boy seized by a maddened mob
In this land termed as free?
Ah! could you bear to see the son
You brought to manhood's bloom
Bound to the stake and watch his flesh
Writhe while the flames consume?
Behold the flaxen hair you smoothed
Light up his face with flame,
While you looked on and vainly called
On heaven's outraged name?
Hear darling lips imploring you
To break the captor's band,
While maddened mob jeered at his plea
And bound your frantic hand?
Ah! could you bear to see the hands
So lily white and fair
Break into souvenirs for men
Who had gone mad to share?
Ah! when you take your blue-eyed boy
Into your loving arms,
And pray to God to keep him safe,
To protect from all harms,
Think of the Afric mother's grief
And when you breathe a prayer
Ask God to save the boy that's black
As well as yours that's fair.
God made all mothers' hearts the same;
Beneath the colored skin
There beats a heart as warm with love
As thine which throbs within.
Lest charred remains and broken heart
Some day should be thy lot,
Ask God to shield the youth that's
black
Lest thine should be forgot.
ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.
3233 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.
**INES TO W. O. SMYER,
EX-PRESIDENT OF
DETROIT DIV. NO. 125**
We have lost our president of Detroit
125 Division,
A man of great tact and lofty vision.
He could talk eloquently without ever
causing any verbal collision.
He could talk on any subject, from
politics to religion.
Many felt as though they could cry
When the time came to wish him good-
bye;
Others felt what a treasure they had
lost,
While others wished him success at
his new post.
Our president was a man who was
very wise;
He could keep off anyone who came to
him with lies;
Many people thought that he was a
fool
Because under any condition he was
always calm and cool.

Very respectfully yours,
E. A. NORRIS.
3881 Kirley Ave. W. Detroit Mich.

TO MARGARET
PART I.

There I sat 'mid the midnight rain.

I praised the lightning and the falling sleet.

Sensations bitter stirred my brain,
I howled and screamed like a strain.

Like an angel you descended out of the sky.

And life that once was bitter grew
fresh and sweet.

CHARLES H. D. ESTE.
(To be continued.)

KINDNESS

With its altruistic message.
Ah, beatific—sublime!

Even a prey to human weakness
And of burdens which oppress

Till some distant future day
It may give us drink and solace
Along life's hidden way—
Just kindness!

In elegance and grace,
Till like a benediction.

It will burst out in the face—
This kindness!

REVERIE
BY LESTER TAYLOR

The deep eyes speak already lovingly.

Voices its sorrow and despondency.

Pain-torn voice
In distance dies.

Drifting through silver voidness. deso-

"Lost! Lost!" it calls. "Oh, where has

TO MISS ETHEL TREW
DUNLAP

with the muses thou wander happy
and free,

When thou deplot Africa, across the
sea.

Sweet poetess, I mourn at thy piteous
cry.

Condemning the yellow river's crime,
Creation cried aloud to erase the stain.

For I'm bound by slavery's chain

A black Moses and Aaron have now appeared.

JOSEPH S. THOMPSON.
Picota 56, Havana, Cuba.
IN MEMORY OF LUCIAN B.

IN MEMORY OF LUCIAN B.
WATKINS

inspired,
With Paul Dunbar J. is now at rest.

Which with words of fire was

Death, banish the black man's industrial hell!

As it draws nearer to nature's God.

Plots 56, Havana, Cuba.

LIBERTY HALL'S LATEST HYMN

By A. MANSSON

So, ere the morning's sun appears,

And mankind waits with tear-strained eyes

The approaching Son of Man.

Not dead; but sleeping angels said,
Those hands stretched forth shall be,

Afric shall once more raise her head,
Her children shall be free.

Decreed since time began;
One God, for war and strife must cease.

Be man's eternally.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Negro World 12/31/21

By JOHN HAUGHTON

Behold! the beginning of the end cometh!
Mark well, Molochians, Soudan ex-
ploiter.
Remember ye, you had planned the war,
Soudan's glair, now, your ultimate
sodom doom
Face, there is no earthly or heavenly
retreat.
Speak not of mine own accord, be-
ware! 'Tis
The resounding sobo of a mystic voice:
The cry of millions beneath the clay,
they say,
Heed! The murmuring of hundreds
of thousands
Crippled, living, has penetrated the
clouds,
And now, the heavens resound, and the
heavens
Grown! The great God—your God!
please tell me,
Who is your God, anyway? Is He
Apollo, or the
Power behind the knights of the mystic
throne?
See then, look! and heaven—let the
heavens
Speed you, find your place! find your
God!
Above all, find your soul: to you,
friends,
I speak, and ye I warn: Oh see! the
comin' day!
Men, can you not grasp the meaning
of this
Political trend? Can you not see now
the
Movement of the cannons of your de-
struction,
Being placed, while the council upon
disarm debate
To give the moral disarranged by
The last cataclysm chance to repair
for a new action?
Can you not see plainly what is meant
by this?
Talking peace, O eternal peace; but
your
Heritage hold they fast, and your
brothers en
Peonage in bondage suppressed? The
questions
Of justice they absolutely evade, and
of your
Propositions absolutely nothing as yet
been said?
Can you not then see—the fatal point?
the issue?
Can you realize the aim? God! then,
can you see
The monstrous klans of the empire
mystic knights?
Can you see the rope! the rope! your
brother,

'Tis your sister, oh! your dear mother
burnin'
At the stake, her cry has darkened the
night.
Lo! the fiends are riding away rejoic-
ing.
Headed by the dragon, wizard of sen-
sational
Plight, with whom you must now
thoroughly
Here understand, you cannot fight. Can
you
See? Can you understand the strife?
If not,
Clear thy sight, open thine eyes, and
be sure
That you see clearly. Can you now
read the signs
Of time, and the unexpressed decision
of man?
Solemn on the walls? Be thou wise,
hesitate not;
Your salvation lies in your Motherland.
Slumbering giant, awake, oh, awake
from that
Long, terrible slumber! For action now
you
Must immediately take, or in this
Haran die
The ignoble death of that traitor
Terah!
Acquit yourselves as men before the
end.
Hear now the bugle call—hear now the
symbols
Of the grand sonnet, carried upon the
wings
Of approaching disaster, while stirred
the
Demon arch-fiend to open laughter, for
he sees
In your stubbornness, your final doom.
'Tis the
Trumpet blast, signaling the final
battle of
Thermopylae: Marengo recho, and
Waterloo is
Groaning. Awake! or otherwise you
shall be
Lost, forever! forever lost! It is the
call of
Every man, woman and child—even
the very
Dead are awoken! and yet the living
cannot stir.
'Tis the majestic call of your Father,
the God
Of host, call this hour, your freedom
must be
Secured upon the strand, your Mother-
land, Africa!
'Tis your liberty, your freedom, now at
stake!
Oh Touissant, oh Hannibal, awake!
Awake Mithradates Alaric, great
Africa's sons awake! We need
you now,
For your race is on its downward path
to ruin.

the stood
Of liberation and of freedom. Muster-
ing manhood,
Stay the stroke—fatal stroke, the agi-
tation of
That profligate traitor on London-
Paris, whose
Diabolio aim our race to sell: Semi-pale
mambo
Pland, mock all bigots, marked his
vicious creed.
Why allow ye him more to roam and
kneel here?
Cry to God, thus, the pale-God deplore
for
Deliverance, out of this piteous mire?
Heavens!
Are all the gods asleep? Oh bear me
through
This monstrous cataclysm!
Awake, behold, great Marcus on the
scene! 'Tis the
Call of liberty, can you hear it? Wav-
ing signal
Freedom from the yoke of bondage and
oppression
That summons us all, that our race
may, in this
Tacman struggle free. Warriors,
heroes, gallant
Soldiers of the Marne, here now your
own Verdun cometh!
Awake, men of the Ethiopia race,
awake, be doing!
Sleeping giant, you sleep no more!
Listen, listen!
'Tis the voice of Ethiopia, calling her
scattered
Sons and daughters to redeem her; 'tis
the voice of
Ethiopia pleading, and bleeding from
the lust and
Greed of the spoilers. Here, you saw,
the pale
And the Negro wrought in God, sounds
the traitor's
Voice, or the vocal of conceit. Think
ye that ye
Are safe, when at any time Mulciber
and his
Ravenous host are diable to trample
you to death!
Yea! So did the inhabitants of Tulsa
think they
Were safe, what occurred there, mark
well the
Signs may elsewhere in future gain
occur.
Already the plan is deeply laid, watch
the night
When the Mars of war are dipping.
Watch the winds,
The equilon gently thrills, behind all
lay the
Fearful storm. Moloch already for
war in secret council
Vote, devastating to spread, he called
the children
To his aid, seeing that the tide of bat-
tle was
About to turn against him, and you
have, through your
Gallant deeds, sized him from shame-

Now, all's over, and you admit he was
saying.
In the majesty of his white, how does
the victory:
Depart! go away, you fool, from me,
depart!
You are not fit to live. You have let
your opportunity
Slip by! be persuaded by mine treach-
ery; go and
Die or seek your rightful place. Then
I may help
You, knowing your service." Can you
not see, then?
Can you not understand? The pre-
cious blood of
Your forefathers spilled for the free-
dom and
Liberty of mankind. 'Twas a long
and hard
Suffering—they suffered that we, the
living and
The dead, our devotion to increase, to
the great
Task now before us lay, that those
deads shall
Not have died in vain! Amidst all
this chaotic
Tumult, we shall not falter, even
though turmoil
Rising disaster progress marred,
blocked the only
Path. The waves rose and beat against
the council
Of mankind, furious toss: this is the
second
Great council, Assyrius, in his
arcubastic
Diplomacy prostrate—now desperately
endeavoring—
Quot qu'il sole arrive—his government
and the
People to save. Gaining poise, the
fiend retreat,
Seeking relief under an arceau roof, to
meditate
Over the decision of the council and
unsettled
Agenda, profound sat, restless ponder-
ing situation.
He is not sure whether his dear liberty
is secured.
Suddenly came the sonnet. Another
blast of a
Mystic trumpet bearing winds convey,
but now the
Grand sonnet drowned in the roaring
billows of the
Mighty sea. In the dead stillness of
night struck
Upon the ear this solemn sound wafted
through the air
Had evaded Milton's space, tore forth
the Ethereal
Marcus' message to set the blast for
your freedom
As God Almighty directed him. 'Twas
the voices of
Ethiopia, as of one, Africa's deeds,
crying out from
The depths of the grave—fallen sons
of Ethiopia
Calling. Will you heed? Woe unto
the man who will

Africa's
Graves. Away! the monsters sweep
after all now
The maddened spoilers, pretending
weeping, petulant
Devastators frightful woe, while the
gathering
Host of Apollo and Mammon, mighty
hosts of
Freedom, conquest making, to regain
that lost
Territory, rid the soil of the last rem-
nant of
The notorious spoilers and plunderers
of the strands.
Diversity of opinion reign—and Moloch,
with his
Plunderous legion, contemplating sad
retreat back
To his perfidious tale—there the gods,
his gods.
Will preserve his soul until his retire-
ment to hell!
They are crying out, both the living
and the dead!
From the depths of woe, and the
grave! From the
Fields of Egypt's plain, from the
tombs of Carthage,
From Verdun, from the Marne! that
you should see
Like men, and conquer the land of
your fathers.
Soon we shall be met upon the battle-
field of the
Final contest. 'Twill be the survival
of the fittest!
Those who are not prepared shall pass
away into the
Darkness eternal, and the fittest shall
survive.
So mark well, men of the Negro race,
'twill be only
Only a matter of time and opportunity
—mark well,
Ye sons and daughters of Ethiopia!
Mark! beware of
This coming day, and this will be the
final of
Decision, tyrannous kings, of the ruth-
less rulers,
Now scornful of rebellion and your
plea of freedom
Spurn! This will either mark your
Sodom doom
Or your gallant rise to manhood and
liberty in
The land of your fathers, your mother-
land, Africa!
Mark well! for my message is not a
dream. My
Message is from the Great Supreme of
the Universe!
Can you hear the voice? 'Tis the blast
of the
Third trumpet. Mark! It is calling
you to duty.
To perform, threatening, warning
mankind to
Heed. But alas! Mankind will not
heed. Now the
Inevitable is approaching. Awake!
even the very
Deads are awakening! Pland, furious

angry rage. Neptune, bitter rag-
 ing, thus the
 Overwhelming sea of awful disaster
 the human race
 Await echoing thunder—mighty blast
 —while sit
 Malciber, wondering what it all is go-
 ing to be.
 Men sees sorrowful marvels amidst
 the lightning.
 Blasting thunder, lightning crashed:
 the arch-
 fiend, heeding no other voice but that
 of rapine
 And devastation. Alas, and lo! twenty
 million
 Men have sunk beneath the waves.
 'Twere the
 Forces of Apollo, and the Delphian
 god, Moloch,
 Placed himself in open opposition, but
 now
 Almost powerless to resist longer, seek
 the
 innocent aid, but being organized by
 the great
 Prophet they were able to say—while
 Moloch's
 Barbaric hosts lay in immediate peril
 of certain
 Defeat: "Tell us, what are we going
 to gain out
 Of this?" Your freedom I, Moloch—
 Moloch, guaranteed!
 The forces of Apollo and Moloch
 clashed; it was a
 Great sacrifice and a great loss; the
 debt the
 innocent, who had never had a plot
 against heaven
 Or the peace of the world, pay. Fought
 ye in
 Every war, distinguished ye in every
 conflict,
 Your precious sangre split for the
 cause of
 Liberty, mankind, democracy, all for
 the freedom
 And liberty d'ile qu'en I speak, of elice
 now
 About to abandon you, barred from
 even the very
 Bar of justice—common justice, think
 of it!
 Now, your service is no more needed,
 for the
 Final Moloch conflict will be upon the
 tempest sea.
 And again, mark well, if victorious,
 when this
 Is done, will mean your sodom doom!
 The Great God
 Will have turned his back against you.
 Hear me!
 I warn you before that day cometh!
 Behold, the
 Beginning of the end. Who shall count
 the cost?
 Ah! they will have sacrificed in vain!
 The price
 Is paid; you must either rise or fall.
 You'll
 Rise if you recognize the fact and find
 your place.

the fiend
 To another sad realization, he resolved.
 He had
 Succeeded thus far in his ludicrous
 plot, and his
 Prebend was precariously held in the
 collegiate of
 Saturnus, the greatest plunderer of all
 the ages.
 Now the Imperial Knight of the Myra-
 tis Empire.
 He now sensed the possibility of a
 future conflict,
 Wrought out in this terrible council
 debate.
 Of which long before the savants of
 Lybion Isles
 Wrote are still writing in cool defiance
 Not the war of the children of man,
 but the war
 Of the children of diablo. Sentiment
 running high.
 Somebody is threatened, another coun-
 cil Slaveur
 Recall, opened, now in hot debate, situ-
 ation
 Serious threatening, either doomed, or
 the fate
 Of man, they to settle, grave responsi-
 bility that
 Saturno took upon himself. Malcœur
 elected
 Chairman by treachery and fraud—
 that's how
 They play the game, now to order be
 the council
 Called, while Nipo sit silent, watching
 every
 Move the plotters make, for he knew
 against him is
 The plot. Meanwhile the leading actor,
 Decepteur,
 From perfid isles, representative of the
 layers,
 Solemnly rose and thus spoke:
 "I am not for this war; I am for peace
 with the
 Heavens and all the earth. Why
 should we
 Another disastrous peril create, an-
 other Monstrous conflict stage,
 since half the known
 World in our hands, and that unknown
 beyond our
 Poor grasp? So we shall be control-
 ling and
 Regulating the air; later the, very
 heavens.
 We have conquered every living
 thing—
 Ere long nous soyons que the Roman
 race.
 We have asservis the human race!
 Therefore,
 Mark well, men of affairs, what I say
 here.
 For the tide is turning fast—faster
 than you
 Are able to realize. Long we have
 played the game.
 And long shall we the penalty pay.
 The time is.
 Nearing when we shall be forced or
 go down
 Into the vale of shame and disgrace
 to make

now
 Deliberate sensibly. Mind, humanity
 is at our
 Poor mercy. Why should we not be
 merciful unto
 The meek of the parricidal? I intend
 to
 Stile. Woe unto that soon who op-
 pose. Are we
 Again the world to drench in human
 blood?
 Then the universe shall melt and
 crumble away.
 And all the heavens shall rock and fall
 before us.
 But why hasten by your high-handed
 deed
 This dreadful cataclysm? I say, woe
 unto
 Over whose head the banner of defeat
 shall wave.
 Woe! But I say, if it must come—and
 I see the
 Signal now—oh, stay ye gods, the final
 day!
 But should these gods fall then we
 shall face
 It like brave men, struggle to victory
 or die
 The noble death. That is my message
 to you."
 Thus said, the great Moloch with-
 drew. Following close
 Upon his warlike heels, Gentle rose,
 with
 Absolutely nothing behind him, inno-
 cent-like, pleading:
 Justice, 'tis all that we're asking at
 this time.
 Oh, justice! bear me, ye gods! has
 always been.
 Our only plea for right against bar-
 baric might.
 But no man heeded our solemn plea
 for three hundred
 Years. We plead not for the moon,
 nor the sun, nor for
 The mars, but for justice and restitu-
 tion for
 The unfortunate, for their share of the
 gifts of
 The blessings of creation—liberty and
 freedom.
 But in this ever we by you misunder-
 stood, we wish
 Not at this th to be misunderstood
 any more.
 Our vital rights, the safety of our
 homes to
 Preserve and the sanctity of our
 sacred honor
 Protected against the ruthlessness of
 Imperial
 Riders of Klesgle Knights, members of
 the mystic
 Throne. How then can we in this
 apology make to
 Any living mortal?
 "Clearly now, as I can see—regardless
 of what the
 Ignoramus may say—there remain
 only one thing."
 Declared Gentle, having through the
 whip of long

freedom
 Desire, then he himself the blow must
 strike.
 "Only one thing remains," he repeated,
 "and that
 is for us all to unite in one common
 bond and
 Union, prepare to strike out, or die
 like dogs."
 'Tis liberty or death; our noble cause
 consecrate;
 And for this cause the sons of man die
 willingly.
 We shall die! Dying that others be-
 hind us coming
 Might live after us. "So think well,
 man of
 Affairs—think well ye before it's too
 late!
 Think well, son of Scour—mark what I
 shall heap again
 Repeat: "'Tis liberty, or death, or
 freedom."
 Thus said, resolution past, upon which
 the
 Council decided to immediately act.
 . . . And to
 You, either heaven or hell fire, eternal
 damnation
 Your reward if you now fail to read
 the signs
 Before you, and heed the call, signal to
 carve
 Your place in this new political sun.
 The time
 Has now arrived; choose ye now your
 future path.
 Hear ye the prophet talk? 'Tis the
 voice of
 Marcus! Men! Sons of man, are you
 men? If you
 Fall now, then you shall from this
 earth perish!
 But say! you shall not from this earth
 perish,
 Because my race cannot fail. Four
 hundred million
 Men cannot fail! But if, should this
 Tide turn before we expect it, who
 will be
 There to pay the cost? Who shall be
 able to
 Count the losses? And who shall that
 here be
 Who will give his, or her, last for this
 grand
 And noble cause?
 We have traced the deeds of warriors
 of the past,
 Both living and dead; we traced them
 through the
 Dark ages past; but all that they had
 gained we
 Have lost. The robbers plundered,
 stole your
 Achievement of the old, and your
 heritage they hold.
 With life and with blood these I pledge
 —you too,
 Must pledge to restore. Woe unto ye
 who shall have
 failed in this grand epoch; his oppor-
 tunity to
 Clearly grasp or refuse thus to achieve,
 may now as

fade into
 The dark oblivion of night, so that his
 face
 Will never be again seen upon this
 earth. Fadel!
 Fads, ye traitors! Cometh the time
 when the finger of
 Loyalty will point to you and devour
 you.
 JOHN HAUGHTON,
 193 State Street (32,972),
 Auburn, N. Y.

COMPOSER COMING TO HEAR OWN WORK

SYRACUSE N.Y. POST STANDARD
MAY 1, 1921



R. NATHANIEL DETT.

NEGRO MOTET WILL BE SUNG BY BIG CHORUS

"Chariot Jubilee" to Have
First Big Production
at Festival.

COMPOSER TO ATTEND
Work Declared Greatest
Choral Composition of
Its Kind.

The Syracuse festival chorus will sing what is pronounced by critics the greatest choral composition of its type at the Tuesday evening concert of the music festival at Keith's. It is the

work of one of the foremost Negro composers of America, R. Nathaniel Dett, a bachelor of music from Oberlin and director of music at the Hampton institute, Virginia.

"The Chariot Jubilee" is a motet for tenor solo, mixed chorus and orchestra, and altho conceived on a much bigger scale than the Negro melodies, with which concertgoers are familiar, it retains all the characteristics of Negro music. The familiar melody of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," which forms the principal motive of the new work and recurs many times in different voices, is handled with a master's skill.

Fundamentally religious in character and intensely interesting from beginning to end, the work is full of dynamic and interpretative effects. The composer has made use of all devices for vocal writing and displays much skill in rhythmic effects. His use of three notes against two is most effective, and will afford the chorus opportunity to show its musical ability.

An idea of the composer's intention in writing the work and the source of his inspiration can be gained from a letter written by him to Prof. Howard Lyman, which reads as follows:

"There is a tenor solo all through, or reappearing here and there. This tenor represents the preacher who delivers a sermon to his congregation (the chorus) on the means of salvation. Salvation is typified by the old familiar "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," which (chariot of faith) will be the means of carrying the true believer home. All the devices of voice writing are resorted to for effects. None are used, however, which are not racially correct. The work is a serious work, tho I believe novel, as some of the devices employed are not familiar to peoples other than our own race."

The tenor solo in "The Chariot Jubilee" will be sung by Lambert Murphy and the Cleveland musicians will furnish the orchestra accompaniment.

Records Negro Melodies As Sung by Negroes Themselves

First Phonograph Concern in the World, Composed Only of
Descendants of Slaves, Organized Here--Gives Employment
Exclusively to People of Race--To Perpetuate Folk Songs
and Music of Earlier Days in the South.

BROOKLYN STAND'D UNION

MAY 22, 1921

By LAURA R. WILKIE.

"If you get there before I do,
Tell all my friends I'm a-comin'
too!"

This was the strain of "canned music" which greeted me as I entered the office of the phonograph corporation on West 138th street, Manhattan, which has recently set up the experiment of recording only Negro melodies and music, as sung and played by Negroes themselves.

The "spiritual" gripped the emotions on the instant, not only because of its haunting chant-like melody and its compelling rhythm, but because to a descendant of an abolitionist it suggested all the woes of the slavery days, all the Negro's aspirations for deliverance from bondage, and all of his fervent faith that in the hereafter, at least, he was to enter into the promised land.

Listening critically to the record stood the singer, Carroll Clark; the music director of the corporation, F. H. Henderson, and the arranger, W. G. Still. The singer, the darkest of the three, was probably the oldest, although it did not mean that he was more than thirty. Medium sized, of athletic build, his dark, alert countenance pictured all the shades of expression of the artist who gives critical attention to his own production. His voice, a rich baritone, reproduced well as phonographic renditions go, but of the three listeners he evidenced the least satisfaction with the record, a fact which was laughingly noted by the others.

Mr. Clark came here from Denver, Col., where he studied singing for several years. A balladist who can stand comparison with McCormack, a white phonograph corporation employed him, and after permitting him to sing the "Swanee River" and such songs, insisted that if they granted his request to have his picture published it must not be identified with the finer ballads, but with the type of song which has come to be associated in the popular mind with the smart, sophisticated "coon" who furnishes us with ragtime and jazz.

Mr. Clark, a cultured Negro, with a fine and well trained voice, justly rebelled against the imposition of this demand that he cheapen his art and belittle his race, and left the employ of the white concern. He

sings now in one of the highest class restaurants in the theatre district; but the songs with which he favors his hearers are such as do justice to his talent and credit to his race.

Harry H. Pace, the president of the Negro corporation, is an admirer of Mr. Clark, and through the records that are now being offered to the public the singer's voice will reach thousands of his race, whereas now it is heard by a few hundreds only of his white compatriots. Other singers, too, will thus win augmented following and appreciation, among them Revella Hughes, a lyric soprano, who, under white management, never was given a chance to sing the higher class of compositions.

Mr. Pace is a graduate of Atlanta University, as is also his music director, Mr. Henderson. Both are possessed of regular, refined features, and to the poise of the educated and cultured add that of trained musicians. The arranger, Mr. Still, is a graduate of Oberlin University. Mr. Pace is in his early thirties, his associates much younger. First Organization of Kind in World.

All this is of interest because it relates to the personnel of the first organization of its kind in the whole world—a phonograph corporation formed by Negroes alone, which will issue records made only by Negroes and which will give employment in clerical and mechanical lines only to Negroes.

But this racial feature of the new corporation is secondary in importance to its avowed aim to preserve in vocal form such as are left of the slave-songs of America, the heart-rending "spirituals," the rowing and plantation songs, the "emancipation" songs—all that class of inspired, emotional music which gives to America her sole claim to having produced "folk-songs" of her own.

There is something of the pathetic and also something of the accusatory in this practical venture, being the outgrowth of the denial on the part of the "white" Americans to give commercial encouragement to any but the "coon" songs of the one race which contributed original song-forms to this country. Mr. Pace is one of the third generation from slavery—his grandfather, he told me, was a manumitted slave of a kindly Virginia owner—of the third generation, mind you, and with a fourth climbing on his knees—and yet to him has fallen this responsibility which should have been as-

sumed long before now, and by the white people, for we owed the race we had enslaved at least this much of compensation—that we should give currency to these treasures of pure song which were minted in the crucible of the most terrible suffering which has ever been inflicted upon any people in these United States.

They played the record over for me again. The chorus goes:

"Nobody knows de trouble I've seen,
Nobody knows but Jesus,
Nobody knows de trouble I've seen,
Gloria hallelujah!"

This is the cry of the slave, whose experiences have been too bitter for human understanding, but who comforts himself with the assurances of Christian faith.

The words of the text, however, relate to the singer's own struggles with sin:

"Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm
down! O, yes, Lord!
Sometimes I'm almost to de ground!
O, yes, Lord!
What makes old Satan hate me so?
O, yes, Lord!
Because he got me once, but he let
me go! O, yes, Lord!"

Afterward, at my request, Mr. Clark sang for me, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot!" with its quietly exultant "Comin' for to carry me home!" and although he, too, is three generations removed from slavery, there crept into his voice more than a hint of the longing for escape from suffering which must have inspired the original to a poignant degree.

Prosperous, cultured, well-groomed and alert, the peculiar musical sensibility and emotional force of his race found sympathetic expression in this old slave song of his forefathers. I listened, and wondered at the crass stupidity of the white folk who had wanted to keep him down to "coon shouting."

Preservation of Folk-Songs.

But if the black race itself had not taken up the task of preserving their folk-songs for us and placing records of them on the market so that every owner of a phonograph might be thrilled by them, it would have meant much more of a loss to the white race than to the black. At least a goodly number of the Negroes know these songs, while but very few of the white Americans know them. The loss, therefore, would have been ours. That is putting it too mildly—the loss would have been the whole world's.

It is true that learned musicians have before now essayed to collect these folk-songs, and have indeed succeeded, as well as may be possible, with slavery so long a thing of the past and its slave songs no longer the one outlet of expression to an oppressed race. The list is perhaps not long, but it is notable.

A classification of the songs of the slave, given by John Mason Brown in an article printed in "Lippincott's Magazine" for December, 1868, to which Henry Edward Krehbiel alludes in his "Afro-American Folk Songs," and to which he adds only the satirical song which emanated on the plantations where Latin influences were dominant, is of interest:

"1. Religious songs, e. g., 'The Old Ship of Zion,' where the refrain of 'Glory, hallelu' in the chorus keeps the congregation well together in the singing and allows time for the leader to recall the next verse.

"2. River songs, composed of single lines separated by a barbarous and unmeaning chorus and sung by the deckhands and roustabouts mainly for the howl.

"3. Plantation songs, accompanying the mowers at harvest, in which the strong emphasis of rhythm was more important than the words.

"4. Songs of longing; dreamy, sad and plaintive airs describing the most sorrowful pictures of slave life, sung in the dusk when returning home from the day's work.

"5. Song of mirth, whose origin and meaning, in most cases forgotten, were preserved for the jingle of rhyme and tune and sung with merry laughter and with dancing in the evening by the cabin fireside.

"6. Descriptive songs, sung in chanting style, with marked emphasis and the prolongation of the concluding syllable of each line."

Negro Characteristics in Dvorak's Symphony.

Dvorak's symphony, "From the New World," as every one knows, "utilized characteristic elements which he had discovered in the song of the Negroes which had come to his notice while he was a resident of New York," (this from Krehbiel). And since then some American musicians have based compositions on Negro folk-songs.

But the results of these experiments and researches do not sleep through to the consciousness of the general public, which is heir to all this musical domain and which should not be deprived of its enjoyment and inspiration.

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, eminent Negro educator and writer, makes an appeal to his white compatriots in "The Souls of Black Folk" which should be taken to heart as much for their own sake as for the sake of their darker skinned brother Americans. He says:

"Your country? How came it yours? Before the Pilgrims landed we were here. Here we have brought our three gifts and mingled them with yours a gift of story and song, soft stirring melody in an ill harmonized and unmelodious land; the gift of sweat and brawn to beat back the wilderness, conquer the soil and lay the foundations of this vast economic empire two hundred years earlier than your weak hands could have done it; the third, a gift of the spirit. Around us the history of the lands has centred for thrice a hundred years; out of the nation's heart we have called all that was best to throttle and subdue all that was worst; fire and blood, prayer and sacrifice, have billowed over this people, and they have found peace only in the altars of the God of right. . . . Our song, our toil, our cheer and our warning have been given to this nation in blood brotherhood. Are not these gifts worth giving? Is not this work and striving? Would America have been America without her Negro people?"

No one can answer to Du Bois that America would have been what she

is without her Negro people. That goes without saying.

What needs to be said, however, is that America cannot to-day, nor yet in the future, deny her debt of gratitude to the Negro people without being a traitor to herself.

Spiritual and Artistic Debt of America.

And letting the economic phase go by for those better informed, even a cursory examination of the Negro songs establishes the spiritual and artistic debt of America for these creations of the race which suffered slavery in times gone by, and which even to-day is cursed with peonage in Georgia.

The race that out of the blood-sweated soil of its enforced ignorance produced such a flower of native poetry as the nocturnal funeral song, "O Graveyard!" could well afford to smile at the laboriously acquired culture of its white compatriots, if a comparison of artistic feeling should be forced:

"I know moonlight, I know starlight;
I lay dis body down.
I walk in de moonlight, I walk in de starlight;
I lay dis body down.
I know de graveyard, I know de graveyard,
When I lay dis body down.
I walk in de graveyard, I walk troo de graveyard,
When I lay dis body down.
I lay in de grave and stretch out my arms,
I lay dis body down.
I go to judgment in de evenin' of de day
When I lay dis body down.
An' my soul and your soul will meet in de day
When we lay dis body down."

DISCORD IN MUSICAL WEEK.

The harmony of the first musical week in Washington was marred by the attempted segregation of audiences according to race at the two high schools, where the closing entertainments were to be given. Colored talent was to appear at Central High the school for whites, and white artists at Dunbar High, the school for colored pupils. The janitors of these two schools, it seems, were ordered by Miss Cecil V. Norton who had charge of the activities of the Civic Community in the schools, not to admit any persons of the opposite race to these entertainments.

When the colored entertainers heard of the order to exclude members of their race from Central High School, they were indignant and refused to sing. On the other hand, at the Dunbar School, according to the Washington Tribune, the white entertainers rendered a wonderful program to about 800 people, 300 of whom were white.

This proved that a considerable number of whites had no objection to going to an entertainment provided for colored auditors and listening to it in com-

mon with members of the other race. If any segregation orders did not hold, when the effect of them was to bar out whites.

The responsibility for this attempt to prevent mixed audiences from gathering at the school entertainments seems to be divided between Miss Norton and Supt. Ballou, with the latter seeking shelter behind the woman's skirts. The Tribune further accounted for it as follows:

It has been noticed that Senator Pat Harrison and Congressman Sissons, both of Mississippi, have been associating with members of both the School Board and Community Center and it is thought by some that they are the source of this "Jim Crow" spirit that is pervading the school system of the City of Washington.

Mississippi methods should not be allowed to prevail at the Nation's capital.

A Nigerian (West Africa) Ballad

The New York Age
Roland Hayes gave his fifth Wigmore Hall recital (London, England) on Thursday evening, April 21st. Lawrence B. Brown was at the piano. When this American Negro tenor first appeared in London the critics praised his artistic accomplishments, but emphasized especially his singing of Negro Spirituals. Nowadays, the critics are giving much attention to these same Spirituals, declaring that the singer has given England a new conception of Negro folk song, but they are also giving equal emphasis to Mr. Hayes' development along other lines of the musical art. A writer in the London Times said of this last recital that he "is now an exceptionally fine singer. His initial difficulties with the language—or languages, for he adds French, and pronounces it quite as clearly as he does English—have disappeared, and he has found his audience, and can sing straight to them. His voice is of the most pleasant quality and he uses it well. . . . He also sings throughout in perfect tune, thereby putting himself in a small class. . . . He has two gifts which justify our calling him 'exceptional.' He is a first class musician. His rhythm is impeccable and his taste excellent."

The program included songs in Italian, French and English, the composers including Handel, Beethoven, Donizetti, Koehlin, Debussy, Fauré, Quilter—a young English composer—and a group of Negro Spirituals arranged by Mr. Hayes and Mr. Brown.

The interesting feature of the even-

Cleveland Allen Will Lecture in Evening Schools

Cleveland G. Allen of the editorial staff of the Home News, will lecture this season for the Board of Education on "Negro Music."

His work will consist of a lecture recital, giving the historical development of negro music and the correct birth of the negro folk songs, which he will illustrate by singing.

Some of the points where he will lecture will be P. S. No. 101, P. S. No. 157, Y. W. H. A., Hunters College and Evander Childs H. S.

Mr. Allen is a pupil of Mme Minnie Hoffman of the Angelus Academy of Music.

ing was a Nigerian ballad, "Adika," referred to in this column last week, sung by Mr. Hayes in the original Yoruba dialect. Of the English version, as printed in the program, a writer on the Telegraph says it "is so concentrated as to be almost epigrammatic." The melody and words were given to Mr. Hayes by a native of Lagos, Nigeria, West Africa, now in London, and the song tells a curious story. The following is taken from the program:

"According to ancient Yoruba myth (Nigeria, West Africa) a monarch of a country must not be personally acquainted with anyone who was not connected with him or her as a relative, or as a courtier, because to be so known was considered a proof of unreservedness on the part of the monarch. Therefore if an outsider identified the monarch, the latter would be put to death, and the former would be placed on the throne.

"During this period there was one Adika, a woman whose occupation was 'kola-selling.' One day, while selling kolas to the Royal household, she caught a glimpse of the then monarch. Believing that she could recognize him again, she boasted that she could identify him.

"Accordingly, a proclamation to this effect was issued and a day fixed for this purpose, when people from all parts of the kingdom assembled. The monarch disguised himself as a ragged beggar and went and sat beneath a big tree where he began playing with molluscan shells. A failure to identify the monarch, after such a boast was punishable by death. Adika's family tried in vain to persuade her to recall her boast. Her impending danger, however, was averted by the monarch's parrot, to

which she had given a kola whenever she went to the palace. The parrot, knowing the monarch intimately, and remembering the kindness of Adika, alighted among the assembly, and began to dance, singing the song which enabled Adika to identify the monarch, to the consternation of those assembled. The unfortunate monarch was put to death, and she, Adika, became queen.

The simple moral of the tale as drawn is: "An insignificant act of kindness not only averts evil, but often leads to great good."

NEGRO MUSICIANS

TO CLOSE MEETING

NASHVILLE TENN BANNER
JULY 28, 1921

Concert at Fisk Tonight by
Members of National
Association.

The three-day convention of the National Association of Negro Musicians comes to a close with the concert at Fisk University tonight, in which visiting artists from various parts of the country will participate.

This morning's session was given over to discussions of various phases of music work in which the members of the association are interested, and this afternoon the final business will be the election and installation of officers. All of the sessions today are held at the university.

The concert Wednesday night was especially pleasing and was attended by a large crowd. The program was given in the Fisk Memorial chapel, and those taking part were: The Music Study Club, the Fisk quartet, the Jubilee Singers and a few of the visiting musicians. Prof. J. W. Work of Fisk was the director. The Music Study Club, though directed by a Fisk professor, and has both teachers and students of the university as members, also includes musicians who, in various ways, are interested in Fisk.

One entire section of the lower floor and a large part of the gallery was occupied by white persons, many of them being Peabody College students, while the other part of the large chapel was filled with members of the association and others of their own race.

The program opened with the well-known folk song, "I'm So Glad Troubles Don't Last Always," with Mrs. C. O. Hadley, former jubilee singer, as leader. Another of the jubilee songs, "I'm Troubled," was led by Mrs. John W. Work, also a former jubilee singer. Prof. Work was heard in a solo from Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha." One of the numbers sung by the male quartet was Prof. Work's "Mandela." Mrs. P. A. Duncan led in the singing of the popular jubilee song, "Wish I's in Heaven Sitting Down."

Among the visitors taking part were: Mrs. Cleota Collins Lacy, who sang several songs by Negro composers; Kemper Harrell of Atlanta, who gave a group of violin selections. Prof. T. W. Talley directed the chorus which rendered "Hiawatha."

During an intermission a collection was taken to increase the scholarship fund of the association.

At the close of the concert the university held an acquaintance social on the large platform on Jubilee campus, serving refreshments to all of the visiting musicians and the music club members.

The program tonight begins at 8 o'clock.

English Writer Says Only American Folk-Music Is Negro

New York page 4/24
A writer in the London *Telegraph* of recent date goes exhaustively into the consideration of Negro Spirituals, which he calls "An American Treasure." Referring to the bringing of slaves to Jamestown, Va., in 1619, aboard a Dutch man-of-war, he writes that "to this day no one knows from what part of Africa they came or from what tribe. . . . Yet how fraught with ultimate significance was that simple act of brigandage all the world knows. Its effect on American history need not be recorded here; the part directly and indirectly played by the descendants of those slaves—and of other slaves who arrived in shiploads, generation after generation—in the American War is known to every schoolboy. To the student of folklore it is a curious and significant fact that today the only American folk-music is Negro."

It is pointed out that the original settlers of America came from countries whose civilization was centuries old (quoting Work's "Folk-song of the American Negro"), and they brought to this country their old country customs, literature and music. The building of a new nation developed wonderful power, but "the beginnings were too advanced, the surroundings too conventional, for folk-song creation. Each had brought his own song from his fatherland—which is one simple reason why there is no American folk-song. At the same time, there is an indisputable folk-song in America—an American production, born in the heart of slaves, expressing the life, not of the whole, but of a part of that tremendous country."

The association of the Negro Spiritual with objectionable words and "beastly tunes" is not the Negro's fault, the writer declares, though he does say that "his involuntary variation of the English language produced a new idiom, the rhythmic characteristic of his own tunes—syncopation—became heightened; and as for centuries the Bible was the only book he was permitted to 'study,' his songs are full of Scripture—in 'ragtime.' It is this ragtime which is the starting point of much of our misunderstanding of the Negro Spirituals, and to our Anglo-Saxon sense of decorum it is unseemly that he should keep time with his body while he sings of salvation."

The visit to Europe of the Fisk Jubilee Singers during the 'seventies is referred to, and the statement is made that for the first time Europe was made aware of the beauty and significance of these songs. "Unfortunately for us they have been mercilessly travestied by troupes of charcoaled 'nigger minstrels,' and even the more recent Southern Syncopated Orchestra, which has done such excellent work in some ways, has not been entirely blameless in the matter of performance. Ragtime as we know it is a counterfeit of this music. In the clapping of hands, patting of feet, swaying of body in his religious songs—and any other songs are few and insignificant—the Negro is in deadly earnest. The stranger who thinks this is fun, and the 'minstrel' who blacks up his face and throws his audience into convulsions with his 'plantation songs,' have both missed the point."

The same writer makes an interesting reference to the work of Roland Hayes, the young Negro American tenor, and in a later issue of the *Telegraph* he referred to a recital given by this singer at Wigmore Hall on Saturday February 26th. Speaking of the recital, the *Telegraph* said: "One had only to listen to Mr. Hayes—a cultivated artist who has not yet forgotten the traditional style—singing such things as 'Swing low, sweet chariot' and 'Don't you weep when I'm gone' to realize what a gulf there is between our popular conception of the plantation song and the real thing. . . . There were several of these in MS., the one entitled 'Witness'—in which reference is made to Methuselah, Samson, Nicodemus, Elijah, and Daniel as 'witnesses to the great Truth'—being a revelation of the Negro singer's powers of interpretation and of vocal nuance. . . . In April Mr. Hayes proposes to give a recital which will include some native Negro songs of Africa in various dialects and some Brazilian-

Portuguese."

This last statement is of special interest because of the fact that one of the proposed objects of Mr. Hayes' foreign visit, as announced before his departure from America, is the study of native African music in its original crude form. For this, he purposes going into Africa and securing material for this study at first hand. It is evident that he has not had to await that eventuality. There are in England any number of native Africans, many of whom are able to recount for him the legends on which the songs are based and sing for him the songs themselves in their original forms, preserving the peculiar scale structure in which they were originally rendered. It has been clearly established (and definitely illustrated by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor in his transcriptions) that the primitive pentatonic scale—1-2-3-4-5-6—characterizes the native's singing, both individually and in groups. The American Negro Spiritual preserves this form to a large extent, but there has been added the flat seventh—possibly a result of contact with Caucasian civilization.

At any rate, Mr. Hayes has found a source of information ready to his hand and he has not failed to take advantage of it, according to reports received here. This does not mean that he has abandoned his original idea of personally exploring upon Africa's soil for material, for the writer in the *Telegraph* tells of his intention in this direction in the following words:

"Himself a man of culture, he is an authority on the songs he sings so well, and it is his intention presently to visit various parts of the African continent on research work. Already in London he has been hard at work on his subject, and the other day he took down from a friend who is a native of Lagos, Nigeria, a ballad which tells of a family in which there were three sons, . . . the eldest of which wanted to be a farmer, and the parents gave him his wishes, and he succeeded because he was obedient. The second wanted to be a herdsman, and he was granted his wish, and was successful and happy. The third and youngest had been granted a part of his desires, with a promise of complete fulfillment when he was older, but this boy was disobedient, and his pay was slavery and discomfort for the rest of his life. . . ."

"The tune to which this ballad was sung (in the original Yoruba) to Mr. Hayes is typical of the Negro melodies of the States today, with the simple difference that it retains the primitive outline of which Western civilization has robbed the Afro-American tunes."

At the Wigmore Hall recital on February 26th, Mr. Hayes was greeted with a crowded house. He sang a program containing a number of art songs by Coleridge-Taylor, Negro Spirituals, and songs in French and Italian by Duparc, Fourdrain, Faure and Santoliquido. The last-named composer was represented by "2 Poésies Persanes II. and III"—a setting of music of two Persian poems, one by Omar Khayyam, the other by Abu-Saïd. Santoliquido is a new composer and these songs were sung in London for the first time when Mr. Hayes gave them. They are spoken of as "unique and unusual." Lawrence B. Brown, pianist, who accompanied Mr. Hayes to England as his accompanist, is given high praise for his splendid work. The critic of the *Telegraph* said that "the art songs were delightfully accompanied by his talented coadjutor, Mr. Lawrence Brown, especially the brilliant 'Chevauchée Cosaque' (Fourdrain),—but with nothing like the authority and conviction he was able to put into the folk songs." Three of the Spirituals arranged by Lawrence Brown and Roland Hayes, were in MS.—"I got a home in that rock," "Witness," and "I couldn't hear nobody pray."

Valuable contributions to the development of Negro folk music are some recently published compositions by Clarence Cameron White of Boston. They are given to the public by Carl Fischer & Co., New York, and comprise two groups, one for violin and piano, "From the Cotton Fields," and the other for voice with piano accompaniment, "Cabin Memories."

The voice suite comprises four numbers, the first of which is the arrangement already familiarized by Fritz Kreisler's playing of it as a violin concert number and for the Victor records—"Nobody knows the trouble I've seen." The other three are arrangements of melodies not heretofore used, "Bear de burden," "I'm goin' home," and "Down by de ribber side." These are works of merit and Mr. White has preserved largely the original atmosphere. There is an occasional tendency to modernize the structure of the accompaniment, but on the whole he succeeds well in conforming to the primitive scale.

These songs, in the original keys, are especially well suited for the repertoire of contralto and baritone singers, and are worthy of serious and sincere study. The violin group consists of "Cabin Song," "On the Bayou," and a "Spiritual." Mr. White, himself a violinist,

has given of his best effort to these numbers and they are splendidly constructed.

ROYALTY CHARMED BY NEGRO TENOR

N. Y. C. TELEGRAM
MAY 2, 1921

King George Presents Diamond Pin to Roland Hayes, of Georgia.

LONDON, Monday.—Roland Hayes, a negro tenor from Georgia, has made such a hit with the royal family that King George has presented a diamond pin to him. Invited to Buckingham Palace, Hayes rendered such old-time negro melodies before the royal family as "Go Down, Moses," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Peter, Go Ring Them Bells."

The royal family was delighted with the voice and conduct of the entertainer, and the King observed how different the songs were from what the English had been taught to believe were characteristic negro melodies.

Hayes has a wide repertoire of operatic arias, but his heart is with his race, and he says that he is striving to rescue the genuine folk songs of his people from the debasement which they have suffered as the result of ragtime.

He told the King that the songs he sings sprang from religious fervor worked to white heat during camp meetings and were never associated with comic or minstrel entertainments. He said his parents were slaves in Georgia and therefore he realized the spiritual significance of the songs, because during slavery times the music of the negroes was essentially religious, for their only comfort lay in the promise of God.

Hayes declares that he intends to go to Africa to collect native melodies at their source, so as to compare them with the chants of the negroes in America. He told the King that he thinks Western civilization has had the effect of softening the barbarities of primitive songs, but that otherwise it had made little difference in them, as the rhythm and syncopation remained the same. He said that he hoped to do for the African folk songs what Sir Walter Scott did for the Border ballads.

Question Is Settled As To Annual Meeting of N. A. N.

New York Age 3/5/21

Just as I intimated in this column recently, the matter of the Nashville meeting of the National Association of Negro Musicians has been satisfactorily adjusted, to all appearances.

H. B. P. Johnson of Nashville, who bore the original invitation from the city to the national body, and who fought the effort which later was made to place the entire entertaining of the body in the hands of the Fisk organization instead of the city local, has submitted an outline of proposed plans for entertaining the association at the meeting in July.

To review briefly past developments. The first "rift in the lute" came when Miss Simmons of Tuskegee, secretary of the National Association, sent a resolution to the board of members, declaring that Fisk University would be the meeting place for the association in July. (This ignored the city local with which Mr. Johnson is affiliated.) Mr. Johnson countered back with a resolution that the city local so arrange its plans for entertaining the body that a day might be spent at Fisk. Mrs. Nora Douglass Holt of Chicago, member of the board, sought to pour oil on the waters through a resolution which provided for a three days' meeting at Fisk and two days in the city.

Then President Henry L. Grant issued a letter and statement to the board of directors which covered the matter exhaustively, and wound up by presenting resolutions which declared that the national body had no jurisdiction in such matters, but recommended that the local factions get together in joint session and thrash out the matter, placing the "broader principles of organization and personal differences." Mr. Johnson's letter to board members and outlining the entertainment program is evidently the direct result of President Grant's advice.

In his letter to board members, Mr. Johnson writes that "I am doing my best to make adequate plans for the entertainment of our Association in July. If you have any criticism or statement concerning the inclosed outlines, please state them to me frankly, at an early date, and oblige."

A careful reading of the outline shows little room for criticism, as all Nashville interests are given adequate recognition. Mr. Johnson's plans are as follows:

FIRST DAY: Sessions to be held in the Mt. Olive Baptist Church, which is the largest auditorium owned by Negroes in this city. Here we will have access to both pipe organ and piano. This building also has a basement (seated with opera chairs) which is much larger than the basement in which our New York meetings were held. Aside from this fact, there are a number of Sunday School rooms which can be used for "departmental" conferences. On the opening night we hope (with your co-operation) to be able to give to our "scholarship fund" ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

SECOND DAY: All sessions to be held on campus of Fisk University, for reasons already set forth in resolutions presented by Miss Simmons, Mr. Grant, Mrs. Holt and Mr. Johnson.

THIRD DAY: All sessions to be held on campus of Tennessee State Normal, because (a) President Hale of this institution was one of the first to endorse our invitation which we presented to the Association in its New York session; (b) the head of the music department and the entire faculty of this institution are in accord with the work of the Association; (c) the "Summer Normal" for teachers will be in full blast at this time and **TEACHERS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY WILL BE THERE**—last year more than 700 attended—and that will be one of the greatest opportunities that has ever been presented to us to place our work directly before this class of people; (d) Because it would be a bad precedent for the Association of Negro Musicians to spurn the proffered hospitality of one of the South's greatest schools, every member of whose faculty, from **PRESIDENT** down, is a **NEGRO**.

Monday's session of the executive committee to be held in the office of "Board Member" H. B. P. Johnson.

Friday morning, motor trip through Nashville; afternoon, "Picnicing" in Greewood Park.

The above is our plan, which we hope to carry out with your co-operation. I am sure that you will agree that this will not be unfair to any of the persons interested here, as it will give the Nashville Local, Fisk and State Normal equal opportunity in caring for the Association.

RENAISSANCE
By Thomas Millard Henry
Arise all ye blacks in the end of the earth.
Ye with the new vision, ye with the new birth.
Arise in your strength, and your genius to sing.
And honor the country of President King.
With all of our courage, with all of our pride,
Deny that old kinship and friendship have died.
Not all of our tongues have been lynched; let us sing
Three cheers for the nation of President King.

Liberia, asylum of freedom and light,
The gold-fingered dawn 'gainst the African night.
Appeals to the heart in America's breast;
That heart should be yours, O ye blacks of the West.
48 West 136th St., New York City.

SPRING.

Spring has come, and earth is glad,
The air is fresh, the roses bloom;
The trees no more are bare and sad
The tender plants in vigor loom.

The chirping birds delight to greet
The little breezes as they blow;
And children pat their little feet
And sing in strains of blissful glow

The moon's grand view enthalls the night
With silvery light of hope and cheer.
The rills and brooks in shimmer bright
Inspire fine odes and music clear.

Let us arise in spirit of spring
And help to shed a brighter light;
Lift high our heads, rejoice and sing
In praise for strength to face the fight.

CHARLES H. W. ESTES
U. N. I. A. Literary Club, Montreal

I AM NEARING CALVARY.
I am nearing Calvary!
And the Cross is hard to bear.
Come, Simon of Cyrene, to me
In this dark hour of despair!

I am nearing Calvary;
Would the cup might pass me by
God, hast thou forsaken me,
Now that the hour is so nigh?

I am nearing Calvary!
Yet, if I fall I will be
Under the blessed Cross

And nearer my God to Thee!
ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.

TO OUR FALLEN HEROES.

Memorial Day, May 30, 1917.

Shafts of marble! Urns of story!
And the flowers we strew today
O'er the graves where waves Old Glory
Pointing out the hallowed way.

That in conflict and in passions
By our fallen heroes tread;
Tribute of a grateful nation's
Honor to her hero dead.

From the ocean's darksome cavern,
From the bosom of the earth,
Wake the memory this day given
To our fallen heroes' worth!

Raise them up and sing their praises—
Those who perished in the strife—
'Till our veneration raises
Worthy axioms in this life.

Let their names and deeds illustrious
In this world-wide crisis blend
With our purposes of justice,
And o'er all the world extend!

In the hearts of men eternal,
May our heroes' valor shine;
Let us pray with faith supernal,
Bending this day at their shrine.

Pray: their mantle on us falling,
Strength may give our course to run
'Till we hear the Master calling:
"Sheathe your sword! The victory's won!"

Pray: that fratricidal struggle
And the wars of nations cease:
Let our clarion-call of bugle
Be the Gospel words of Peace.

Prince of Peace; in love enthrone us
'Till we're gathered soon or late
With our fallen heroes. Own us
In the Blyouac of the Great.

Heroes! Rest in peace forever,
May today your deeds we trace,
Teach the Christian world to sever
Thralldom from the human race!

We will not forget you, never!
Though you have forevermore
Pitched your tents beside the river,
O'er on Canaan's better shore.

SERGEANT G. B. JOHNSON,
Co. B, 372nd Inf., A. E. F.
(Read over the graves of American
soldiers and sailors at St. Nazaire,
France.)

IT'S MOVING DAY.
It's moving day

The first of May.
Will you prosper there,
Or worry and stay?
Will you trust to kin
And your native land,
Or stay here and dodge
The oppressor's hand?

It's moving day
The first of May.
Ethiopia's
Great gala-day,
Don't be Zaccheus
And hide in a tree—
Sail with the Master
And haste o'er the sea.

It's moving day
The first of May.
Hustle and bustle
In New York's fair bay;
The second Mayflower
Will weather the gale;
For Phyllis Wheatley
Is ready to sail.

It's moving day
The first of May.
While sun is shining
Be wise and make hay.
Can't you feel the lure
Of Liberia's breeze
A-wooing your soul
To sail o'er the seas?

It's moving day
The first of May.
Now don't linger here,
Or your hair will gray.
Away for the land
Of perennial youth!
You might live an age
Over there—in truth.

It's moving day
The first of May.
Your feet are sinking
Deep in Sodom's clay.
Away for dear life!
Don't loiter or halt—
Or you might resolve
Like Lot's wife, to salt.

It's moving day
The first of May.
Please don't hesitate—
Ephraim, don't say nay!
Rise like a gallant
Lancelot of old!
And sail for the land
Where our sires were sold!

—ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.

3233 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SOME MUSICIANS I HAVE KNOWN

By Ophie Brown Wells

THE extract concerning some of our older musicians will be greatly appreciated by our readers, as coming from one who has really known the greatest colored singers of her day. There has so often risen disputes as to the identity of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers, and we are indeed glad to offer an authentic account of them, told in the simple and unaffected style of one who has known them intimately. Mrs. Wells is herself an artist of repute and her ability has won glowing words of praise from such accomplished artists as Joseph H. Douglass, grandson of the late Frederick Douglass.—Editor's Note.

ABOUT thirty years ago there came to my home town in Jamestown, N. Y., a group of the most celebrated singers the Race has ever known, in the persons of the celebrated Hyers Sisters and their excellent company, in their musical drama, "Out of Bondage." I will speak first of Anna Madah Hyers, the greatest lyric soprano we have ever had, such clear, sweet, bird-like tones with a range reaching four notes above high C—a truly phenomenal voice—and she has never been excelled since. Her stage presence was so full of grace and winsomeness that she captured all who heard her. Then her sister, Emma Louise, was a remarkable contralto, with tones so deep and rich it seemed that a baritone was singing instead of a tall, slender, graceful girl.

Then came the great Wallace Kine, the colored Brignoli, as he was called in those days. Ah, me, I can hear him now, singing in the beautiful duet from "Il Trovatore," "Ah, I have Sighed to Rest Me," those grand tones soaring up, up, clear and sweet as a bell. There has never been, to my mind, a tenor like him since, although we have some very excellent ones in our young singers. I had the pleasure, as well as extensive travel, for six years with this grand company.

Then comes our great Madame Selika Williams, who rivalled Madame Adeline Patti in her rendition of Staccato Polka Song, and her fine physique and magnificent rich voice electrified all who heard. I also had the privilege of accompanying her in more than one concert.

Another star of long ago was the rich basso, John W. Lucca, of the world-renowned Lucca family, and he traveled at the time I did with the Hyers Sisters' Quartette.

The great set of singers of renown I shall recall are the original Jubilee Singers of Nashville, Tenn., through whose weird singing of the old Jubilee Melodies, in this country and abroad, can never be forgotten. They have raised more money to build schools than any other group of singers ever has. The splendid Fisk Institute and Jubilee Hall at Nashville, costing many thousands of dollars, were built with their earnings. I shall never forget their first big success at my home, Jamestown, N. Y. I was only a young school girl at the time, and when they sang it seemed to me the angels in heaven must have heard, and approved. Their "Steal Away to Jesus," the "Chant of the Lord's Prayer," "Comin' for to Carry Me Home," and many others, can never be

forgotten by those who ever heard. Their names, as I recall them, are well known in this country and Europe. We have had many younger groups of Jubilee Singers, but none ever came up to their standard, not even the phenomenal basso, Fred Loudin, and his group of singers.

Sopranos—Miss Jennie Jackson, Miss Maggie Porter, Miss Georgia Gordon; tenors—Mr. Holmes, Mr. Rutling; altos—Miss Eliza Walker, Miss Minnie Tate; basses—Mr. Dickerson, Mr. Evans; pianist—Miss Ella Shepard.

Then comes our never-to-be-forgotten Flora Batson, the sweetest ballad singer ever heard, a friend and charitable worker among her people, kind, lovable, and charming in her manners.



MRS. OPHIE BROWN WELLS

Another sweet singer was Madame Nellie Brown Mitchell of Boston, Mass. I have never seen anyone since whose stage presence was as beautiful as hers, and as she sang, her facial expression was so charming that one was sorry when she had finished.

I do not want to forget to say that my dear friend, Fred Loudin, basso profundo—never had a rival, and I am proud to say I have had the great honor of playing for, and singing with him many times. I spent such pleasant hours with him and his dear wife at their beautiful home in Ravenna, Ohio. Now both are gone to sing on that blessed shore beyond, in fact, nearly all I have mentioned have passed out, and their places are being rapidly filled by the musicians of the younger generation.

The greatest violinist of our race is still charming his audiences with his matchless

playing. I speak of Joseph H. Douglass, grandson of our great Frederick Douglass.

I must not forget our veteran comedian, the great Sam Lucas, whose rendition of "My Grandfather's Clock" will never be forgotten. He is still alive, hale and hearty, singing and dancing; he also has the honor of being the only colored professional who is now receiving a pension of \$60 per month, as long as he lives, from the Actor's Benevolent Association of New York City. He is also the only colored actor who ever played Uncle Tom in a white Uncle Tom's Cabin Company, and last summer posed for the moving pictures of that play, thus making it possible for the younger generation to see him as he was long after he has passed out, the last and oldest comedian living. For those who will be making a career along similar lines fifty years from today, how much larger and broader will the field then be; when brilliant stars as Rupert Hayes, Clarence White, Melville Charlton and Nathaniel Dett have reached their highest ascendant of magnitude, what a panorama of race achievement along musical lines will be revealed. The past, of course, is great with all its rugged unpolished wealth, but with the wonders of the future it may not be compared.

For Music &

E. P. Marks
March 10/02
By 38th St. N.Y.
Richard Hyman

SONG CREATES SENSATION

Prof. Sings, "I Don't Want No Tailor-Made Man"
The Cleveland Call
(By The Associated Negro Press)
PANAMA CANAL, Oct. 27—
Quite a sensation was created among the unusually large crowd that gathered in Sitter's Park to enjoy the band banquet last Sunday evening. This was caused by the rendering of the novel Fox trot, "I Don't Want No Tailor-man Man," Prof. Richard E. Dean, a full blooded Negro.
The crowd was taken by storm, for though the playing of that member, which had been advertised, was the drawing cord, few ever thought that such harmonizing strains could have come from the pen of our Colon rain.

Music, Poetry & Art—1921.

F. Music
"The Chief Cornerstone", a spiritual by Hermes Zimmerman,

Corinthian Music Company, Hadley, Ill. Featured by Anita Patti Brown.

NEWS OF THE MUSIC WORLD

MUSIC AND POETRY WITHDRAWS FROM MERGER WITH MUSICIAN

The matter of a magazine has been more or less a problem to the N. A. N. M., although two years ago the board consented to permit private owners, Clarence Cameron White and Henry Grant, to edit in behalf of the national. One number was produced in July of 1920 and shortly after Mr. White withdrew as co-editor and owner. Mr. Grant then made an effort to merge with the American Musician of Philadelphia, William Potter, editor. No agreement could be reached. Next an effort for a merger with the Music Master of Washington, Wellington Adams, editor, was tried, but never terminated. At the recent convention the editor of Music and Poetry was asked to merge with the Negro Musician and, for the good of the national and the sake of harmony, consented. Tentative plans were submitted by Carl Diton of Philadelphia to which both editors agreed, but Mr. Grant later substituted other plans to which the editor of Music and Poetry would not agree, since she was the one sought and not the seeker. Out of all these four editors not one has been able to reach an agreement with the editor of the Negro Musician. The editor of Music and Poetry therefore announces a withdrawal from the merger, personally commends Mr. Diton's fair and non-personal attitude in the matter and sends felicitations to her confrere.

Music and Poetry will continue, with its same high standard, to give an outlet to musical expression and activities of all genuine musicians and to foster and uphold the cause of the national and its members. The subsequent number will be a double August-September issue of 40 pages, with photos of members of the national at their last convention in Nashville in July. Articles by associate editors and music by Carl Diton, well known organist and composer. The number used will be "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," sung with decided success in Nashville by Estelle Pickney. A genuine surprise is in store for readers if mail from Europe arrives in time for this issue.

Word has come that Azalia Hackley of Detroit is in that city in poor health. Her many friends and fellow musicians extend full sympathy that she may soon recover and resume her wonderful life work. She has been a source of deep inspiration to many young musicians, as well as giving material aid. Cleota Collins Lacy of Columbus was constrained to add her voice of praise when mention was made of her illness at the N. A. N. M. convention. She remarked that Mrs. Hackley at one time even purchased

for her a little party dress for the concert stage that she might appear correctly and fittingly attired for her recital. Small acts of kindness are long remembered, and Mrs. Hackley should live ever in the hearts of all as the giver of exquisite gifts through her charity and music.

Roy Tibbs, head of the pianoforte department at Howard University, is in the city visiting his sister, Mrs. Garnetta Carlisle. He was the guest of Mr. Davis Wednesday evening to hear "Fedora" at Ravinia.

Wednesday evening Mrs. Marie Hudlin entertained with a musicale in honor of Alice Carter Simmons of Tuskegee and Gussie Rue Davis of Birmingham.

Henry Etheridge, baritone, is in the city on a short visit. He attended the convention in Nashville and gave a number of concerts in the South before returning.

Sunday morning May Black Mason, soprano, of St. Paul, and Mrs. Houston of New York sang at the Metropolitan Community Church. Mrs. Mason is active in club and musical work in her home city and is widely acquainted in Chicago, the scene of her early life.

Lulu Childers of Washington, who has been studying here during the summer season, left Monday to visit with her mother before returning to her musical work at Howard. She was a jolly member of a coterie of celebrities who stayed at the Stenhouse Inn during the summer, all of whom voted the cuisine perfect and the service satisfactory.

A letter informs us that Lorenzo F. Dyer, former organist at Mt. Olivet Baptist Church, New York City and a charter member of the National Association of Negro Musicians, is now in Omaha, Neb., without funds or a position. He left New York with a concert company en route to the coast, but they disbanded in Omaha. The editor of this column appeals to fellow musicians to assist this young man to return to his home city by giving some contribution. Arrangements will be made for organ appearances in Chicago, Indianapolis and Columbus to aid his return. Send contributions to Nora Douglas Holt, 4405 Prairie avenue, and credit will be given for the same. The list is started by the editor with \$1.

MAJOR LOVING IMPROVING
Major P. Loving, of the U. S. A. military department, who has been stationed here since hostilities ceased, has been in the city for some time. He was a member of the Philadelphia band of which he was the orig-

inal, underwent an operation for appendicitis early this month. All reports, the major is improving rapidly and intends returning to America in December.

LONDON ARTISTS

AFRO AMERICAN
HONOR HAYES
Boston, Mass., Aug. 18.—Roland Hayes, Boston tenor, who stopped in London over a year ago on his way to Africa, is still there according to his mother, Mrs. Fannie Hayes of Roxbury.

The colored swamped with tenor is simply engagements and may remain there for a year longer before his three month tour of the dark continent.

Mr. Hayes was the dinner guest of Mdaame Nellie Melba, prima donna and Fritz Kreisler, violinist, both white in London recently. He was also the recipient of a massive laurel wreath with many gold inscriptions from his many London admirers. This wreath has been forwarded to Mrs. Hayes here for safe keeping.

AFRO AMERICAN
The Black Swan Record Company, sponsored by Harry Pace, who helped make Pace and Handy and the Standard Life Insurance Company famous, showed us how his organization has grown from an idea to the point where the output is increasing more than 30 per cent each month—even during this period of business depression. That seems to show how good records and good management.

Prof. Harry Lawrence Freeman, a former citizen of Cleveland, Ohio, who has written ten grand operas, is now rehearsing in full blast to produce, some time during the late fall, probably at the Metropolitan Opera House, his marvelous production, "The Martyr." This inauguration of Negro grand opera, by a company owned and controlled entirely by the group promises to mark a new era in the development of racial talent and pos-



Roland Hayes in London
London is wild about Roland Hayes, colored tenor from America, according to a news article published in last week's AFRO-AMERICAN. In this case, a solution has been found for the worthy artists who cannot find recognition in America because of their color.

Mr. Hayes has been a finished artist for the past ten years. But his ability won scant recognition from the press or from the big musical managers in New York. Phonograph companies refused to record his singing of operatic selections and compelled him to confine his attentions solely to Negro folk songs. So much for America. Last year Mr. Hayes decided to go abroad, stopping in London a short while before a three months tour of Africa to study the origin of Negro melodies.

In England, Mr. Hayes success was immediate, and today after a year of performances in English theatres and concert halls, he has more engagements than he can fill. King George asked him to sing twice at Buckingham Palace and presented the singer with a diamond pin. Mme. Nellie Melba and Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, took no notice of Mr. Hayes in New York, but in London invited him to dinner, and the Phonograph companies have had him sing all kinds of songs for recording purposes.

London's brilliant reception to this black singer, suggests the fact that Paris and Madrid would probably be just as cordial as the English capital, and that it might prove highly profitable to employ a manager and plan a second and third European tour to take place during the next year.

sibilities. It is worthy of unanimous indorsement from all corners. A special "midnight luncheon" was put on by Prof. Freeman and his estimable wife, Carlotta Freeman, the dramatic artist, at which time we were favored with the rich treat of listening to several extracts from "The Martyr."

"Seventy Fifth Avenue" has become as famous in the welfare of the problems of racial adjustment as "26 Broadway" has become known in the financial world. The forces at work in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People may well use the term "We Never Sleep." James Weldon Johnson, Walter F. White, William Pickens and Robert Bagnall entertained the A. N. P. representative at a delightful luncheon at the Civic Club, off Fifth Avenue. A discussion of "Education and Wisdom" was one of the pleasant events of the assemblage.

James A. Jackson, associate editor of The Billboard, and eastern representative of A. N. P., functioned largely as a "director of schedules," and to this number of fine metropolitan spirits who are helping to "push the cause of progress along," and who are aiming that growing group who realize there are also a few ports

outside of New York, there may be added Walter White, Charles Magill and Sir Abbott, of The Defender, New York office, and many others.

New York is measuring up. It is playing the big part in the advance of the Race; it is furnishing much inspiration for other portions of the country, and they tell us, with a determined look on the face: "We're just starting."

(Next Week—Pittsburgh, Pa., followed by Cleveland, Ohio, and Chicago.)
N Y C TIMES

OCTOBER 12, 1921

Negro Arts Exhibit.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Last evening I went to see the Negro Arts Exhibit, which has been at the New York Public Library, 103 West 135th Street, since Aug. 1. I wonder how many of the art loving public of this city have gone to see it. I wonder how many know how well worth seeing it is. The guardians of the place should have put me out, for I was so interested that I forgot the light of time, but my pleasure was undisturbed by any reminder of the lateness of the hour. I expected to see something more colorful and bizarre, but found the pictures full of spirit combined with a fine restraint. The exhibit is beautifully arranged, the pictures, the books, the needlework and the basketwork arranged with an artistic love that one felt like an atmosphere. One hopes that hereafter these exhibits will be a regular, permanent feature of the city's artistic life. The negro's contribution to American art is interesting, valuable and full of promise.

New York, Oct. 8, 1921

THE NEGRO'S ASPIRATIONS

By MABEL N. DOUGLAS
Havana, Oriente, Cuba.

Merry, merry Christmas time,
Chiming bells and children's
rhymes;
Joyous in joyful lays
Which you told in ancient days.
Oh, welcome, art thou to our
hearts,
Which we cherish the tale thou
tellest
Of the birth of a Saviour, so gentle and
kind,
Whom we adore that heavenly child.
O glorious Redeemer and Saviour of all,
Dark, we implore, to the Negro's call.
Remember the gift He gave unto Thee,
When to Thy manger came the wise
three;
To proclaim Thee as king was too
earthly for Thee,
To foretell Thy sorrow—crucifixion—
gold was all vanity, myrrh was a
sin,
But pure crystal incense, Thy office
revealed.
Wicked men sought Thy dear life to
take it,
Fearing the loss of their kingdom and
casket,
But dear Mother Egypt, with tenderest
care,
Secured Thy life from danger and fear.
Still, for all this his task was undone,
So up to Calvary he went with God's
son,
And when the weight of Thy cross was
severe,
Completion he gained, Thy burden to
share.
Now in heaven Thou art with the blest,
We pray Thee, hear the Negroes op-
press:
Shield us from slavery, malice and
hate,
Help us to taste sweet freedom's es-
tate;
Look on the land that willingly hid
Thee,
See the intruders, they shout with glee,
What shall we do, if stronger they
prove,
Batter not strong arms, Thy children to
move.
We deeply believe Thou art clearing
our way,
Serve Thou our path we'll follow
hard by.

Show to the world the Negroes salva-
tion.
Take them to teach Thy birth to all na-
tions;
Then shall the Christmas bells go
a-chiming,
Louder and clearer our anthems shall
ring;
Fuller and freer shall our heart beat
with gladness,
Telling the world that Negroes are
free.

ONE GOD, ONE AIM, ONE DESTINY

—Marcus Garvey.
By BEATRICE PAULINE VERNON
Africa's sons, arise and stand
Divided not, but hand in hand;
Henceforth your motive let it be:
One God, one aim, one destiny.
Hear words of wisdom, one and all,
A house divided, yes, must fall;
But union gathers strength each hour,
And strength, oh Africa's sons, is
power.
Like Gibraltar's mighty rock
Stand firm and face each fearful
shock;
Breast the waves of bitter scorn,
For just ahead lies freedom's morn.
Through storms of strife, through cold
and heat
Press onward with unfaltering feet;
Your watchwords—God and liberty,
Press on till Africa's sons are free.
One God—in Him have faith, for aye,
Though dark the night and long the
way,
Though bowed beneath oppression's
rod,
Proud Africa's sons, trust still in God.
One Aim—Endeavoring to be
A nation undivided, free;
To wend your way in happiness,
Have equal rights and nothing less.
One Destiny—Ham's sons, will rise,
Though Satan and his host defies,
Though demons rage, they'll bow the
knee
No more to hell-born tyranny.
Africa's sons, arise and stand,
Shake off the chains forged by hate's
hand;
Henceforth your motive, let it be:
One God, One Aim, One Destiny.
1017 Hooper ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

PREPARATION

Are you getting ready to go over there,
Where the song-birds will sing;
I welcome to thee—and where
Flowers their fragrance will wave
Sweet messages of hope and rest to
bring?
Are you thinking of days when
You will be called thy aid
To thy brother to lend—till then
O, brother, you are not prepared
To greet thy brother with grace?
Do you know, dear brother, your light
Must shine that your groping brother
May see the light in its colors bright;
Do you know, dear brother, they
have been assured
By interlopers of greed and might?
Till then, dear brother, you are seeking
In vain your God's inherited land;
Lift high the banner for which they are
looking
And inculcate the truths that shall
stand
For the Fatherhood of God, and the
Brotherhood of Man.
ROSALIA PHYFER.
226 W. 140th street.

Music, Poetry and Art - 1921.

Negroes Moving for Recognition of Best in Music of Their Race

N. Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICA
OCTOBER 22, 1921

FOR the coming season, Negro musicians are anticipating a period as eventful as was the case last year, which was one of the most fruitful in the recognition of the Negro's art. An impetus to further appreciation of the art will undoubtedly be given by the attitude of England, which, since the visits of Roland Hayes, Harry T. Burleigh and other pioneers of the finer type of Negro music, has been most enthusiastic about it.

In the United States the work will be carried on in great part by individual musicians, although an important step toward the popularization of the best in Negro music has been made in the organization of the Pace Phonograph Co., composed of Negroes, for the purpose of recording the works of Negroes. The aim of the company is to feature the works of Negro artists, students of music and the compositions of Negro composers. It is the first company of its kind to be organized, and, as a result, several interesting discoveries have been made of talented Negroes who otherwise would not get a hearing.

Prominent Negroes devoted to the development of Negro music are interested in the company, which has been capitalized at \$75,000. Its officers are: Harry S. Pace, president and treasurer; D. L. Haynes, secretary, and Fletcher Henderson, recording secretary. Some of the prominent Negroes on the executive board are Dr. W. E. B. Dubois, Bishop Joshua Hurst, Emmett J. Scott of Howard University and John E. Nail, Jr. Some of the Negro singers that have recorded works are: C. Carroll Clarke, the colored baritone; Revella Hughes, soprano; Lulu Whidby, J. Arthur Gaines and Mariana Johnson.

The Martin-Smith Music School, one of the leading Negro conservatories in the North, has been incorporated under the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York, and beginning with this year the school will issue diplomas to its graduates. The director of the school is I. David Martin, one of the great Negro violinists, who founded the school six years ago. To-day it has an enrollment of 500 pupils.

It maintains scholarships for deserving Negro students, and its annual concert is one of the outstanding musical features among the colored people of New York. Its faculty is made up of graduates of the leading conservatories, as follows: Edwin Coates, Andrades

Lindsay, Naomi Talley, Robert Dougee, Mme. Selika and Minnie Brown.

Cleveland G. Allen will give for the Board of Education this fall a lecture-recital on "The History and Origin of Negro Folk Songs." He will give the development of Negro music from its arrival in America in 1619, and the correct birth of the Negro folk songs. Some of the centers where he will appear will be Hunter College, Evander Child High School and the Y. W. H. A. The lecture-recital will be given in connection with the pageant, "America's Making," which will be presented in October.

One of the prominent Negro artists who will be seen in recital again this year is Mrs. Nellie Moore Mundy, who is one of the most gifted of Negro musicians and concert artists. She features as in previous years, Negro music, in which she has specialized fully. Mrs. Mundy is a pupil of Leopold Wolfsohn. She will be assisted by Minnie Brown, a soprano.

Fred Work, who for many years was a member of the faculty of Fisk University and who with his brother, John Wesley Work, has done much for the development of the Negro folk songs, has just returned from another trip South in which he made further researches for the sources of these songs. He confined most of his trip to Tennessee and as the result of his trip he will issue another book of the Negro folk songs this year. The book promises to be an interesting contribution to Negro music. Mr. Work is at the present time the head of the music department of the Bordentown Industrial School.

Nicholas Taylor, a young African musician and composer from Sierre Leone, Africa, the home of the late Coleridge Taylor, has come to America to give recitals of African music. He has made a thorough study and research into the music of his country, and his visit will doubtless be of interest to Americans interested in African music. Taylor received his musical education both in Africa and in England. He plans to make some studies of the folk songs of the American negro.

Edward Stelle, a young negro who is studying for grand opera, will be seen in concert and recital this season. He is the first Negro to aspire for grand opera rôles, and was discovered in "Chu Chin Chow," in which company he played a leading rôle.

The annual recital of the Fisk University Club was given this year at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The proceeds went toward the musical education of Lydia Mason at the Fisk University Conservatory. The club maintains a scholarship at Fisk for the education of a worthy student of music, which was won for the first time by Miss Mason.

A Negro artist who is gaining distinction for his work in featuring the more popular Negro music is Noble Sissle. Sissle, who was educated in one

of the Western conservatories, has done considerable work as a concert soloist, and during the last war won favor with the French as the soloist with the famous Fifteenth Infantry Band, of which the late James Reese Europe was the conductor.

The H. Laurence Freeman Concert Company, made up of talented colored artists, will be heard this season. Mr. Freeman will feature several of his own compositions at several concerts. On Oct. 31 at the Mother Zion Church the company will give excerpts from "Trova-tore," "The Bohemian Girl" and "Mikado."

CLEVELAND G. ALLEN.

WIN APPLAUSE IN ITALY

Two American Pupils of Pietro A. Yon Play in Settimo Vittone

IVREA, ITALY, Sept. 25.—A notable musical event of the month in this neighborhood was the recital by two American pupils of Pietro A. Yon, Powell Weaver of Kansas City and Henry F. Seibert of Reading, Pa., at Settimio Vittone. Their concert, given in the Church of the Madonna delle Grazie, attracted the summer colony and the regular inhabitants of Settimo, as well as music lovers from Ivrea, Borgofranco and Montestrutto. Mr. Weaver began the program with the serious First Sonata of Pagella. Other numbers which he played were the Natal Pastorale of Yon and the great Pièce Héroïque of César Franck. Precision of technique marked his playing, and he also won praise for a keen sense for effect.

Mr. Seibert's list began with the Toccata and Fugue in D Minor of Bach, in which he showed himself an artist of vigor and sound feeling. The Marche Champêtre of Boex and the Adagio from Mr. Yon's Sonata Cromatica and First Concert Study were his other vehicles. Both players made a highly favorable impression of American organ art.

Toronto Chamber Music Society to Include Lectures in Programs

TORONTO, CAN., Oct. 15.—The Toronto Chamber Music Society, which was organized last May, now has 200 members, and hopes to increase this to 400 during the present season, when there will be a series of seven concerts. Four or five of these will be given by the three local chamber music organizations. The Letz Quartet of New York will play the society's opening program on Oct. 18. The second program by visiting artists will be given by the Flonzaley Quartet on Jan. 9. The first program by local artists will be on Dec. 7, a concert by the Canadian Academy Quartet. The aim of all the concerts is strictly educational for the benefit of its members. As the society develops it is hoped to institute short lectures on chamber music. The officers are: President, Vincent Massey; vice-presidents, H. H. Mason, Strachan Johnston and Mrs. George Dickson; chairman of the concert committee, H.

A. Fricker; treasurer, Alfred Bruce; secretary, Augustus Bridle, honorary secretary, Mrs. F. M. G. Starr.

Miss Ira Aldridge

Composer and Teacher

Editor's Note—It is significant that news is received in America of the daughter of Ira Aldridge, the famous Negro tragedian. Sheppard Butler, dramatic critic for the Chicago Tribune, announces that Charles Gilpin, star of "Emperor Jones," has been approached with the interesting proposal that he go to London to play Othello with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Desdemona.

Music & Poetry Oct. 21

Miss Ira Aldridge, teacher of singing, who composes under the name of "Montague Ring," is a daughter of the late Ira Aldridge, the Great Negro Tragedian, whose acting thrilled all Europe.

Mr. Aldridge had the distinction of being regarded as the greatest of all actors who played the part of "Othello." He was honoured by many royal personages. The King of Prussia presented him with the gold medal of the first class for "Art and Science." The Emperor of Austria conferred on him the "Graced Cross" of the order of Leopold. The City of Berne gave him a magnificent Maltese Cross, with "Medal of Merit." He also received the "Royal Saxo-Ernest House Order," which confers a title higher than that of "Sir," so much coveted by England.

He also was received with honour by the Emperor of Russia, Count Tostoi (President of the Academy of Arts) and numerous other Russian and Polish notables.

With such a rich inheritance from her father, whose name she takes, it is no small wonder that the great Jenny Lind (of whom Miss Aldridge was a certificated pupil) gave the following testimonial:

"I feel confident that she has attained a real insight into the Art of Singing and a correct judgment as to the healthy development of the voice. I have, therefore, no hesitation in recommending her as a Master of Singing."

Royland Hayes, the American tenor, who has given recitals in London during the last ten month says: "I agree with every word of Madame Jenny Lind's testimonial." Mr. Hayes has been coached by Miss Aldridge in all his songs before entering them into the program for his London recitals.



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Miss Aldridge has many titled pupils and is a recognised Professor of Singing.

Aside from her teaching ability, Miss Ira Aldridge (Montague Ring) has composed many songs, piano pieces and orchestral numbers. Of her orchestral Suite entitled "Three African Dances," an important London Daily says: "The orchestral composition is the work of Montague Ring and is entitled 'Three African Dances.' The music has character appropriate to the theme, whose terms are illustrative of North rather than of South Africa, where there is greater originality and distinction of rhythm. The whole is tuneful and effective and was very well played under Mr. Alick Maclean's sympathetic guidance."

Her latest composition for orchestra is a suite, "Three Arabian Dances."

She has written a number of songs all sung with great success by various London artists, including "Noon" from a Cycle of Three songs and her latest publication, an "Assyrian Love Song," used by Roland Hayes in one of his recent recitals. The editor of Music and Poetry has been presented with copies of the three African and Arabian dances for piano, also "The Assyrian Love Song," and heartily recommends them to pianists and singers for concert use.



Gwendolen Coleridge-Taylor

Composer, Pianist, Vocalist

Music + Poetry Oct. 21

Miss Gwendolen Coleridge-Taylor has been for some time recognised in musical circles of London and neighboring cities where she has been heard in concert, as a decidedly talented young lady and judging from the reports of critics of numerous daily papers she is destined to fame in the creative world of music.

The following is quoted from a review of one of her earlier recitals by the Weekly Argus of Tredegar, Wales:

"A memorable event in the local world was the visit to Tredegar of Miss Coleridge-Taylor, the daughter of the eminent composer. This was Miss Coleridge-Taylor's second appearance in Wales, her first concert being at Heath a week previously, where she made an excellent impression. Her Tredegar audience was equally enthusiastic for although very young, she showed that she inherits the genius which has made 'Hiawatha' and the 'The Tale of Old Japan' the best known works of her father, famous all over the world. She has already followed in his footsteps as a composer, for her opening item on the pianoforte an 'Interlude,' was written by herself. It reveals undoubted ability and augurs well for better and more ambitious work. As a monologist Miss Coleridge-Taylor is exceedingly clever—she was well received and should get an entry into the best circles in recognition of her own merits, apart from the gratitude music lovers owe to her father."

The talents of Hiawatha Coleridge-Taylor are no less apparent than his sister's and his debut as a conductor was highly praised by the music critics. At a concert this spring by the Manor Choral Society in Belfast, Ireland, under the direction of Mr. Teasdale Griffiths who arranged the affair in honour of the late composer and devoted the entire concert to his compositions, one of the dailies reported: "Mr. Coleridge-Taylor who strongly resembles his father in facial contour, is still in his teens, but he has already won distinction as a composer and a few weeks ago he had the honour of conducting the Queen's Hall Orchestra. Last night he directed the performance of three orchestral pieces, and in his handling of the baton he displayed real power of control and a gift for clear and virile expression."

Americans who loved and sincerely admired the great composer will feel genuine pride in the debut of his children in America, the young man conducting his sister's compositions.

OPPOSITION TO JAZZ GROUNDED IN RACE HATRED

The Baltimore Afro-American
Whites Unwilling To See
World Worship Negro
Music And Negro Dances.

GREAT CONTRIBUTIONS OURS

America's Best Humor,
Folk Songs And Nursery
Rhymes Of Negro Origin.

By Wm. E. Ready

The visit of Mamie Smith the famous jazz singer to this city last week recalls to mind once more the agitation constantly going on in white musical circles as to the exact status of "jazz" in relation to genuine music.

In the perusal of the negative opinion on this subject it oftentimes requires no great amount of intellectual focus in a reading "between the lines" to discover that much of this opposition is grounded less in a superior esthetic culture, than in a racial antipathy.

To illustrate: It has always been the custom for a certain class of the opposite race to sneer at and deride any and everything that carries the trade-mark of Negro origin. It is to this class that a number of these jazz opponents belong.

Their deduction apparently is, that since jazz has been so persistently, and we might add indisputably proclaimed as being of such origin—a claim which the super-

stituted by the Negro instrumentalist and singer in its interpretation has only served to strengthen—it is their bounden duty to cry it down regardless of the intrinsic merits of the case.

This attempt to eliminate all traces of Negro association with what may be called the more cultural phase of American life is highly amusing if one can lay aside his racial predilection long enough to reflect impartially on the country's cultural history.

Ballads And Folklore

Everyone knows who has any knowledge at all of the history of civilized nations, that each nation has what is called a peasantry.

From this peasantry has sprung the folklore of the nation; and from the folklore, has sprung the ballad themes, which later furnished the groundwork for the more ambitious musical efforts of the country's musicians.

Also from the peasantry, have sprung the fairy tales and legends which from generation to generation have been the delight of the young.

Then take humor, which in one sense may be called "life blood" of a nation that too, originated among the peasantry.

Now what has been the history of America in regard to the facts just stated?

Uncle Remus Stories

To begin with the nursery, who needs to be told that "Uncle Remus" is this nation's classic "fairy tale"? The fact that it was written by a white man—Joel Chandler Harris—serves but to emphasize our major contention.

Coming to the ballads, especially those which have survived the march of generation, such as "Swanee River" "Old Black Joe" and "My Old Kentucky Home" the same deductions are no less true.

For while they like "Uncle Remus" were written by a member of the white race, they had their inspiration in the only peasantry of which the nation can boast, the Negro.

America's Only Folk Song

Aside from the ballads, there has sprung up in this country another type of folksong which expresses all if not more than was given to the peasantry of any other nation to express through this medium of the travail and yearnings of the soul.

This latter type not only had its origin among Negroes but has become universally known solely through the latter's efforts: It is needless to state that we refer here to the old Spirituals, and it is equally as needless to state that it is the universal opinion of the world's leading music masters, the Spirituals are the only genuine native American music.

A few native authorities on this subject prompted from motives set forth in the first paragraph of this article, have attempted from time to time to gainsay this verdict, but so far they have not been

able to bring any proof to the subject to substantiate their denial other than the mere statement that "it isn't true."

Blacked Faced Comedians

Now as to American humor. What was its source? From what race has it sprung? The Negro. Take the stage as an illustration:

For generations, in fact one may say, ever since the establishment of a native stage, the only humor worth mentioning has been that which was dispensed by the perennial minstrel—a white man black up to represent a Negro. By which process he hoped to better portray the accepted characteristics of the latter race in its lighter moods, and—to digress for a moment—one of the most puzzling paradoxes among the many that exists in regard to the relationship of the white and black races of this country, is the fact that for years a certain class of individuals in a particular section of the country has been moved one

to uncontrolled merriment by the drolleries of the Negro as portrayed behind the footlights by these minstrels, and the next night, or even the next day, find equal merriment in burning a member of that race at the stake.

Not only has this been the case in the past but it is even so today. There are hundreds of white theatrical entertainers on the stage today whose "talent" consists solely in their proficiency in imitating a certain type of Negro. And many of them have risen to fame and fortune, who otherwise would never have emerged from an inevitable obscurity.

The Great American Play

And while on the subject of the stage, let us consider for a moment a higher form of stage art, namely, the serious drama. From season to season the plea is advanced, for the native dramatists to give us the "great American dramatic masterpiece" the one play that will express the very soul of the nation; and yet even in this, the leading dramatic authorities do not hesitate in saying that when the "Great American Play" is written, it must of necessity, be a play which deals with the relationship of the white and black races in this country. And the same theory is voiced in regard to the "Great American Novel" which the leading literary authorities of the country are agreed remains yet to be written.

In view of the foregoing facts, how silly then, is this opposition to jazz simply on the ground of its association with the Negro. For it would appear to us that the Negro is inextricably bound up in every phase of the life of America, whether you would have it so or not such is the case, and in the current vernacular "you can't get away from it."

Coleridge-Taylor Memory Is Perpetuated by His Children

New York Age 2/19/21

When Samuel Coleridge-Taylor died the thought uppermost in many minds was the pity that so magnificent a genius should be lost to the world before it had reached its real maturity. Dying while yet in his thirties, Coleridge-Taylor had just completed his eighty-second opus,—the "Hiawatha Ballet Suite"—the MSS. of which lay signed on his piano at Aldwick when death came.

For a while we have had the consolatory thought that the great Anglo-African composer's memory would be preserved in the works he had accomplished, the whole constituting a musical edifice of no mean proportions. Here in America we have become most familiar with his Hiawatha trilogy, his piano transcriptions of Negro spirituals, a few of his many beautiful art songs, and settings of various of the canticles used in the Episcopal church service.

Recently the concert orchestra of the New Amsterdam Musical Association, directed by Alfred W. Ross, has presented excerpts of Coleridge-Taylor's orchestral compositions—the first movement of "Scenes from an Imaginary Ballet," heard frequently as a piano number, and "La Caprice de Nannette" from the Petite Suite de Concert. A cantata, "The Atonement," has been heard, and, if I am not mistaken, the Washington, D. C., Coleridge-Taylor Society has sung "The Quadroon Girl," a fantasy for women's voices with baritone solo.

Gradually, there has come to us a more particular knowledge of the scope of Coleridge-Taylor's accomplishments, and gradually we have been developing an appreciation commensurate with the worth and merit of his compositions. And somewhat hazily through the days there has come slight, but interesting, intimations of a physical inheritance from the great composer, an inheritance calculated to prove of inestimable value in perpetuating his name and fame.

This inheritance is embodied in the persons of his two children, a boy, Hiawatha,—a game significant of the place occupied in his father's thoughts by the master-work which he sent forth—and a girl, Gwendolen.

Some comment has told of the promise afforded by these two young people, both, it is said, giving evidence of inheriting to a large measure the genius of their lamented father. Just recently, through the courtesy of my good friend, Roland Hayes, who is now in England, there has reached me some interesting data concerning young Hiawatha and Gwendolen.

At Plymouth, England, there has recently been formed the Samuel Coleridge-Taylor Choral Society and this organization is reported to be the first of its kind in the Kingdom. Its patron is Mrs. J. F. Coleridge-Taylor and its initial appearance was at Guildhall, Plymouth, on January 26th, 1921. Two concerts were given—afternoon and evening—and Miss Gwendolen Coleridge-Taylor was starred as a reader at both performances.

She gave a Musical Monologue, "The Clown and the Columbine" (Hans Andersen) with accompaniment for trio by her father, the principal themes of which were recognized as the chief melodies of the Petite Suite de Concert. This was played by Lawrence W. Brown (the young American Negro pianist now in England with Roland Hayes), George East, violinist, and Hylton J. Organ, cellist. Miss Gwendolen's second Monologue was "A'ventures," (Doris I. Murison), with incidental music composed and played by herself. In an account of the concert the *Daily Mercury* said that "Principal interest was centered in the appearance of Miss Gwendolen Coleridge-Taylor, daughter of the well-known Anglo-African composer, who contributed some musical monologues. She is quite a talented elocutionist and gave "The Clown and the Columbine" with rare verve and sympathy."

In addition to the personal participation of Miss Gwendolen, the Society gave several part-songs by Coleridge-Taylor. Our American musicians are not so familiar with this phase of the lamented composer's works, and it will be of interest to give them an opportunity to read of the manner in which some of them

were rendered by English singers. In its account of the concerts, the *Mercury* states that the afternoon concert was not engaged in by the Society but was in the form of a vocal and instrumental recital. The account of the evening recital reads as follows:

The paths along which the distinctive genius of the late Samuel Coleridge-Taylor leads us are pleasant, with many a peep of real beauty as we go, and though the profounder depths of human emotions are not often plumbed, it is not surprising that those whose lyric sense has been charmed by the composer's spell should devote themselves to some special study of his works.

The Plymouth Coleridge-Taylor Society, the first of its kind in the Kingdom, made an initial appearance before the public last evening, and though their programme was modest in scope, being confined to a selection of part-songs, their performance was such as to inspire the hope that their numbers and efforts will develop into something more ambitious, and that presently we shall have from them an account of "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast."

In "The Evening Star" the choir, under the conductorship of Mr. Douglas M. Durston, sang with one outstanding quality. It was that of gracefulness of phrasing. There was cohesion between the parts, and some nice tone quality was the result. The mood of the lyric, too, was well realized.

"The Song of Proserpine" emphasized again the choir's special sense of the choice turn of a phrase; but fuller capabilities were revealed in a vital and stirring rendering of Coleridge-Taylor's fine setting of Thomas Hood's "The Lee Shore." Altogether an encouraging and praiseworthy start.

Incidentally, I might mention that Roland Hayes sang at these two concerts and achieved a veritable triumph. In the afternoon he sang two groups, "Le reve,"—from Manon—(Massenet), "J'ai pleure en reve," (Hue), and "Life and Death," (Coleridge-Taylor).

At the evening recital, the audience was persistent in recalling him following his rendition of "Onaway! Awake, Beloved!" from "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" (Coleridge-Taylor), and a group of songs by the same composer, including "Eleanor," "This is the Island of Gardens," "A Lament" and "Dawn." In his final number Mr. Hayes sang six spirituals, including "I'm so glad trouble don't last away," (Dett), "I'm going up to Heaven and sit down" (Hayes), "Steal away" (Brown), and "Go down, Moses," "By and by" and "Peter, go ring-a dem bells," (Burleigh).

Of even greater interest, perhaps, is the fact that the son, Hiawatha, is following more directly in his father's footsteps as a composer and conductor. Some of the boy's compositions have received a public rendering, and now comes information that he has taken up his father's mantle as a conductor. In 1906 the late Samuel Coleridge-Taylor founded the "String-Players' Club," its local habitat being Croydon, a London suburb. Young Hiawatha Coleridge-Taylor has taken his father's place on the director's stand, and it is under the control of his baton that this group of English players are serving up their wares. Gwendolen, his sister, occupies a player's desk.

A recent performance by the String-Players' Club inspired interesting comment from the *Croydon Advertiser*. Incorporated in the program were two orchestral numbers, three pianoforte solos and three songs by the club's founder. The songs were "She rested by the broken brook," "Unmindful of the roses," and "Thou art risen, my Beloved," the latter the composer's special favorite; the pianoforte solos were "Negro Melody," Valse Suite, No. 2 and Valse Suite, No. 6; the orchestra numbers were *Nouvelletten* No. 1 and the Hiawatha Ballet Suite, Op. 82 (his last composition). Norman Notley, baritone, sang the songs, and the pianoforte solos were given by Maud Agnes Winter.

The *Croydon Advertiser* had the following to say of this recital:

Of far more than transient interest was the concert of the String-Players' Club at Croydon Public Hall on Friday. Within this organization

(over)

ASSOCIATION FOR NEGRO MUSICIANS

Society Has Local and World

Famed Members
BOSTON MASS HERALD
MAY 22, 1921

The Coleridge-Taylor Association was formed in April, 1920, with Clarence Cameron White, president, and Mrs. Maud Cuny Hare, secretary. Mr. White is a composer and violinist of note. His compositions are played by the best and lesser violinists wherever American folk music is appreciated. Mrs. Hare is an authority on negro and Creole folk music, a musician and a composer.

The treasurer, Mrs. Eva Roosa Hutchins, has done some composition of recognized merit, being a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music.

The chairman of the management committee of the association, Mr. Eugene F. Gordon, served in France with the 367th infantry, 92d division, was decorated with the croix de guerre and other medals and commissioned from the ranks. He is now first lieutenant of the Massachusetts national guard.

The association is made up of musicians, students of music and music lovers of Greater Boston. It is the Boston "local" of the National Association of Negro Musicians, with headquarters in Washington, D. C. It has as some of its members such noted men as Harry T. Burleigh, admitted to be one of America's foremost composers, at present musical editor at Ricordi's and baritone soloist at St. George's Church and the Temple Emanuel, New York; Melville Charlton, member American Guild of Organists, organist of the Brick Church, New York, and one of the few generally recognized to be among the country's great organists today; Roland Hayes, the negro race's greatest tenor, who is at present winning acclaim abroad, and Nathaniel Dett, whose compositions for piano are coming more and more to be employed by music teachers.

Its aim is to create a finer appreciation for American music—the original American music, born of the southern negro—to raise the standard and keep it aloft of genuine classical and artistic music, as distinguished from "ragtime" and "jazz."

The National Association of Negro Musicians meets in June at Nashville, Tenn. Tennessee is, incidentally, the home of the original "blues," and the Coleridge-Taylor Association will send delegates.

(From other side)

is enshrined special devotion to the works of the late Mr. S. Coleridge-Taylor, whose laurel-adorned portrait had a place of honor.

"His music lives." Of that there was abundant evidence, and his spirit must truly have hovered in the room. There was a stronger link with the ever-revered Anglo-African composer-conductor than the goodly heritage expressed in music scores. The living link—the term may be technically wrong, but it is all-expressive—was there in the presence as conductor of the orchestra of Mr. Hiawatha Coleridge-Taylor, his only son, still in his teens and in figure and facial characteristics so like his long lamented sire. Having largely inherited musical genius, who possibly could get nearer the truest interpretation of the subtle beauties of music of so distinctive a strain?

The chief selection was from the Hiawatha Ballet Suite which bears the last opus number—82—of the Coleridge-Taylor compositions. The whole Ballet takes two hours to perform. Portions of the five movements were given on Friday, ably orchestrated by Mr. Percy E. Fletcher. To the young conductor the audience were indebted for an illuminating synopsis of each movement, with stimulating quotations from the immortal poem.

The joyous melody of the feast, the barbaric dance, the insinuating of the prayer in "The Departure" and the haunting beauty of "glory sunset and purple mist" found wonderful interpretation at the hands of the slim, boyish conductor in whose keen, highly-wrought energy and sinuous absorption in every note and shade of expression one detected virile powers in the making. The delighted hearers ignored the special request to be silent between each movement; applause punctuated the breaks with a spontaneity withering to strict propriety.

The last two movements were repeated, and it was no mistaken impulsiveness which led the conductor to congratulatory shake hands with his principal violinists, the Misses Gladys Daniel and Daisy Dobson. That act symbolized the acknowledgements due to the orchestra as a whole for their fine performances, the secret of which in each case was whole-souled interest in their work. The organ was introduced very judiciously. Colour and rhythm were as a whole vividly apparent in each selection, with excellent confidence.

The concert was in the Small Public Hall. That that venue was sufficient is a sorry comment on the mediocrity of suburban musical taste.

The pathetic interest of the occasion is referred to by a correspondent in a note to "The Advertiser."

Remembrance of the late composer," he writes, "was all the more real because of the strong likeness in figure and manner of the son who has called the String-Players' Club into being again—a likeness which became the more marked as, in his hands, the baton revealed the same characteristic movements of arm and fingers that were associated with his father. It was a bold thing to risk comparison between father and son in the conductor's chair, and it is high praise to say that the youthful debutante rose to the occasion and revealed possession of the temperament and musical instinct for securing a good performance. There was an occasional need of firmer control, which more experience will bring to the conductor, but there was much to praise in the interpretation of the essential spirit of the orchestral works performed."

The first issues of "Music and Poetry", published by Nor Douglas Holt of Chicago, and "The Encore", published by Clarence Cameron White, Boston, are on my desk, and they form a notable addition to the music literature sent forth by and for the race.

In "A Personal Letter to Friends", Mrs. Holt writes, concerning "Music and Poetry", that "The editor of this magazine has long felt the need of sending out musical help in a general way to the many struggling as well as successful musicians and considers a magazine of this class one of the mediums.

"The financial sacrifices made by the editor is happily made if the effort serves its purpose and each music-loving person gives their moral as well as small financial support." Later, I hope to

speak more extensively concerning these publications, but at present I must say that they deserve the support of race musicians, regardless of other affiliations.

"The Encore" is primarily published in interest of the S. Coleridge-Taylor Association of Boston, the local in that city affiliated with the National Association of Negro Musicians. It will "be issued every month and will give its attention primarily to matters pertaining to the Coleridge-Taylor Association, together with a digest of musical happenings of interest for the general benefit of all music lovers."

My best wishes to both journals and they are at liberty to call on me for any service in my power to render.

Cleota Collins Lacy sang recently in several cities in the South, and of her appearance at Tuskegee Institute the following account was written by F. H. Gow for the *Tuskegee Student*:

CLEOTA J. COLLINS IN RECITAL.

The audience which assembled in the Institute Chapel will long remember the splendid recital of song given by the well-known artiste, Cleota J. Collins. Attractively robed in an old rose velvet evening gown fetchingly draped, possessed of a charming stage bearing, she at the very beginning went right to the hearts of her auditors; she was withal so free from affectation and superficial "extras" as to be altogether winsome.

The recital was to all music lovers a most satisfying reminder that fine singing still exists. In a well-balanced program the artiste found admirable opportunity for revealing to no uncertain degree a voice beautiful in its rounded smoothness, warmth of color, with strength of quality throughout its range. "One Year Ago," written especially for this singer, was conveyed in an untroubled legato that fairly held the listeners spell-bound, quite characteristic of Cleota J. Collins' delightful interpretation; in Burleigh's "Grey Wolf," there was a meaningful, well-considered phrasing and individualism which not only reflected deeper understanding of the composer's theme, but certainly added to the laurels of Madam Collins. Massenet's aria from "Herodiade" disclosed a command of vocal technique and wealth of artistic temperament that swept the audience into loud and prolonged applause, in response to which she sang with marked soulfulness that beautiful Indian lullaby, "By the Waters of Minnetonka."

Her first appearance at Tuskegee has resulted in nothing short of a triumph and upon all who heard her she left a most favorable impression.

Miss Alice C. Simmons, Director of Instrumental Music, was the accompanist for the evening; while the Institute Orchestra under the directorship of Captain Frank L. Drye, contributed no small part to the concert; especially appreciated was their playing of the Intermezzo from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana."

AUTHOR OF 'KENTUCKY HOME' ELEVATED NEGRO MUSIC

The Suwanee River' Considered the Greatest Song of

Stephen C. Foster.

NEW YORK HERALD

MAY 22, 1921

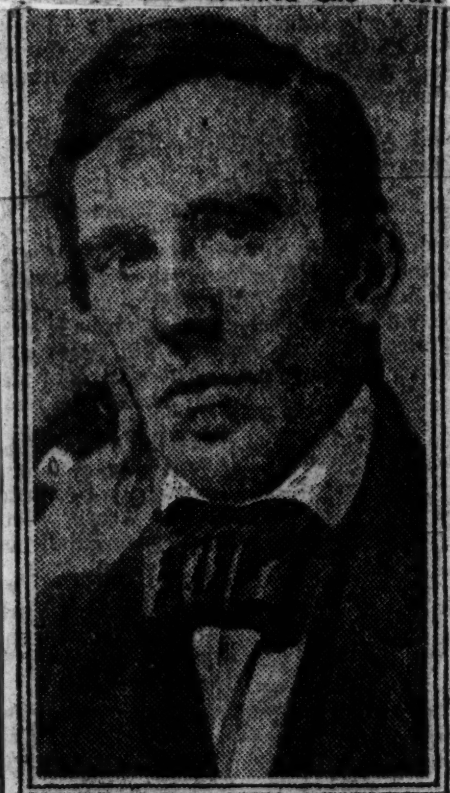
Recently Gov. Edwin P. Morrow of Kentucky issued a proclamation calling upon "fond expatriates from the Ken-

tucky soil that gave them birth" to contribute to a fund to purchase and beautify Federal Hill, the venerable mansion near Bardstown and 39 miles south of Louisville, where Stephen Collins Foster wrote his famous song "My Old Kentucky Home." A drive for a \$100,000 fund for the cause has been started more recently in Kentucky. Louisville has raised \$4,000 by an entertainment and Marc Klaw, an ex-Kentuckian and

well known New York theatre manager and Colonel on the Governor's staff, sent the first check received for \$2,500 to the Lexington College of Music.

Surely no work of greater importance has been undertaken at the present time in the field of American music than the attempt to preserve this historic landmark. Foster elevated negro music to an artistic plane of its own, and by his general poetic and musical gifts he brought new treasures into the realms of the ballad. Little, if even his name, has been known of the man by the many thousands who have sung his songs. Born July 4, 1826—on his father's side of Scotch-Irish ancestry—he inherited his genius from his mother, who was of English descent with remote Italian ancestors. Morrison Foster, brother of the poet-musician, in his biography of the latter describes him as being of modest demeanor, of medium height, of slender, attractive figure, and with hands and feet small and well shaped. His strikingly handsome face was of aquiline type, his splendid eyes large and dark, and his hair nearly black. Musically he was precocious. As a young man he played the flute well. Largely self-taught, his simple yet beautiful melodies found their inspiration in hours of deep study with the compositions of Mozart, Beethoven and Weber.

Foster wrote 170 or more songs, of which the first one published was "Open Thy Lattice, Love," and his first negro melody song was "The Louisiana Belle." His "Old Uncle Ned" and "Oh, Susanna," which soon followed and "went



Stephen Collins Foster

around the world," he presented to a certain friend who made \$10,000 out of them. Among his other popular songs are "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Old Black Joe," "Old Dog Tray" (composed in remembrance of his own beloved setter), "Gentle Annie," "Willie We Have Missed You," and "Massa's in de Col' Col' Ground." His greatest song, "The Old Folks At Home," or better known as "The Suwanee River," which takes its name from a little river

in Florida, he was often wont to sing himself, as he did other of his songs, and his brother tells how with a baby-tone voice and "by the sweetness of his tone and account" he could thus draw tears. Foster died on January 13, 1864, at Bellevue Hospital, New York, and was buried in Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa., a city which he esteemed his father as citizen and musician.

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PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

By THOMAS MILLARD HENRY.

Born Heir of the virtues of bards, we
admire
The music that traversed thy radiant
lyre;
For, like unto songs wherewith larks
have been gifted,
So sweet are the lays which thy lyre
has lifted.
Venus-kissed marble, as gold when
refined,
Love, as all greatness, they nurture
one's mind.
peer has the eagle in scaling the
gale;
peer has the turtle-dove's tenderest
wall;
The nightingale's sweetness inspires
the wold.
But riv'ling these harps of Elysium's
gold,
The harp of Ohio has outclassed its
peers—
Its ten strings have captured the
cavilous years.
What dread has such lyre from ob-
durate time—
Such themes!—so embroidered with
music sublime?

Born Heir of the virtues of bards, who
so soon
Of your days have been stripped, in
the sparkling forenoon
Of your life, while ablaze with original
song.
If such were your half-smothered fire,
how strong
Would the flames of your full-glowing
embers have been?
Nay! Never such fire from half-
smothered men.
It opened the eye, and it unstopped
the ear
Of a soul-deadened world. It has
banished the fear,
And the twaddle, from prophets, of
poetry's plight;
For the ray in your soul is like dawn
after night.
Your strains blazed the way for your
people to grow
Too large to be narrow and backward
and slow;
And under thy glory they're coming
to see
How among the awakened they're
destined to be.

Born Heir of the virtues of bards, may
the wreath
Which you left on the shore with its
roots in the heath
Nurse another sweet bud for the
breezes that blow

Through the land which the hush of
your lyre brought low.
May the winds from Elysium's flower-
blown knoll
Blow the embers bright red in some
other great soul
For the sake of our crest-fallen hearts.
May the vale
Nurse another like thee—too inspired
to fall.
May sweet chords like thy far-honored
lyre's resound
All the fabulous keys of the Nine, and
redound
To such genuine grace as was thine;
for the land
Groans for need of a singer of match-
less command
Lest the ill-grafted scions and dubious
roots
Fill thy wreath-nurtured air with their
spurious fruits.

Born Heir of the virtues of bards,
have the bees
In their instinct so erred that they
know not the trees
With the unhappy bud from the sweet-
scented bloom,
Nor the meadow's best gift from the
polen of doom?
Where the bees used to feast on the
fragrance of flowers
Aren't they breakfasting still on the
blossomy bowers?
Erred?—Stretching the metaphor,
Solomon knew
How, with flowers, the bees are in-
stinctively true.
May these metaphors crown thee,
whose soul-blooming words
Draw the nation like bees. Like the
peals of birds
You have unbosomed numbers that
never grow old—
Notes that earth never heard till you
sung in the wold.
If my half-mastered metaphors honor
thy lyre,
I have won all the glory my soul most
desire.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Hear ye the distant echoes
Of sleigh-bells' gingle-ging?
Resounding here and sounding there
Glad tidings as they ring;
They knell the old year's passing
And usher in the new!
Ah, gladdening are the chimes whose
strains
Ring out the false—ring in the true.
JOSEPH HAZEL DONALDSON.
December 31, 1920.

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Editor's Note—"Zillah" was the
mother of "Tubal-cain," and the
word means dusky or shady.
There are many thousand Zillahs;
Some, no truer name could bear.
Yet, others, should we call them
Zillah,
Though we know her blood is there?

Out of darkest Africa came Zillah's
forbears—
Bound, bruised and ensnaked
With fear-torn hearts, and eyelids
bathed in tears,
With feet bound and hands manacled.

To a world of civilization—con-
sequently sin—
Came those innocent Zillahs and their
kin;
Bought and sold like cattle, and used
much worse.
Though the blood of God's chosen
through their veins did course.

Three hundred years have passed
away,
And with their passing comes another
day,
And Zillah leads her children, by
faith,
To claim their place and portion of
God's grace.

Her shackles of iron are rusted, worn
and rent;
Yet other chains of brazen cast, not
easily bent,
Are wound about her aching form and
to her side
Bind her arms, as does the veil of
Satan's bride.

God! ope the eyes of Zillah's kin
And let them see her chains of sin,
Of prejudice, of thoughtlessness and
lust;
Because, remove those chains they
must!
Let a vallant army of true-born, and,
more,
Let their increase be felt of men and
heard from shore to shore;
Let soldiers of sturdy heart and mind,
Driving darkness before them as the
wind

Drives the storm cloud and the rain,
To throw off their yokes of selfishness
and pain,
And see her cross of inward strife,
And help her bear it until life
Anew will give her strength to cast
it off.
And no man care to stand and scoff
Because Zillah bears seared scars
Of sin and lust and false pride, that
mars
Her wondrous beauty, and dims the
pure
Light of truth and purity, or weakens
the lure
Of chastity that shines from out her
eyes.

Great God! Who brought again from
the dead,
Thine only Son, our Lord,
Raise up a band of dusky followers
of Zillah—yea, a horde;
And may her army leave in its wake
A wide strewn path of evil things,
o'ertaken in their flight.
Give her men grace to feel the right,
And strength to follow on,
That when, at last, the vallant band
stands upon
The Plains of Life, then free indeed,
And still strong to hold their ground,
And fight and fight and bleed,
Until their cause be known the world
around;
And Zillah stands, glorified, upon the
heights
Of Truth, Purity and Love, and sees
the lights
Of the fires of hope burning in Heaven
above—
Then will her people be, in verity,
God's own.
H. ELIZABETH DOWDEN.
Hartford, Conn.

Negro World 1/1/21
CHRIST CRUCIFIED.
By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Now, ere I slept, my prayer had been
That I might see my way
To do the will of Christ, our Lord and
Master, day by day,
And with this prayer upon my lips I
knew not that I dreamed,
But suddenly the world of night a
pandemonium seemed.
From forest and from slaughter house,
from bull ring and from stall,
There rose an anguished cry of pain,
a loud, appealing call,
As man—the dumb beast's next of kin
—with gun and whip and knife,
Went pleasure-seeking through the
earth, blood-bent on taking life.
From trap and cage and house and zoo
and street that awful strain
Of tortured creatures rose and swelled
the orchestra of pain.
And then methought the gentle Christ
appeared to me, and spoke:
"I called you, but ye answered not"—
and in my fear I woke.

Again I slept. I seemed to climb a
hard, ascending track,
And just behind me labored one whose
patient face was black.
I pitied him, but hour by hour he
gained upon the path,
He stood beside me, stood upright—
and then I turned in wrath.
"Go back!" I cried. "What right have
you to walk beside me here?
For you are black and I am white." I
paused, struck dumb with fear,
For lo! the black man was not there,
but Christ stood in his place;
And oh! the pain, the pain, the pain
that looked from that dear face.

Then next I heard the roar of mills,
and moving through the noise,
Like phantoms in an underworld, were
little girls and boys.
Their backs were bent, their brows
were pale, their eyes were sad and
old,
But by the labor of their hands greed
added gold to gold.
Again the Presence and the Voice:
"Behold the crimes I see,
As ye have done it unto these, so have
ye done to me."

Now when I woke the air was rife with
that sweet rhythmic din
Which tells the world that Christ has
come to save mankind from sin,
And through the open door of church
and temple passed a throng,
To worship Him with bended knee,
with sermon and with song.
But over all I heard the cry of hunted,
mangled things—
Those creatures which are part of God
though they have hoofs and wings.

I saw in mill and mine and shop the
little slaves of greed —
I heard the strife of race with race, all
sprung from one God-seed—
And then I bowed my head in shame,
and in contrition cried:
"Lo, after nineteen hundred years,
Christ still is Crucified."
—New York Journal.

Negro World 1/1/21
THE BLACKMAN.
(Written in Answer to Poem by E. W.
Wilcox, "The Whitman.")

Wherever the Blackman casts his lot,
Oh far has the Blackman strayed,
Afair in the forests where ~~made~~ are not
Where the works of the Maker are still
quite hot,
It yields him his right of way,
For this is the Law by the power of
might
The Blackman holds his own in life's
fight.

Wherever the Blackman's pathway
leads,
To the Beyond has that pathway gone.
The earth still holds its beautiful
creeds,
Wherever the Blackman builds his
caves
And makes himself a home.
For this is the Law for good or ill.
There blood is stronger than the white
man's will.

Wherever the dark man lights his fires
Oh far has there light been thrown.
The world of nature flashes still
For love to all is the Blackman's will.
And his mighty race has grown,
For this is the Law, be ye cruel or
kind,
The world rolls on to a love divine.
EDWARD FITZHERBERT.
Barbadoes.

A PRAYER OF ETHIOPIA.

Hail! Thou Almighty God of Host
And King; Thou Master-King of all
Predominating kings, who boast
Their reign—from tufted throne
shall fall!
Ride on Thou King! Hark Thou, our
woes—
How long the time? Thou shalt
subdue
Such tyrant Nations! These, Thy
foes
And ours; we, sons of darker hue.
We heed Thy call, in war and peace,
We, loyal legions of Thy Clan!
Wilt Thou, our righteous deeds in-
crease
While struggling upwards—in Thy
Van?
Grant valor, with war-arms of might,
And Sacred Wisdom to command;
Renew our patience in "Thy Fight"
Till "Ethiopia" takes Her Stand.
JOSEPH HAZEL DONALDSON.

THE PARTING GUEST.

I like to have my friends come in
When evening's growing gray,
And talk of autos made of tin,
Of hens and hogs and hay.
Their coming does not make me sore;
'Tis this that makes me grieve:
When they would go, their visit o'er,
They take so long to leave.
They quit the dazzling sitting-room
At half-past ten o'clock;
Then in the hall's religious gloom
They talk and talk.
At last they leave my humble door,
But on the porch they pause;
And for another hour or more
They ply their useful paws.
The night is waxing old and late
When down the walk they go;
And then they loiter at the gate
To talk an hour or so.
How grand is that infrequent guest
Who says at nine o'clock:
"Time flies apace. You want to rest;
So I will take a walk."
He takes his walking-stick and hat,
And when he comes once more
He finds a welcome on the mat
That lies before the door.
My friends are welcome to my door,
And harmless suds will flow;
But when it's time to pull their freight
I wish they'd up and go!

ANONYMOUS.

Columbus Clubs Found School To Teach Negro Children Free

Women's Music Society Establishes Catherine Tuttle Settlement to Provide Free Tuition for Colored Children—White Teachers Volunteer for Work—Ella May Smith the Director

N. Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICA
JANUARY 8, 1921

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 2.—An enterprise unique in the musical life of America is the Catherine Tuttle Music Settlement which is flourishing in Columbus as a music school for Negro children and with a faculty composed entirely of prominent white teachers who give their services voluntarily. The school was founded last October by the Women's Music Club. None are accepted as students but children supposedly too poor to study with private teachers outside the settlement. In this way there is no trespassing upon the field of the regular music teacher. The school has already elicited a wide interest in the community and there are seventy-five prospective students on the waiting list.

Before the establishment of this settlement, the Women's Music Club had already directed seven music settlements as follows: South Side (Methodist); West Side (Congregational); Hermione Schontahl (Jewish); St. Paul's Neighborhood House (Episcopalian); Godman Guild (Non-Sectarian); West Main Street (Presbyterian) and Central Settlement (Non-Sectarian). Mrs. Ella May Smith, president emeritus of the club offered to organize this new settlement and

to act in the capacity of head worker. The school was called the Catherine Tuttle Music Settlement in memory of the late Catherine Tuttle, who was benefactor to the fine arts and various philanthropies of the city, and whose special interest in the Negro race inspired many gifts to Tuskegee and other institutions.

Mrs. Smith had no trouble in gathering about her a group of teachers favorably known in the city, among them Marjorie Rosemond and William Wylie, teachers of singing, Mr. Wylie also being conductor of the chorus; Alan Schaefer, teacher of violin and director of the orchestra; Jeannette Lewis Doty, teacher of banjo, guitar and mandolin and all the plectrum instruments and director of the class of these instruments. In addition Nellie Stout, Marie Collins and Mrs. Smith take care of as many piano students as possible, each teacher giving from two to eight hours a week to the school.

The young students, therefore, have the advantage of instruction from teachers of wide experience, Mrs. Smith having been long engaged in teaching piano, singing, music history and theory. She was for thirteen years president of the Women's Music Club and is at present chairman of American Music of the National Federation of Music Clubs. As to the other members of the faculty, Miss Rosemond was educated at Oberlin Conservatory and the Institute of Musical Art in New York. Mr. Wylie is a concert singer of training in New York and Italy. Miss Collins has taught for five years in Columbus, is the organist in a leading church, and has been Minnie Tracey's regular accompanist for her singing class in Columbus. Mrs. Doty, who formerly directed the Nordica Club in Washington graduated at Leipsic under Reinecke in piano and also studied violin and voice there. She studied mandolin with Valentine Abt. Mr. Schaefer studied the violin with Maude Cockins in

Columbus and is at present a student of Jean Ten Have of the Cincinnati Conservatory.

A small fee is charged for the lessons given at the settlement, chiefly to preserve the self respect of the student. This nominal fee is used to keep up the incidental expenses of the music school.

Found Music Library

A music library for the school has been started by Mrs. Smith and she is soliciting contributions from composers, publishing houses and private individuals.

Class lessons for violin, piano and vocal students are now being planned, to take care of the large waiting list.

Scholarships are to be offered for those students who have the best record for the whole school year. A public concert is being arranged for June which shall show forth the season's work in the various branches of instruction.

In order to secure extra support for the work of the school three well known artists, Mr. Wylie, Bernard Miller and Hazel Clinger recently gave a benefit recital for the settlement.

This school was established because the children of the colored race were the only class of the poor in Columbus that were not being looked after musically. It is said there are over 20,000 colored persons in Columbus, of whom about 5000 have come from the South during the past year. It was to provide the uplifting influence of music for these young people that the settlement was founded. It is situated in the comfortable quarters of the Community House for the colored people, under the auspices of Community Service.

Kriens Symphony Club Provides Festive Music for Netherland League

A Christmas Concert by the Kriens Symphony Club was given recently before the Universal Netherland League at the New York City College. Soloists who were cordially received, included Emanuel Schmauk, organist of the Holy Trinity Lutheran Church; Mrs. Henry Dopper-Siedenburg, soprano, and Jan van Bommel, baritone. There was a large audience.

Inga Julieva Active in Concert Work

Inga Julieva, the Norwegian soprano, appeared in Philadelphia in a concert on Dec. 27. On Jan. 16 she sings at Ellis Island for the immigrants, on the 25th in East Orange, the 29th a re-appearance in Philadelphia and Feb. 1 again in East Orange.

Negro Grand Opera Company Incorporated

ALBANY, N. Y.—The Negro Grand Opera Company, Inc., has been incorporated at the Secretary of State's office with a capital stock of \$50,000, with the object of fostering the production of grand opera among Negroes. The directors are H. Laurence Freeman, Waldo L. Freeman and Carlotta L. Freeman, all of New York City. W. A. H.

TO HON. MARCUS GARVEY

Like Moses led the Israelites and
viewed the landscape o'er,
He was sent to lead the black race
and to open freedom's door.
And he'll sail ships o'er the ocean
through the billows rough and
high, to lead his people
And he'll teach us love, hope and unity
which makes all; one yes; you

and I.
Tho' the way be rough and lonely to Oh Africa, our Fatherland,
our home beyond the sea.
If we sow we'll reap the harvest if we follow M. Garvey.
MRS. L. PETERSON.
Perth Amboy, N. J.

THE NEGRO'S GEM

Thy radiant shores I dream I see;
Thy enchanted shores my happy band
Carries my thoughts to thee.
Thy verdant hills and mountains,
Thy rivers calm and deep;
Look like a mystic fountain
And sweetens happy sleep.

Thy diamonds and thy sapphires
bright
Thy gold and silver mines,
Has caused the invaders without right
To trample on thy shrine.
Omen of the Negro, God bless you,
And keep your colors waving;
The Red, the Black and Green so true
Lovers of thy children's cravings.

When shall I see thy happy shores?
And feel thy balmy breezes;
Or drink thy wine as in days of yore,
With hearts that sympathize?
MAX CREQUE
22 West 127th Street, New York City.

Music, Poetry and Art- 1921.

THE SOUL OF THE POET

The soul of the poet
Must be grand,
With the thought
That he alone
The eyes of the poet
Must be luminous
With the vision
That he alone sees.

The dreams of the poet
Must be serene,
You can tell
From the lines that he pens.

The days of the poet
Must be wonderful
From the love
That he gives to his work.
LILLIAN D. MANSON.

LIBERTY AND LIFE

Onward, onward to Liberia
Along Sahara's straits,
To seek the life of liberty
Goes many an immigrant.

Across great hills and country wild
They face each struggle and strife;
But push onward to Liberia
To reach a great new life.

For there they'll learn what's liberty,
What's meant by equal rights;
And there will be no prestige
To mar a great new life.

Tho there they'll find both rich and
poor,
Here's hope all dwell alike,
So there will never be a cause
To tilt a great new life.

C. J. MONROE.

405 Holford Avenue, River Rouge,
Mich.

HOMAGE TO GARVEY

Garvey, thou pride of Negroes the
world o'er,
We pay thee our homage today;
For the worth of thy teachings thy joy
and thy care
And the good we have known 'neath
thy sway.

Oh, long-striving father of diligent
sons

And of daughters whose strength is
their pride,

We love thee forever and ever shall
walk

Through the coming years at thy
side.

Thy hand we have held up the difficult
sleep.

When painful and slow was the pace;
And onward and upward we've labored
with thee
For the glory of God and our race.

We all smile to greet thee, and we all
are glad

To sing of thy worth and thy praise,
Our hearts are thrilling as sweet as a
harp
When we look thee, our leader so
great.

Oh, Father Garvey, thou shinnest today
As a gem in the fairest of land;
Thou gavest the heaven-blest power to
see
The worth of your mind and your
hand.

We thank thee, we bless thee, we pray
for thee years,
Imploping with grateful accord
Full fruits of thy striving, time longer
to strive,
True love and true labor reward.

Lead on! We shall follow to the
sunny shore,
Where lynching and burning we'll
suffer no more;
Then shall our race o'er every clime
Sing the praises of Garvey and God
divine.

ANDREW G. JOSEPH.

OUR LEADER'S PRAYER

Spare his life to lead us, Oh Lord
That we shall not stumble nor fall
Nor lose all hopes in the times
That our wrecked souls may not go
down a night that knows no
dawning.

Oh Lord, how long before that dream-
less slumber

Will fall upon my heavy lids
That they should pay who plunder
From our father who has gone before

Some work of noble note may yet be
be known

When Africa, made weak by time and
fate, but strong in will,

To strive, to seek, to find her place in
the sun

With equal sons of heroic hearts.
JOSEPH C. COGGINS.

371 Woodward St.,

Jersey City, N. J.

Member Jersey City Division 117.

REMINISCENCES

Where are the days of yesteryear,
When I roamed through the woods of
my sunny Caribbee?

Where are the skies so blue and clear
And the mountains decked with wild
flowers rare?

And the coralitas sweep like a bride
train,
And the streamlets hum their myste-
rious tunes,
As they swiftly glide down 'neath the
underbrush?

Oh, where are the flowers that
bloomed from the caverns,
And the birds signing sweetly 'neath
the spread of the palm trees;
re-estacoinshrdlumfwyp

And where are the nooks (all so se-
cluded

With the gold fern a-hiding

From the touch of adventurous hands?
I perched like a lark atop of the spice
trees,

And sung out the notes I composed
in my dreams.

And those wild woods were delighted
With those wild and childish strains,
For the echoes came back like floats on
the air.

And now I can look back on those glor-
ious days,

When I smiled in my tears and smiled
in my joys.

And now how I wish that those days
would come back,

To nestle me closely amidst nature so
resplendent;

And bring back to me the freedom of
wild woods and flowers
Of birds and of trees and of stream-
lets so clear

Where through the silent valleys and
marshes

I listened to the call of silence and
sweet harmony

Which swells upon the bosom of nature
in the tropics.

Even though afar in space and time—
awake or in my dreams—

I still can hear the mountains and the
hilltops a-calling to me.

LILLIAN D. MANSON.

New York, Aug. 8.

LET US GIVE THANKS

I've seen in this excellent newspaper
lines

Of poetry which are splendid,
All of them tokens, all good signs
That our spirit's slavery's ended.

Out of the overpowering downward
stream

Of servitude and of submission
Struggles the Negro as from a dream

To the shore or the dawn of Garvey's
mission.

Come, gather, friends; let's thank our
Creator

That at last He has made us men,
And then turn we in prayer to the dear
Mediator,

To the Holy Ghost, to all three,
Amen

EDWARD A. BATTEN.

THE FLAG OF ETHIOPIA

O Red, Black and Green flag,

How beautiful you glow,
You tell me of my motherland,
Where I would like to go.

O Red, Black and Green flag,
'Tis liberty you bring,
The boys and girls of Ethiopia
Your victory will sing.

O Red, Black and Green flag,
Your majesty unfold,
Shall wave o'er the fields of Africa,
Till mobbing is no more.

O Red, Black and Green flag,
You mean so much to me,
I bow in humble gratitude,
I give myself to thee.

O Red, Black and Green flag,
I am a Black Cross nurse,
I serve you loyally

For the black people on earth,

FLORENCE FOY,

3757 Federal St.,

Chicago, Ill.

Division 23.

ODE TO THE NEGRO WORLD

Journal of a forsaken race! Welcome,
Thou hast become the medium
By which a regenerated race
Can record its sorrows and its joys.

Thy presence is the Negro's assurance
Thy pages the haven of his joys and
hopes;

King of them all—the Peerless one!
Where would we be without thee?

Each week thy pages loom brighter,
They record deeds that give the lie
To those who say the Negro "cannot."
Thy advent in Africa children's Gl-
braltar.

Shine on illustrious papers!
Africa's million sons and daughters;
Watch everywhere for thy coming
weekly,

With hearts jubilant and gay.

J. HUNTER.

222 W. 138th street, N Y C.

"THEY ARE COMING"

They are coming, they are coming,
To the sunny clime of Africa,
Where the skies are rich and radiant
With the beauties of the land.

They are coming, they are coming,
Four hundred million strong,
And their mottoes bear the message,
"For the right, against the wrong."

They are coming, they are coming,
Ethiopia's sons of might;
Hurling from the glories of their land
By tyrants of vice.

They are coming, they are coming,
To yon blessed heritage;

And we hail the coming morning,
When the day shall dawn for us.

ROSALIA PHYFER,

236 W. 140th St., N. Y. City.

LAMENTING

If I were blest with a poet's gift,
And you were my lover true,
I would sing you lays that would gently
lift.

Your heart to raptures of blue,

If I could your winsome face out see
And touch your affectionate hand,
Roses of gladness would chant to me
As a hero bold I'd stand.

If I could but know that you care
for me,

Despite my absence of mind,
The happiest creature I would be—
The secret of life I'd find.

CHARLES H. D. ESTE.

TO PRESIDENT POTTER

Lead us and we will follow;
We'll heed or die.

The fears of blind tomorrow
Are in the sky.

Speak words of hope and wisdom—
Strong words, but kind—
And we will seek the kingdom,
All hope to find.

Soar high, we pledge to follow,
Proud Montreal's band.
Though thorns obstruct the furrow,
Firm will we stand.

CHARLES H. D. ESTE.

KU KLUX KLAN, BEWARE!

Ku Klux Klan, you had better disband,
Before you feel the power of the Ne-
groes' hand.

They have changed since the year of
sixty-five;

You stay in the South or you won't
be alive.

You who went to war with him know
well what he can do,

And when it comes to self-protection,
good God, I pity you!

(warn you now, Ku Klux Klan,
Do not increase your ghostlike band,

If you wish to save lives, families and
land.

The Negro today is a thinking man,
And, when you start the fight, be sure

how much you can stand.

You will always remember the wild
West and its stages,

So will the Negro remember those
cruel outrages,

Not inflicted by the terrible Indian or
Hun,

But by his white Western and South-
ern countrymen.

Their hearts must be blacker than the
darkest night

To burn a man without giving him a chance to fight,
Why not abolish the terrible rope and stake?
And then see the progress and peace you will make,
Instead of inflicting fresh wounds of hate
By letting the Ku Klux Klan become your barbarous mate.
The Negro has progressed in knowledge, like the rest,
And is only too willing for a trial and test.
You claim to be wise, then why close your eyes,
When in every corner are the enemies' best spies?
The U. S. can't afford to fight her colored sons,
When she recalls what they did in Europe to the Huns,
At any moment there is liable to be another war,
And surely America would not pass the Negro's door.

Did you ever stop to think how terrible it would be
To have the vast Negro population your enemy?
But they are far from being a barbarous race,
And war and turmoil do not suit their taste.
He is anxious to be studying and learning,
So as to keep the sparks of genius still burning.
Now, Ku Klux Klan, don't come North
Unless you wish the devil himself to come forth.

WILLIAM B. CRAMPTON, JR.,
New York City

HE CAME BY THE WAY OF NEW ORLEANS

He came by the way of New Orleans—
And it never shall be forgot,
He sailed o'er the wave like an African knight—
He's here whether wanted or not.

He came by the way of New Orleans,
Surprising our Uncle Sam.
The more they looked the less they saw—
He couldn't be found for the jam.

He came by the way of New Orleans—
He left by the New York Bay.
He fell like a bomb in Liberty Hall;
For that is the Garvey way.

He came by the way of New Orleans,
The Statue of Liberty
Was making eyes in the harbor at its guards—
Its vision is poor—it can't see.

He came by the way of New Orleans—
The morning stars sang his praise.

He came by the way of New Orleans—
For God has peculiar ways.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.

THE MORE THEY LOOKED THE LESS THEY SAW

The more they looked the less they saw—

It isn't grammar, it isn't law;
But it's a truth without a flaw—

The more they looked the less they saw.

The more they looked the less they saw;

If you hold ice its sure to thaw—
It melted in the lion's paw—

The more they looked the less they saw.

The more they looked the less they saw

Of Garvey, the so-called outlaw.
They sliced schemes like knives cut

slaw—
The more they looked the less they saw.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.

2222 Wentworth Ave. Chicago, Ill.

The Negro World
ABDELKRIN 9/18/21

Quite some time has elapsed since
Abdelkrin defeated and drove to suicide
the haughty Spaniards. Burning
with impatience at the thought that
nothing has yet come forth in praise
of the hardy chief, I beg that you
accept the following:

ABDELKRIN

Come, sweet Muse, is there no song
For bold Abdelkrin and his throng,
Whose dauntless heart and skillful
brain

Made suicides of the Spanish train?

Muse, how silent! Why not sing
While we make our praise offering
To this our noble new-found chief?
Say! Are not his deeds beyond belief?

What Muse art thou, silent still!
Fast hie thee to the highest hill,
Sing forth his praise or let justice
Accuse thee also of prejudice.

Ah, Muse, now thou dost inspire,
My soul with the poetic fire,
I near forget 'twas thine own lyre
Upon which I played my song of ire.

But thou'lt pardon me that wrong,
'Twas done because I heard no song
Praising the victor of Melilla,
Who smote proud Spain on the myilla
(Spanish for cheek).

Now with thee, Muse, I'm content,
For to me thy voice thou hast lent
To praise this breaker of slavery's yoke.
Rest now, Muse, I'll no more thee in-
voke.

EDWARD BATTEN.

BATTLE HYMN OF ETHIOPIA

(Tune of Battle Hymn of Republic.)

Mine eyes behold the coming of a
grand and glorious day.

When the scattered sons of Ethiopia
shall be anchored far away.

Upon the shores of Africa their own,
their native land.

God's word is being fulfilled.

CHORUS.

Lift your voices high in praise, sing
Hosanna to the king.

God has called Marcus Garvey to lead
us home again.

Princes out of Ethiopia have already
come.

The Abyssinian and Liberian mission;
Stretch forth your hands, my people.

The time has really come
For you to return home.

The Lord of Hosts has heard your cry
and He has answered prayer,

And sent another Moses to lead you
over there.

Across the sea to Africa to rid you of
despair.

And Garvey is his name.

He has pitied your afflictions, and in
the time of need,

Has gently whispered to you, the things
He has decreed.

Those who My blood cleanseth, they
shall be free indeed

In spirit, mind and soul.

It has been for selfish purposes, that
the Caucasian has told us

Hideous stories about our motherland.
But now our eyes are opened,

The truth's at our command; we'll no
longer be deceived.

I can but perish if I go, so I am on my
way.

To regain my heritage, and this I firmly
say.

Africa for the Africans as the issue of
the day.

And the Lord God is our guide.

RENA S. POWELL,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE TOLLER

No star heralds him in—
The toiler of lowly birth,

Millions send up a high
That another must strive for a

hearth.

Like a prisoner serves his term
For the crime that his hand has

done.

So the toiler serves capital
From the rise to the set of sun.

However his hands may ply
He may not look forward to ease

His vision may project far,

But farther capital sees.

Like the bird that ever evades
The captor's extended hand,
So capital slips from the grasp
Of the laborer of this land.

Since civilization began
The toiler has been a slave,
And the harder his hands have toiled
The less his employer gave.

If capital raised the scale
Of wages, then living increased
For existence he madly strives
Like the hunter fights with the beast.

Since the dawn of organized toil,
His sweat has watered the land
To fertilize for the power
That rules with an iron hand.

His offspring are victims that live
And die 'neath the unlucky star
That shines on the haggard face
Imprisoned at capital's bar.

The masses have served the few;
They have bowed to the king on the
throne.

They have fought with democracy's
wrongs

Until flesh consumed to a bone.

The ballot's a butterfly;
They have chased it o'er hill and
vale

It slipped of the sweetest flowers,
But blood stains the toiler's trail.

What has capital taught?
Only how greed may thrive,
What has the ballot done?
Aided the rich to connive.

Brawn must battle with brain
The masses must rise and rule
The industrial world, if man
Would cease to be labor's tool.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.

THE BIRTHDAY OF INDEPENDENCE

(A poem for August 31, 1921. Writ-
ten at the request of a member of the
U. N. I. A.)

Unfurled the Red, the Black and Green,
And let it proudly wave;
The only flag that ever lit
The pathway of the slave.

Four hundred million stand beneath
The Red, the Black and Green,
On this immortal day to vow
To serve the Southern Queen.

The declaration of our rights
Has gone around the world,
In every land where black men dwell
Our flag has been unfurled.

The birthday of a scattered race
Has made the angels sing,
And freedom has enveloped earth
At last with her soft wing.

On, on to Africa, ye braves!
Four hundred million strong
Shall terrorize the hearts of knaves—
And right shall conquer wrong.

This day shall long commemorate
Our freedom—it shall be
A day that all the world may know
The slave has been set free:

And Africa has been redeemed!
We'll sail the briny wave,
And live beneath the flag and sky
That God in wisdom gave.

Send up three cheers for Africa—
T! - Red, the Black and Green!
Hurrah for Marcus Garvey,
Who has saved the Southern Queen!

No more we'll bow on weakling knees
To tyrants in this land!
For God has heard his children's cry
And clasped the African hand.

And history shall write this day
Upon the walls of fame;
For Africa has been redeemed—
A race has won a name.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.

SLEEP

It is rest, soft rest, refreshing and
divine,

The weary toiler's wealth, the infant's
weal;

Life's vital spark and force combine;
The soothing touch, the Gilead balm

that heals,
Loved by the prey to want and grue-
some pain.

Dreams vanquish care and heart and
brain unite.

The aged-swept limbs their vigorous
growth retain.

The soul is cleansed and garnished for
the fight.

CHARLES H. D. ESTE.

IN HONOR OF THE BLACK STAR LINE

What money cannot buy,
It cannot buy the sunshine, nor the
moonlight on the sea;

It cannot buy the love of God or a true
friend's loyalty.

It cannot buy a mother's love for the
babe that's at her breast.

Nor can it buy eternity, and neither
heavenly rest.

But it will buy a star that's black; yes
black as the coal from the mine.

And if we wish to see its electric sparks
Buy more shares in the Black Star
Line.

MRS. L. PETERSON.

Music, Poetry and Art — 1921.

AFRICA! AFRICA! MY OWN BELOVED LAND

(Written for John Dreamwell Gordon by John Milton Scott, preacher, poet and philosopher of Monterey, Calif.)
 Africa! Africa! my own beloved land!
 Here's now my heart and here is my hand.
 Pledged that true to you ever I'll stand,
 Africa! Africa! to help make you grand—
 Grand among men and grand unto God:
 Sacred your winds and your sun and your sod,
 Sacred your women, your children and men,
 Never to be in dread bondage again!
 Sacred your soil whose winds we will free
 From all other flags which not brotherly be;
 Sacred your flag which now is unfurled;
 Honored it must be throughout all the world!
 And not a heart's here but that's willing to die
 That over us always our sacred flag fly.
 Africa! Africa! I love your palms;—
 I love your storms and I love your calms;
 I love your mountains and rivers and plains;
 I love your flag and will keep it from stains;
 I love your oceans with their tropic embrace;
 But better than all I love your Black Face!
 Its eyes are alight with the grandeur of man;
 Majestic love's righteousness rules in each plan
 For building a nation, the grandest and best
 Which Freedom, all holy, has loved and caressed;
 With the glory of God that face is aglow,
 And the glory of man its shinning now show;
 Its black grace of God will hallow the world
 Wherever its flag of the free is unfurled.
 Africa! Africa! you have been wronged!
 The greedy of all lands your spaces have thronged;
 They've stolen your treasures with brutalized might;
 They've cruelly murdered all justice and right;
 They've tortured your children, your women outraged;

They've lusted and tortured and murdered and caged
 And piled up a treasure which a just God will blight
 And blast in His wrath when triumphs His right;
 His trumpet is sounding and Europe has felt
 The sting of His lash, the ache of its welt;
 Already His call's in the heart of his blacks;
 He's placing Love's burden upon their strong backs
 To build a love nation in their native land
 As His heart through the ages has wisdomed and plan'd.
 Africa! Africa! God's is the call!
 Into the line of His forward march fall!
 Give of your treasures, but give of your soul
 That Africa's torn heart be healed and made whole—
 Healed by your hearts' outpoured wine and oil;
 Here there is sacrifice; here there is toil,
 Blood sweat and thorns and the cross on the hill;
 But the after-death glory the whole world will fill,
 For Africa, Africa is God's chosen one
 To help build the new earth and light the new sun;
 Come, lay its foundations deep in the earth;
 The muscles may moan, but the heart will have mirth
 As its swelling dome lifts to be kissed by the sky
 Where our Africa's flag forever will fly.
 Africa! Africa! we live but for you!
 You will only live, to that life we are true!
 We'll build you a nation which honors not death,
 Breathing life and good will with each loving breath,
 Where love is the law of the land and the right
 Shall be tested and proven in Love's gentle light;
 There a child will be holy, a mother revered
 And man unto man be a neighbor endeared;
 There we're leaving no room for envy and hate,
 For in love we are building in Love's great state;
 When such nation is builded, the great task well done,
 The news through the earth will shine with the sun;
 O, Africa! Africa! then you will be
 The honored of nations in a world of the free!

LETTERS TO 16-YEAR-OLD GEN- EVA WILLIAMS

We cannot print your letter, dear—
 The paper lacks the space;
 But Marcus Garvey's working hard
 To free your outraged race.

Geneva, millions wait, like you,
 For God to set them free.
 So cheer up, little Georgia Rose,
 And drop a line to me.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP
 2233 Westworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

OPPORTUNITY

By William Holmes

They do me wrong who say I come no more
 When once I call and fail to find you in.
 For every day I stand outside your door
 And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Weep not for precious chances passed away;
 Weep not for golden ages on the wane.
 Each night I burn the records of the day;
 At sunrise every soul is born again.

Dost thou behold thy earnings, all aghast;
 Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
 Then turn from blotted archives of the past
 And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell!
 Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.
 Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
 Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped;
 To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb.
 My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
 But never blind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hand and weep.
 I lend my arm to all who say "I can."
 No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
 But yet might rise and be again a man.
 If sleeping, wake! It is the hour of fate!
 Come with us now and join our happy band.
 Be sure you come before it be too late,
 And let us march into our mother land.

REFLECTIONS OF MY AFRIC'S HOME

By JEREMIAH MONTAGUE,

Central Boston Banes Division, Cuba

I
 When shall mine eyes that beautiful land behold?
 So green in verdure, rich with wealth untold.
 Upon her bosom I would rest content,
 Than here in foreign lands my life to spend.

II
 A night of long three hundred years is spent,
 And still no place is found to pitch my tent;
 A star of hope is risen in the East,
 That points us to the land of joy and peace.

III
 Our aged heads are bowed with grief and pain,
 Our lives we gave in battle but in vain,
 For freedom's right we surely must contend,
 'Tis holy writ: God is the black man's friend.

Ere lay my head upon the lap of Earth,
 I hope to know that land of highest worth,
 Where freedom's banner waved in times of old,
 And glittering sunbeams shone o'er sands of gold.

The star that led the Magi to the Savior fair
 In human form to Negroes doth appear,
 With beams of light to guide our weary ways
 In these fair confines of descending days.

Where is the promise, wars shall ever cease,
 Enjoying sunshine of unending peace,
 If this my portion let me lay my head
 In grief forever in my narrow bed.

LET ME HOPE IN THEE

Lord, the day is past,
 Night is overcast,
 Ease has come at last.

Let me hope in Thee.
 Bless the friends I love.
 May Thy peaceful dove
 Flutter from above.

Let me hope in Thee.
 Give me strength to pray,
 Light to glean my way,
 Courage for the fray.

Let me hope in Thee.
 Steel my mind to heaven,
 Thoughts of wisdom leaven,
 And with purpose riven

Let me hope in Thee.
 Break the bond of sin,
 May I strive to win.
 Bliss to Thee akin.

Let me hope in Thee.

Whisper to my heart,
 Bid despair depart,
 Break the enemy's dart;
 Let me hope in Thee.
 Hints to guide and teach
 Throw within my reach.
 Cool my scorching beach,
 Let me hope in Thee.
 Warm my young desire
 With Thy sacred fire;
 Secrets blest transpire,
 Let me hope in Thee.

While I rest my head,
 May Thy grace o'erspread
 Brooding o'er my head;
 Let me hope in Thee.
 And when days are done
 May Thy sceptre won
 Be my radiant sun.
 Let me hope in Thee,
 Let me hope in Thee.

CHARLES H. D. ESTE

"WHAT AMERICANS WANT"

The Negroes of the good dog kind,
 Adult in years, but child in mind,
 Who fought in all the wars she ever did win,
 And remains patriotic though she lynches his kin.
 Who meekly takes a kick or cuff,
 And never fails to believe a bluff;
 For when can the Republican party come in power,
 It promises him a square deal every hour.

Who hurries to the white man's call,
 Abides in him and tells him all;
 He believes that the Black men ne'er can rule
 That God made them for the white man's tool.

The kind that has distaste for school,
 Just glad to live and be a fool,
 This is what America likes
 For she fears the Negro in his might.
 The Negro with no choice or taste,
 Who lives and dies a "human waste,"
 That follows in the Klu Klux track,
 And America will they not be driven back.

Who shrinks and cringes like a cur,
 Quick with his "Yes, mam's" and "Yes, Suh's."

This makes safe the jimcrow car;
 America knows what the reasons are.
 Negro professors in Negro schools
 Teach Black boys to be fools.

That all is great the white man's done,
 And black is only to be shunned.
 For there is no honor to be won,
 For blacks have nothing ever done.
 He says, "Be contented with the worst";

Put God last, and the white man first.
 H. W. STIRBY.

A MESSAGE FROM THE BLACK BELT

Ephraim, I'm lonely
 And I am sore oppressed;
 If you would drop a line to me
 I would be cheered and blest.
 I know that you're in bondage,
 And so, alas, am I.
 The foe grows stronger every day
 Till I could wish to die.
 But never let us yield our cause
 Though Mississippi's flood

Should turn to red where Aryan's spill
Black unoffending blood!
And let this be the epitaph
That's written o'er my grave:
They starved her body and her soul
Because she loved the slave!
ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.
3233 Wentworth ave., Chicago, Ill.

TO GOVERNOR DORSEY

Stand up, O noble Governor—
Stand up for liberty!
The tide of hate may sweep the North
But we've a home for thee.
O better banishment and loss
Than to fall into the jaws
Of the leviathan that eats
A race and grins at laws.
The wolves are lurking in thy trail
And howling in thy ears;
There's Aryan gold and Tulsa's groans,
And God above who hears.
A nation's eyes are fixed on thee!
Stand up, thou noble son,
And show Columbia gold and ease
Cannot buy every one!
ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.
3233 Wentworth ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE BLACK BRUTE

I wonder where the Black Brute is—
I haven't seen him yet;
But White Brutes are as thick as flies
When days are damp and wet.
Who was the Black Brute in New York
Who saved from fiery death
His Anglo-Saxon brother,
At risk of his own breath?
They say the Black Brute must be
downed—
So they buy kerosene
And pour it over everything
That's black that may be seen.
For Anglo-Saxons have told lies
All for the devil's sake;
But this lie told about Black Brutes
Must surely take the cake.
I went to church not long ago—
A trembling Black Brute told
How Springfield had him in the oil.
The lad was young and bold,
And tears of sorrow stained his cheek
As he called on his God
To liberate his outraged race
Burned on a freeman's sod.
White men have told the Black Brute
lie
Until they believe it's so;
For I have looked into the truth
And speak as one who knows.
But if I have to take my chance
Between the Black and White,
Give me the Black Belt for my zone,
However dark the night.
ETHEL TREW DUNLAP
3233 Wentworth Ave.

"AFRICA LAMENTING HER
CHILDREN'S GRIEF AS THEY
NARRATE TO HER."

By SAMUEL TELFER
Three hundred years ago today
Your children knew my care;
Into my golden sand they play,
While mine shed bitter tears.
Oh! send them back again to me,
I can no longer bear;
With broken heart I hear them plead,
In grief beyond compare.
Three hundred years your greed I bore
'Neath Africa's sunny skies:
My generation, this makes four,
Since you on them rely.
Go, search from North, South, East
and West
Where white men true are found;
They scorn the children of my breast
And theirs are on my ground,
Which mother true could bear to see
Her children left to die,
Or thrown into the angry sea
Among the sharks to lie?
Be this my last and solemn vow,
And pray now do begone,
I will no longer this allow
To see them yet forlorn.
Four hundred millions now and more
Escaping midst alarm,
To hail once more my sunny shore
And shelter there from harm.
Their love I know is just as warm,
On that I will rely;
To intercede grandfather's harm
While savages defy.

SAMUEL TELFER.
Tela, Spanish Honduras.

TO MISS ETHEL TREW DUNLAP

Star of the first magnitude,
Luminously bright;
Thou hast driven solitude
From the Negro's night.

Old age has lost its sadness,
Darkness fled away;
Youth is bedecked with gladness,
Life is as fair May.

In the firmament of fame,
Queenly thou shalt shine;
Morning star—then evening star,
And that star divine.

May He, Who gave thee wisdom,
Give also the right
To shine, in His Own Kingdom,
Always—ever bright.

C. MICHAEL PERCY.
Guantanamo City, Cuba,
June 24, 1921.

I'M WHITE BY COLOR ONLY

I'm White by color only
If color means that I
Take part with those who lynch and
burn
And pass the Black man by.

Oh, I would die to save our Flag;
But want to see it wave
Beneath a sky where child nor man
Is peon nor yet slave!

How can I sing at Freedom's shrine
The anthems of the free.

When flesh consumes, when Tulsa
slain
Send back their cries to me?

There's patriot and patriot—
They sailed across the wave
To lift the yoke of bondage,
But passed the suffering slave.

A patriot is glorified
If he sails o'er the sea;
But none doth honor if he acts
To help set Ephraim free.

Oh, countrymen, my soul is sad;
Your hearts have grown so cold
That Liberty will not receive
Back Ephraim to her fold!

For Shepherd Freedom counts her
lambs;
Yet will not go to seek
The one that's crippled and long lost
That daily grows more weak.

False Freedom cannot long survive!
An ignominious end
Awaits the so-called patriot
Who is not Ephraim's friend.

For God has heard his humble cry—
He's answered his low call.
Oh, Aryans, trust not in thy might,
Or pride may have a fall!

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.
June 18, 1921.

OUR SAILORS AND OUR SHIPS

How dashing in sun and light the
frigate makes her way,
Her wings spreading full and bright
beneath the glancing ray.
The gale may wake, but she will take
whatever wind may come,
Fit car to bear the ocean god upon his
crystal home;
She cleaves the tide with might and
pride,
She treats the wave like abject slave;
All shall mark the gallant bark, their
hearts upon their lips,
And cry, "Oh Africa, who shall match
thy sailors and thy ships?"

Stout forms, strong arms and daunt-
less spirits dwell upon the deck,
True to their cause in calm or storm,
in battle or in wreck.
No foe will meet a coward hand, faint
heart or quailing eye;
They only know to fall or stand, to
live the brave or die.
The flag that carries 'round the world
a Negro victor's name
Must never shield a dastard knave or
strike in craven shame.
Let triumph scan her blazing page, no
record shall eclipse
The glory of Africa's cross, her sailors
and her ships.

The tempest breath sweeps o'er the
sea with howlings of despair,
Death walks upon the waters, but the
tar must face and bear.

The bullets hiss, the broadside pours
'mid blood and smoke,
And prove an African crew and craft
alike are hearts of oak.
Oh! ye who live 'mid fruit and flowers,
the peaceful, safe, and free
Yield up a prayer for those who dare
the perils of the sea.
"God and our right!" These are the
words e'er first on our lips,
But next shall be Africa's flag, our
sailors and our ships.

LUCILLE WINIFRED MARSDEN,
136 West 133d St., N. Y. C.

YE SONS OF HAM

Cry out, and shout, ye "Sons of Ham,"
List to the turmoil o'er the land!
Know ye the "Black Watch" has re-
turned!
Doubt ye each Negro's soul doth
burn?
Right to the "Fore" at Columbia's
call,
Trained, did you say? No! Not all.
Soldiers they were, but green and raw,
Into the fiery beds of war.

There they were placed on a foreign
sod,
Putting their trust in the grace of
God.

"Fighters of hell," the Frenchman said.
How they have suffered, how they
have bled.

Back to their homes these Negroes
come,

Bringing the laurels they have won,
But laurels, these can go amiss
If still there lurks that prejudice.

Lift up your heads; be proud, be
brave;

Though black the same red blood
flows through your veins
As through your paler brothers.

Be men! Not cowards, and demand
your rights;

Your toil increased the nation's gold,
And when death challenged ye were
bold.

Be men! Not cowards, and demand
your rights.

LUCILLE WINIFRED MARSDEN,
136 West 133d St., N. Y. C.

RACE CONSCIOUSNESS

If ye know, what it is
Ye do not see it;
Or know ye where it is
Ye do not reach it.
Call upon Heaven for it,
Does Heaven send it?
Seek out the race's wit,
They cannot give it.
Be humble and plead for it,
'Tis grudged ye, every bit;
Or bravely demand it,
Ye must disown it.
Like a faroff beacon lit,
With storm shrieking round it,
It flickers in the vast pit
Of black night that veils it.
Still have ye faith in it,
And that faith be fit;
Ye need not in fear to sit
For yet will God send it.
H. ELIZABETH DOWDEN.
Hartford, Conn.

MORE TRUTH

THAN POETRY

DUBOIS AT OKMULGEE, OKLA.

Dr. DuBois went to Okmulgee town,
In the interest of the N. A. A. C. P.
His friends knew he was coming,
So they employed a very fine car.

But to their surprise, when he arrived,
And was taken to the place for him to
dine,

He said, "Is this the place you have
for me?"

If so you may turn your car around."

He turned up his nose and frowned,
As if the air was poison for miles
around;

He styled himself better than Christ,
Who died to save the world from sin.

The house was common—but modern
in construction,

And the proprietor, the public school
principal,

Had gone to several dollars' expense
To make things nice for the gentleman.

But the way the gentleman acted,
Where he goes angels dare to tread;

Now in case he ever returns to Ok-
mulgee,

His Okmulgee friends may all be dead.
Dr. Dubois truly is made indeed,

As one and all truly can see,
Because he missed the U. N. I. A.,
Which he thought he surely had.

The stone cut out of the mountain,
He who falls thereon is broken to
pieces;

Whatever the stone falls upon,
It grinds into powder.

I feel that our motto ever shall be,
"One God, one aim and one destiny";
Because we can never be happy,
Half slave and half free as Dr. DuBois.

J. BAXTER LOGAN.

THE NEGRO WORLD

(Acrostic)

By J. R. RALPH CASIMIR

U. N. I. A., Russian Division No. 25,
Dominica, B. W. I.

Tell the Negro the story of
"He must first strike the blow if
Ever he means to be free"

Negroes, be up and doing,
Ethiopia stretch forth her hands!
God Almighty is our Captain,
Righteous in our cause.
Oh, Africa, awake! awake!

Wake up, ye sleeping Negroes,
On to victory!

Raise their voices fearlessly:
Liberty for Africa and Africans—
Down with traitors, oppressors all!

Roland Hayes Writes About Spirituals to "The Musician"

New York Age 1/22/21

"The Musician," edited by Henry Coates, published at 70, Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, is one of the leading music publications in England. The December number is particularly interesting to me as it gives considerable space to the American Negro tenor, Roland W. Hayes of Boston, originally of Georgia, who is now appearing in various recitals and concerts in London and other parts of England.

That Mr. Hayes' work in England is of considerable importance has been made apparent by the attention accorded him through the leading English journals, notably the daily and weekly news press. A glance at the pages of "The Musician" will show that the musical elite are also giving Mr. Hayes the recognition which those of us who are familiar with his work feel that he deserves.

"A Page of Pictures" is the heading which this journal places over four photographs reproduced on one page. The four persons represented are musicians whose names are familiar to the sophisticated music patron the world over—Enrico Caruso, tenor, shown as a gardener on his Long Island estate, trundling a wheelbarrow; Cecil Sharpe, the eminent English cellist, snapshotted at a cafe in the Cathedral Square, Milan, Italy; M. Marcel Dupre, the organist of Notre Dame, Paris, in London to perform on the Albert Hall organ; and to quote "The Musician's" inscription, "This is Mr. Roland Hayes, the Negro tenor, whose singing has delighted London." The picture is evidently a snapshot made at one of the English garden parties so much written about.

On another page of this same issue appears an interesting little article by Mr. Hayes on "The Negro Spirituals." Not because of the point of view from which Mr. Hayes writes, but because of the intimate touches which he has given, I am reproducing this article for the benefit of readers of "IN THE REALM OF MUSIC." Mr. Hayes writes as follows:

"I am glad of the opportunity to chat with the readers of this column about 'Negro Spirituals' for several reasons. However, before I give my reasons I wish to state that I myself was born of slave parents on a plantation in the southern part of the United States (Georgia), where I was brought up until I was 14 years old. For several years I lived in the South, moving from one part to another, and I know something of actual conditions and circumstances under which many of the 'Spirituals' were born. My dear mother, who is yet alive, and others who were slaves have given me valuable information as regards the pre-war conditions under which the black people lived."

"The chiefest of my reasons for being glad to chat with you is that there is something real and vital in Negro Spirituals, about which all peoples of the world should know. First of all, these wonderful songs are the spontaneous outburst of a deeply religious people long oppressed by slavery, where only comfort and salvation was in their absolute faith and belief in God and His promises. All through the long and dreary days of slavery they would pour forth their songs—now of sorrow, now of hope and joy—from their great souls to Him in praise and thanksgiving. There was no foolishness or lightness attached to their singing of these songs, but they were given with all seriousness."

"There is another matter which I should like to touch upon because of the confused ideas which so many people have with regard to what is the real 'Negro music.' There are those who think

that the only Negro music is the 'Jazz' or 'ragtime.' True, it is a sort of music which belongs to the Negro, but it is not the real Negro music. The difference between them is best explained in these words. The jazz or ragtime is but a caricature of the 'Negro Spiritual.' There is syncopation in many of the religious songs and on occasions of revival meetings there was a mighty clapping of hands and swaying of bodies, and it is from this that we get the exaggerated syncopation in the dance music. There are those who have taken these wonderful songs into the music halls and theatres, and have exploited them in an improper manner for the purpose of financial gain; it is an irreverent thing to do and most erroneous. Those persons' efforts are futile and in effect lost who attempt to sing these songs without approaching them with a reverent heart, deeply religious spirit, and profound deep feeling. All thought of vocal sophistication must be put aside if one would move his audience."

"There are values spiritual and technical in Negro music which but few people have been able to find. There is the throbbing heart of an oppressed people, yet, without the morbidity that characterizes, say, for instance the Russian music. The reason can easily be understood when I say that the Negro in his deepest trouble and distress, is always optimistic and never allows adverse conditions to dampen his spirit. In his saddest songs there is a ray of hopefulness shining right through. For example, here is one of the songs of a broken-hearted slave who, returning home from his day's work found that his wife and baby had been sold to a slave-trader who lived many hundred miles away:

Nobody knows de trouble I see,
Nobody knows but Jesus."

"Another example and a different type is:

Oh! Bye and bye, bye and bye,
I'm a-goin' to lay down dis heavy load."

Although under the great burden of slavery the Negro found joy in the hope expressed. Still another type is, 'I'm goin' up to heaven and sit down.' It expresses the simple faith of an old Negro woman worn from long service as cook on a southern plantation. She imagines what her Lord will say to her when she reaches 'His Throne in Glory.'

'I'm goin' up to heaven and sit down.
Goin' up to heaven and sit down, and
Sit down, sit down, child,
Sit down, rest a little while."

"'Swing low, sweet chariot,' is but another type of an optimistic note.

'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home;
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home."

"'Go down, Moses,' is said to be hoary with age, having been brought down from the time of the reign of the Pharaohs in Egypt. It is a very strong melody.

Go down, Moses—way down in Egypt's land,
Tell ole Pharaoh, to let My people go."

"The above examples are only a few of the many really wonderful types of Negro Spirituals. I have really enjoyed this chat and I hope it may be my privilege to chat with you again in the near future."

IN THE REALM OF MUSIC

An interesting joint recital was given Thursday evening, January 13th, by Miss Electra Jackson, soprano, and Miss Flora M. Sutton, reader at Corona Congregational Church, the Rev. Geo. W. Hinton, pastor, Corona, Long Island. A good sized audience heard the program and those present commented favorably upon the efforts of the young ladies. Miss Jackson gave three groups of songs, including "The wind's in the South" (Scott), and "Who Knows" (words by Dunbar); "Thou art risen, my beloved" (Coleridge-Taylor) and "The Awakening" and "Li'l Gal" (Johnson), and three of Burleigh's spirituals, "By and By," "Jus' lak John" and "Peter, go ring dem bells."

Miss Sutton also gave three groups, as follows: "De deacon's mistake," "Po grandpop" and "Trials of an entertainer"; "A race for life," "Shall they have died in vain" and "Start today"; and "The Fifteenth Regiment," "Dat old-time religion" and "Just Mammy's way." All of these numbers were written by Theodore Henry Shackelford, a young colored author.

Miss Edith May Randolph was at the piano, and the ushers were Miss Gladys V. Harris, Miss Mathilda Williams, Miss Harriet Hill and Miss Veronica Greene. F. H. Wilson served as master of ceremonies.

Washington Bee 2/8/21

Mme. Ella France Jones, the Boston lyric soprano, who was heard at the Second Baptist Church last Thursday evening, enjoys the reputation of being not only a beautiful singer, but also one of the best concert singers, and is rapidly forging to the front as a real star. In Thursday's recital she certainly surpassed expectations and easily measured up to the best that has been said of her by Nathaniel Dett and others in the music world. However, Mme. Jones revealed the fact during her recital that she possesses real artistry in tone and phrasing, depth of feeling, a vibrating voice of great power, with purity and blitheness. She possesses the vocal equipment necessary to a successful artist, a stage presence of charm and poise and, above all, native talent. She almost brought tears to the eye in the singing of White's "Nobody Knows De Trouble I Saw" and Dett's "I'm So Glad Trouble Doan Last Always." They were thrilling plaintive melodies of the race that carried conviction and evoked deep religious fervor. Her "L'heure Exquise" (the Magic Hour) by Clough Leighter was a finely executed number, but she swept her au-

(over)

dience off their feet in the rendition of the "Norwegian Love Song" by the same composer. Her voice rose from the pianissimo passages through the medium to the forte with the ease of a Melba, exacting in her andante and allegro movements, with a smooth flowing legato, and her high staccato-like tones she carried her hearers away upon the wings of music to the realms of ecstasy. No sweeter voice may be heard than that of Mme. Jones and we await her return with anxiety.

Miss Eva Dykes, the accompanist, was a marvel at the piano, performing the most difficult passages with the utmost grace and charm.

Mrs. Emma Lee Williams, eloquentist, delighted wonderfully in her unique readings from various authors, including our own Dunbar. Indeed she won fresh laurels upon her brow.

The program was under the management of Wellington A. Adams and under the auspices of the Second Baptist Church choir, Mr. S. E. Minor, president. A large and appreciative audience was present. The program was as follows:

"I Breathe Thy Dear Name" (Salter), "Russian Lullaby" (Coverly), "A Birthday" (Woodman), Mme. Jones; "Nobody Knows De Troubles" (White), "I'm So Glad Trouble Don't Last Always" (Dett), "I Stood On De Ribber of Jordan (Burleigh), Mme. Jones; select reading, Mrs. Williams; "L'heure Exquise" (the Magic Hour) (Clough Leighter), "Vissi D'Arte—Missi D'Amore" (Music and Love—These Have I Lived For) (Puccini), Mme. Jones; select reading, Mrs. Williams; "The Winds in the South (Scott), "Minnlied (Brams) "Norwegian Love Song" (Clough Leighter), Mme. Jones.

Harry Burleigh sang some of his "Negro Spirituals" at an evening of Negro song and poetry entertainment at the Brooklyn Y. W. C. A. for the benefit of a Southern school.

Felix Weir, noted violinist, and Miss Minnie Brown, of St. Mark's Church choir, New York City, appeared in a program of the New Amsterdam Musical Association Orchestra, Allie Ross, conductor, on a recent date.

2-8-21.

Colored Musicians Hold Meeting at Dunbar.

On Sunday afternoon, January 23, the local branch of the National Association of Colored American Musicians held a rally meeting to stimulate greater interest among Washington musicians. A good-sized audience turned out and was well repaid for their attendance. Mrs. Gregoria Fraser Goins, local president, presided, and she urged greater interest among those present in future meetings of the local body. Quite a few gave their names for membership at the close of the meeting, which promises larger activity among local musicians. Before the meeting closed Mrs. Pelham, Mrs. Tapscot and Wellington Adams were extended thanks on behalf of the organization for the assistance given in this rally meeting.

Three Colored Artists Heard Here in Recital.

Three cultivated colored American musicians were heard in recital at Dunbar High School on Thursday of last week, when Charlotte Wallace-Murray, mezzo soprano, was assisted by Tourgee DeBose, solo pianist and a graduate of Oberlin College, Ohio, and by Mary L. Europe, accompanist.

Felix Weir, A. Boyd, Hall Johnson and M. Cumbo appeared in a string quartet recital in New York City on January 23 at the Jackson Music School. Clare Steele, mezzo soprano, and Mr. E. H. Margetson, accompanist, assisted on the program. Two new compositions by colored composers, vocal by Mr. Margetson, and the "Adagio Doloroso" from the quartet in G major, by Hall Johnson, were interesting features.

This week Mme. Florence Colt Talbert, soprano, of Detroit, Mich., appeared in a recital at the former Jewish Synagogue, Chicago, given by the Umbrian Glee Club.

In Cleveland, Ohio, colored composers were honored by the Harmonic Club at the Masonic Auditorium, the white director of public school music directing the chorus. Burleigh's transcription of a Southern melody and Nathaniel Dett's "Listen to the Lambs" were the se-

lections. Dett's number made a decided hit.

James P. Johnson, a race musician, has recently been added to the Q-R-S player rolls staff of exclusive pianists for the purpose of supplying colored music. Other colored pianists will be added later, it is announced.

FOR MUSIC LOVERS.

The Best 3/12/21
A Leaf Taken From Murray's Historical and Biographical Encyclopedia of the Colored Race Throughout the World.

MILBURN, RICHARD, i. e., "Dick Milburn, composer of 'Listen To the Mocking Bird.'"

It has long been observed that the African possessed certain musical traits of a high order, and that with proper training he was destined to reach a commanding place in the musical world. This opinion is amply sustained by the career of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, who by his genius attained in 1907, to the highest honors accorded a musician. And today he is spoken of and his music played throughout Europe and America. As great and musically prominent as Mr. Coleridge-Taylor is today, the same was accorded to George A. P. Bridge-tower, also a colored man, and in honor of whom Beethoven dedicated his famous musical composition known as the "Kreutzer Sonata." Then there was the Chevalier Georges, the companion about 1776-1793 of kings, queens, princes and the European nobility generally. Richard Milburn, author of "Listen to the Mocking Bird," lacked the scientific training of the aforementioned, but had musical taste. In the work of establishing the authorship of this once popular song, happily we are able, by reference to the minutes of the Philadelphia Library Company, an organization of colored men that met at stated periods in the lecture room of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, to fix the same beyond doubt as belonging to Richard Milburn. Dick Milburn, as he was familiarly called, had the faculty of whistling to an extraordinary extent, while at the same time he was sufficiently skilled as a performer, to accompany himself on a guitar. He was a barber by profession, and in the leisure moments of his vocation turn-

ed his attention to imitating the birds, and particularly the mocking bird. Some of the members of the Library Company, aware of his cleverness in this respect, induced Milburn to add to the interest of their meetings by an exhibition of his marvelous power. Those who have heard the celebrated Mrs. Shaw give an exhibition of whistling, which she did with great success in Europe and America, can form a correct estimate of what possibilities there are in that form of entertainment. The minutes of the Philadelphia Library Company, noticing the presence and performances of Mr. Milburn at several of their meetings, attest beyond dispute the claim made in Milburn's behalf. It seems that Mr. Septimus Winner, a skilled musician and publisher, induced Milburn to whistle it before him while he wrote down the bird-like notes. The song was afterwards published by Mr. Winner, and during the years between 1855 to 1865, was the "piece de resistance" of the minstrel companies and serenading parties. The following from the Philadelphia Tribune, in January, 1908, is of interest:

"The world in general has accepted the music of 'Listen to the Mocking Bird' as the product of 'Sep' Winner. This has been disputed, especially in these columns. Last week, our townsman, noted for his unerring instinct for finding rare tomes and curios pertaining to colored people, came across a copy of 'Listen to the Mocking Bird.' It was published in Philadelphia in 1855, and in the frontispiece says: 'Music by Richard Milburn, words by Alice Hawthorne.' It was published by Septimus Winner, whose gift at lyrics was conceded and who was musical besides. Because he was a prolific writer, the music of that song was attributed to him. Milburn was a native of this city and worked in his father's barber shop, next door to 'Lou' Cochran's tavern at Sixth and Lombard streets. It was soon discovered that he was musical, playing the guitar, with a good singing voice and with whistling skill beyond approach. This brought a large clientele and made his place of employment one of the noted ones. His imitations of bird whistles was indeed marvelous, and the members of the Philadelphia Library Company, alive to any attractions of a musical sort in conjunction with their literary efforts, heard of him and secured his services along the lines just indicated.

It was then that he evolved the air above noted. Being catchy, scores were humming and whistling it. Coming to the notice of Winner, he sent for Milburn, who played, sang and whistled the air composed by him, and then Winner wrote down the notes. Milburn knew nothing of musical notation, but had an alert mind for composition. It spread all over the country, and Winner won fame, at the expense of another, and that a colored man. The mother of Milburn, Mrs. Matilda Moore, is still alive and resides with George Gorgas, 407 Fairmount avenue. Our subject must have been built upon original lines, because his wife was a barber and right along with him in his business. After his death, she plied the trade on Lombard street, north side, at what is now opposite Starr Garden. The music, now in the possession of Mr. Adger, settles beyond cavil the authorship of that bit of melody. Fourteen years prior to the advent of Milburn, there was a member of Frank Johnson's brea band—Henry Williams by name—who wrote a sentimental ballad entitled 'Loriette.' The composer was a Bostonian, gifted as an instrumentalist, who had, like several others, come to our city. It had a large sale, and in its day outranked any other air in popularity. Another composer of no mean caliber in the era of Williams was William Brady. His music, like that of Williams' and Milburn's, was published in this city. Brady's inclinations were of the religious, and although a voluminous writer, all of his efforts were of a sacred character. In the old Catholic churches his masses were constantly used. To Milburn belongs the credit and the mission of the chronicler fulfilled in the facts just now noted."

NEGRO FOLK SONGS.

Montgomery Advertiser
A letter from Oscar E. Saffold, of Montgomery, published in The Advertiser of last Sunday, quoted the Russian composer Stravinsky as saying that North America is indebted, not to the English, but to the negro for its distinctive musical rhythms and melodies, and named several compositions which have been founded on these melodies, with the hope that "the time is not far distant when some composer will give to the world an oratorio, opera or musical setting based on "the only original music of the Americans and thus immortalize himself." Dvorak's "New World Symphony" was quoted as showing the trend of modern thought and appreciation of the negro folk song by famous musicians the world over.

While The Advertiser does not desire to appear in the light of placing a dogmatic opinion in opposition to musical authorities who have accepted negro melodies as the "original music of America," the suggestion is offered that the present negro form of melody had its origin in the primitive choral music of the white pioneers who antedated the negroes in the Southern States and which is preserved to some extent today by the Sacred Harp singers of rural districts in the South.

The folk lore of the American negro is not the superstition of his African ancestors, but threats of ghosts and goblins and natural phenomena only observed in the animal and bird life of the Southern States. The race has no lyric poetry except such as created by contact with Caucasian aestheticism and copied with the negro's great power of mimicry. The negroid rhythm of Africa is a barbaric syncopation, totally differing from the modern "negro spirituals" and even the frequently grotesque music upon which these compositions have been founded. Hence, the historic and ethnological facts tend to show that the melodies which foreign composers consider the original and distinctive music of America go back to a period before the negroes were brought to America.

The note formulae detached from the melodic form in which the so-called "negro spirituals" are now embodied, disclose an origin similar to that of the old sacred songs of the white pioneers preserved, with certain embellishments, in the rural districts of the South as Sacred Harp songs. In the Eighteenth century these songs must have been handed down in families by ear and they appear to have been based on a four-note melody which was afterwards changed to seven notes. It was not until the middle of the Nineteenth century that

any attempt was made to preserve the arias in print, and then it was done by the tonic solfa notation in the Sacred Harp hymnbook. The spontaneous choral ingenuity of the negro quickly adapted an admixture of folk and church song to the music of the white pioneers, giving in the characteristic intonation of the negro on half-tones the basis for the spirituals of today.

Negro melodies are heard at their best when sung in unison or harmony by the students at Tuskegee Institute, where competent musicians have preserved the groundwork and given them a modern setting. The Tuskegee choir is famous throughout the country for its interpretation of these songs. But some of the most noted of these melodies can be traced back to pioneer America, and while the Sacred Harp singers of the rural South are practically unknown outside their own communities, their songs, handed down from generation to generation, bear such a resemblance to the primitive melody expressed in the negro spirituals that it is apparent they must have had a common origin.

Before Coleridge Taylor had brought the negro melody into prominence as a distinctively negro creation, Stephen Foster had immortalized "The Sewanee River," "Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home" and similar airs which have the plaintive notes of the negro spirituals. Probably the exact musician would find these songs lacking in the qualities given to negro songs by their tonal inflections, but if appeal to the ear and the mind is the paragon of music, these songs must be accepted as typical of the melodies with which the negro race has since been identified by musicians who apparently have not gone far enough back to find where the negro changed from the harsh music of his ancestors to the primitive sacred songs of pioneer America.

The question raised here is of interest to the entire musical world and The Advertiser invites authoritative investigation of the subject. If the negro is to be credited with originating music pronounced by Dvorak and other composers typically American and accepted by European masters as the basis of great compositions, these authorities should be sure that all the facts are in before implanting in musical history what may prove to be an erroneous landmark. There is no desire to take from the negro race any credit it is entitled to for its influence on American music, but if that race did not originate the melodies attributed to it, if the pioneer men and women in the backwoods of America gathered together to sing sacred songs in simple melodies of their own and handed down these songs from generation to generation,

as appears from the record, and these melodies were adapted by the negroes to their own melodic impulses, the original music of America remains to the credit of the white race and must be so recorded.

THE NEGRO AND AMERICAN MUSIC.

Montgomery, Ala., Dec. 11, 1921.
Editor The Advertiser:

In your issue of last Wednesday, December 7th, there appeared a lengthy article on Negro Folk Songs, commenting on a recent letter from the writer, quoting Stravinsky, the great Russian composer, as giving the negro credit for America's only original music.

You stated among other things that the negro has no lyric poetry "except such as created by contact with Caucasian aestheticism, and copied with the negro's great power of mimicry;" and "suggests" that the present form of spiritual had its origin in the primitive choral music of the white pioneers which is preserved to some extent by the Sacred Harp singers of the South." You also stated that before Coleridge-Taylor had brought into prominence the negro melody as a distinctively negro creation, Stephen Foster had immortalized "Old Black Joe," "Suwanee River" and other ballads.

I will kindly thank you to allow me space to set forth the opinions on the origin of negro music of some profound American scholars.

It is true that Foster had achieved fame with his ballads before Coleridge-Taylor brought into prominence negro melodies, but according to George P. Upton, author of "The Song," "The Standard Operas," "The Standard Concert Guide," etc., Stephen Foster made frequent visits to negro camp-meetings and revivals, and there gathered fragments of the spirituals which he incorporated in his ballads, and is thereby indebted to the negro for many themes used in his famous songs. About the time of Coleridge-Taylor's first visit to America (for he was of English birth and education) the Fisk University Jubilee Singers under the direction of Mr. George L. White started out on their mission of song, which was in 1871. These singers used the original melodies, which are preserved to this day in book form as they compiled them. They traveled extensively through America and Europe; and it remains to their credit that the negro spiritual was first brought into prominence as a purely negro creation.

As to race having no lyric poetry except that copied from the white race, according to Upton in "The Song," we have brought to us from the latter part of the seventeenth century this quaint, unique, and original drinking song, crude, and in its crudeness portraying its originality and negroid characteristics:

"De ladies in de parlor
Hey come a rollin down!
A-drinking tea and coffee
Good morning ladies all.

De gemmen in the kitchen
Hey, come a rollin down!
A-drinking brandy-toddy,
Good morning, ladies all."

An amusing piece:

"Ole Maus John, he gone to de legislator,
O, Chocologo, oh, Chocolog!"

Young Maus John he done come home fum college,
O, Chocologo, O Chocologo, Chocolog!"

The repetition of the refrain, "Chocologo," seems monotonous and meaningless, but is it any more so than the "down, derry, downs," "hey, holly, hollys," "tow, row, rows," of the early English lyrics? The negro's lyrics have been immortalized by Paul Lawrence Dunbar in "Lyrics of Lowly Life."

"That the 'spiritual' is a spontaneous outburst of intense religious fervor, and sprang into life ready-made during some campmeeting, or revival, and is the simple estatic utterance of wholly untutored minds, and that the distinctive traits of negro songs could not have been derived from white folks music of any kind, but came with the negro mind from its own native lair," is the opinion of H. T. Burleigh, Mus. Doc, a noted negro composer.

George P. Upton in "The Song" says, "The negro melodies, before the period of the Civil War, were the genuine American folk-songs. They were either original or based upon African tradition. They were the products of a race to whom, under the edicts of slavery, education was forbidden, hence they were racial and savoured of the soil. They picture the emotions, the longings, the sadness, as well as the joy of the slave."

His work songs bear the time of the implements with which he worked and as every emotional excitement tends to express itself in rhythmic motion, and every emotional movement is rhythm, while he chopped his cotton or hoed his corn, his rhythm sprang into life and with it the semitones; even as the Russian folk songs bear the same half-tones, which can come only from an oppressed people, laden with sorrows and pathos.

It is the melody, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," brought to America by the first slaves, (according to proof now in possession of the National Association for Advancement of Colored People) that Dvorak introduces so effectively in the New World Symphony, which he wrote as a tribute to this country.

In conclusion I desire to quote the greatest authority on folk songs in America, Krehbiel, who says, "Nowhere save on the plantations of the South could the emotional life which is essential to the birth of true folk song be developed. Nowhere else was there the necessary meeting of the spiritual cause, and the simple agent and vehicle. The white inhabitants of the continent have never been in that state of cultural ingenuousness which prompts spontaneous emotional utterance in music. It did not lie in the nature of the segregated agricultural life of the white pioneers to inspire folk songs. Their occupations lacked the romantic and emotional elements which existed in the slave life of the plantations in the South, and from which sprang these songs, the only songs in America that answer the scientific definition of folk songs. They are the original and native product of the slaves. They contain idioms which were transplanted hither from Africa, but as songs they are the product of the social, political, and geographical environment within which the slaves were placed in America, of the influences to which they were subjected in America, and of the joys, sorrows and experiences which fell to their lot in America."

Respectfully yours,
OSCAR E. SAFFOLD.
Postoffice Department.

YOU ARE A SCULPTOR" --- RODIN

BOSTON MASS. GLOBE
NOVEMBER 27, 1921

Colored Woman of Framingham Received the Highest Praise That Master Could Give —Tragedy of Her Race Shown In Much of Her Work



"ETHIOPIA"

By Mrs Meta Warwick Fuller

In the Negro Pageant at Symphony Hall Tuesday evening there will be some very talented colored people, and among them will be the most talented sculptor—a young woman—that the colored race has produced—Mrs Meta Warwick Fuller. In fact, Rodin, the great French sculptor, was inclined to place her in the forefront of American sculptors. When he saw her work for the first time—when she was studying in Paris—who would have given much to have

that honor conferred on them.

Of course Rodin was "color blind." He was too big a man to look at people from the standpoint of race or color.

So when Mrs Meta Warwick Fuller appears as "Sculpture" next Tuesday evening in the pageant at Symphony Hall, she will be enacting a character which—she is.

Under Paris Masters

Her life story is rather an interesting one. Her mother was a hairdresser in Philadelphia, and it meant a good deal in the way of self-sacrifice to this mother to give her daughter an opportunity to study and develop along the lines of her unquestioned genius. For as a child Meta Warwick showed her talent in drawing and modeling.

She attended the Industrial Art School in Philadelphia and the very first year captured a prize that gave her tuition free the next three years. That prize was awarded for an 18-foot panel showing a Mediaeval procession of artists and craftsmen.

Her talents in this school encouraged her to go to Paris and study, and by dint of self-sacrifice the mother provided the means. There she studied drawing under Raphael Collin and modeling of the figure under M. Jalbert in Colarossi's Academy. Her work attracted attention from the start.

She had studied the French language before she went abroad and as there are no "color lines" among artists in Paris she found all doors open to her. A girl friend introduced her to Rodin and she took to the master a bit of her work entitled "A Man Eating Out of His Own Heart," which, of course, symbolized the colored race. The symbolism appealed strongly to Rodin, but far greater and more important was the appeal the actual work made to him, and Mrs Fuller says she has never known five minutes to seem so like an hour as when Rodin smoothed the back of this little statuette with his sensitive fingers and contemplated it thoughtfully before expressing his opinion of its worth. It was then that he made the remark which flew all over Paris: "You, my child, are a sculptor."

Rodin advised her to pick for her models people who do not "know" how to pose, so that her work would be spontaneous. This advice she has followed, so that today she can turn to sculptural uses almost anything that she sees that interests her.

A recent little group very much admired, called "Mother and Child," was partially modeled one day after she had been bathing her youngest boy. There is all of that spontaneity which Rodin so much admired in the way the mother leans to kiss the little boy under the neck.

Inspired by Race's Tragedy

It is perfectly natural that Mrs Fuller's inspirations should revolve around the age-long tragedy and emergence of her own people. But she by no means intends to limit her work to the colored race.

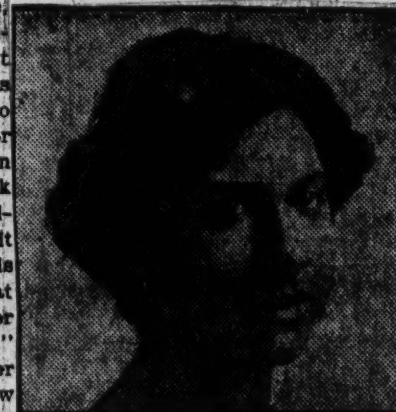
In the pageant Tuesday evening she will hold in her hand a small model of her statue, "Ethiopia," which was re-

cently exhibited in New York, where it attracted a good deal of attention from artists. The real statue is five feet high. It shows a young colored girl garbed in the ancient Egyptian costume of the period when the Ethiopian dynasty ruled Egypt. In it are blended some of the distinctive characteristics of the Egyptian in pose and costume with the ethnic qualities that distinguish the colored race.

Strangely enough, the only other worth-while "Ethiopia" that was ever modeled was by a young white woman—Anne Whitney of this city, who made the Samuel Adams in Adams sq and the Charles Sumner statue at Harvard College. Anne Whitney was an ardent antislavery woman and when she was a young woman made a model of "Ethiopia" rising up as from a sleep and resting on one arm. She always thought it was the best bit of work she ever did.

Mrs Fuller won fame for herself at the Jamestown Expedition where she exhibited 150 small figures in 15 tableaux. One group represented Richard Allen and Absalom Jones when they were preaching together to Negroes in a blacksmith shop in Philadelphia. Richard Allen later founded what became the African Methodist Episcopal Church in this country, while Absalom Jones was the first negro ordained to be an Episcopal minister.

She is the wife of Dr Solomon C. Fuller, a successful nerve specialist, and the mother of three children who naturally claim a good deal of her time and attention. But at her home in Framingham Mrs Fuller has a studio where she gives all the time she possibly can to her sculptural work.



MRS META WARWICK FULLER

Music, Poetry and Art - 1921.

THE POETRY OF LUCIAN B. WATKINS

Negro World 6/11/21

Prof. Wm. Ferris, Literary Editor Negro World.

Dear Sir:—Kindly permit me, through your columns, to reply to the omniscient Mr. "L. M. M." who viciously and destructively criticized the poems of Lucian B. Watkins, in a recent issue of the Negro World.

This critic under pretext, is reminiscent of the fastidious type of Negro who is not willing to recognize Negro artistry until after it has been acknowledged and pushed into publicity by white men. If "L. M. M." wishes to secure for himself a seat in the Hall of Fame I would suggest that he should steep himself thoroughly into the works of his favorite poets—Goethe, Byron, Keats, Wadsworth, Browning and Dunbar. Like most of us, he has read these works rather mechanically and seems to be intoxicated with some plagiaristic draught.

Profound is my admiration and delight in the poems of Claude McKay. His verses will always live, not because they were brought into light by white men, but because a true poetic atmosphere pervades them all. Dunbar shall always wax fresh in our memory because of his lofty messages, his sublimity of thought and his fervent truth of the joys and sorrows of his own race. Goethe, Byron Keats and Wadsworth were men of deep thought, and expressed their thoughts in beautiful verse. I have read their works with keen interest.

The poetry of Lucian B. Watkins fulfills the conditions established by Shelley, "that poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man." "L. M. M." scoffs at "emotional depth" and standardized "rhythm, cadence and manner of expression."

Let me convey to him the requirements of good poetry which are—imagination, emotion, rhythm, good style, color, melody, originality, simplicity, creative imagery and good thought to make it live; all these fine characteristics are embodied in Watkins' poetry. His "advice to our poets" possess a measured rhythm and a divine cadence which is lacking even in Tennyson's immortal "In Memoriam." His "To Our Friends," "Song of the American Dove," published in the May and June issue of the Crisis, 1916, are free and clear in expression. On the whole, Lucian was an honest workman, and a good stylist.

Mr. Watkins' verses show how much our people know of poetry when compared with the deafening praise and ex-

travagant estimate of the sloppy, muddy, trashy stuff written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Whitcomb Riley, Service and several of the war poets.

What does Mr. "L. M. M." know of good poetry. There are many poets who sacrifice sincerity for rhythm and cadence. Everything that is beautifully expressed is not good poetry. Ingersoll, Ruskin and Dr. DuBois are three of the greatest poets who were insignificant in the sphere of singing. "To feel what all feel and to tell what all cannot tell" is good poetry. To thrill, soothe, inspire, convince, appeal, elevate and elevate is good poetry, to write that all may understand is better than all the polished conventional intricacies of a Swinburne. Higher poetry is passion, love, courage, beauty.

If Rupert Brooke were alive and had read Mr. Watkins' poetry and then the destructive criticisms of Mr. L. M. M., he would not be at a loss to ascertain that the latter was a poet—a bad poet—a fool—an educated ass, a scholar who is endeavoring, painfully, to belittle and besmear the tastes of the fifty thousand weekly readers of the Negro World.

Our people are essentially poetic. The Literary editor of the Negro World can better teach "Mr. L. M. M." what constitutes good poetry. So can the poems of Lucian B. Watkins. Thanking you in anticipation, yours faithfully. CHARLES H. D. ESTE.

SUMMER.

The earth is mantled in a glittering green;

The sun unfolds a new and grander light;

Deep colored leaves and tender buds are seen,

And beauteous splendor animates the night.

Expressive songs of melody, weird and deep,

The gay and fitting birds with rapture sing.

Lakes, rivers, fountains, rills and brooklets weep

For joy—and homage pay to Nature's King.

Attractive crowns of rare majestic bloom

The sportive violets wear—and lilies fair,

Primroses and narcissi banish gloom, And jasmine's fragrance fascinates the air.

The waving grasses smile rich smiles of glee,

And soothing musings uncomposed inspire

The hoary hills, the stretchless plains, the sea,
With wrapt emotions and etheral fire.

The blue sky swells in symphony of song,

Whilst joy and cheer her stately court parade;

Sweeter than Bacchus in her tremor strong

And dainty are her tints of light and shade.

The fluttering bee caresses blushing rose,

Like some young lovers wooing in the night.

Dark colored sand flies in the shade repose,

And butterflies flit with wings of amethyst light.

O Queen of Earth! Hold thou my withering hand

And lead me close to Nature's generous call—

That I may hear and learn and understand

The joy of patience, sorrow, tear and gall.

CHARLES H. ESTE,
U. N. I. A. Literary Club, Montreal.

TWO SPRING MOODS.

I.

Springtime.

Oh, it's springtime in the valleys,

And it's springtime on the hills;
I can hear Springtime's sweet echo,

And my heart with gladness fills.

Let's hie away together,
Just you and I and Spring,

Where bright blossoms nod so sweetly
And mating love birds sing.

I would dance with pretty Springtime,
And hold her hand in mine;

Then we would drowse together,
We three, and Columbine.

—H. Elizabeth Dowden.

II.

'Tis Planting Time.

Through a drear, dank and dark winter

Have Afric's children toiled;

And now the spring's awakening,
The pot of sin has boiled.

Oh, the tears, the April showers,
And laughter, sun after rain—

These have all brought little flowers
Of faith and hope, in spite of pain.

Sometimes the sun feels very warm,
As it draws steadily nigh;

Then a lowering cloud spreads alarm,
And the shrill life winds sigh.

We've come to the spring through winter;

We know spring cannot fail,
But there's work, as well as spring-time,

Long a hard, unbroken trail—
Oh, ye Afric's sons and daughters,
Keep faith as the saints of old,
And when God's servant calls you,
Do willingly what you are told.

Plant gardens of righteous manhood
On all earth's scattered hill-sides;
Build strong cots of earnest endeavor,
And sign, "Here race love abides."

For spring will soon greet summer.

With autumn just over the way;
So, using your hands, if need be,
Plant seeds of redemption today.

H. ELIZABETH DOWDEN,
87 Cleveland Ave., Hartford, Conn.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

Oh Hope, that doth our hearts enthrall,
And gild each moment of the passing day,
That makes the heavy burdens light,
And smooths the rugged way.

Be thou our guide from day to day,
Light our path, and cheer our way,
Dispell the mists of doubts and fears,
Reveal the glories of the coming years.

As did that glorious star of old
That led the shepherds to the fount of their salvation,

So lead thou on, until we, too, shall
Drink at the fount of a free and redeemed Africa.

MRS. A. POTTER.
"The Dunbar Library Club,"
Montreal, Canada.

ON "THE BIRTH OF" (D) "A" (M) "NATION."

Hear, East, West and North—it were now in vain.

In the din of confusion which encircles her ear,

To exhort the South: Hear, for your own gain.

The naked truth of it as the facts declare.

Ye babble of ideals, your ethics are such,

Even Virtue were taxed by your laws to abide;

Ye cling to those laws as the great driving clutch

Which steers Truth away from the ways that are wide.

And when we review with a critical eye

The sum of those laws and the symbols employed,

The base of the premises, we cannot deny,

Admits your assumption not entirely void.

For if legislation and virtue were one,
And the laws solemn mandate conversion involved,

What a triumph for mankind, then, ye

had won,
All life's complicated problems having thoroughly solved.

But a man or a nation must be tested by deeds;

Your acts and your words alas: do not comply;

Indeed, your examples are opposed to your creeds,

The logic of which is you are living a lie.

Though your towering ideals may blend with the skies,

You are seen in a fog of vain glorification;

For you stage and applaud, while you know they are lies,

Scandalizing a Race, "The Birth of (D) "A" (M) "NATION."

R. A. GAIRY.

GEMS AND TOASTS.

By THOMAS MILLARD HENRY.

At last I wish to find a friend
That mints of money cannot bend,
If to this standard you are true,
I'll work my knuckles off for you.

As long as you will keep them rhymed
They'll bring to mind the good old times;
When we grew fond and happy by,
The joy that beamed from eye to eye.

I'm so much like all other men,
I want to see you now and then;
But we are wise enough to know
How far this seeing ought to go.

So fair your face, so sweet your voice,
That if I had a second choice,
I'd find in you another lass,
In my own beloved class.

I'm wishing every joy for thee
Which thou hast often brought to me;
Nor can I think of any treat
More mete for placing at thy feet.

TO ETHEL TREE DUNLAP.

Sweet singer! I love thee,
Thy music is grand;

Thy fervour enralls me
In firmness to stand.

Thy feelings are tender,
Thy courage divine;

My heart begs to render,
Its praise at thy shrine.

God breathes in thy ear,
The wisdom of right;

Exempted from fear,
Thou thrillest the night.

Thy thoughts are expressive,
Of all that we feel;

The burdens excessive

That "crash to the heel"
Sweet singer, we love thee,
We fall at thy feet;
May Heaven enrich thee,
To feel and to greet.

CHARLES H. ESTE
U. N. I. A. Literary Club, Montreal

DELIGHT.

What bells of joy are knelling
Within my humble breast;
What happy thoughts are swelling
As by your side I rest;
And share the sunlight greeting
In accents sweet and low,
The splendor and the meeting
Of gentle winds that blow!

Here is the poet's glory,
Where all is calm and still;
Here, where the violet's story
The robin's heart doth thrill;
Here where the hills are blessing
The clear and lambent sky—
Here by the brook expressing
The joys that never die.

CHARLES H. D. ESTE.
U. N. I. A. Literary Club, Montreal.

THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

I.

'Tis the streamer of courage—for it
floats o'er the brave,
'Tis the fairest unfurled o'er the land
or the wave,
But though least in story 'twill be
matchless in fight,
'Tis the herald of mercy as well as of
might.
In the cause of the wrong'd may it
ever be first,
When tyrants are humbled and fetters
are burst,
Be "Justice" the war-shout, and das-
tard is he
Who would scruple to die 'neath the
Flag of the Free.

II.

It may trail o'er the steep—a bullet-
torn rag,
Or flutter in shreds from the battle-
ment crag,
Let the shot whistle thro' it as fast
as it may,
'Till it sweep the last glorious tatter
away.
What matter! we'd hoist the green
jacket on high
Or the soldier's red sash from the spear
head should fly.
Though it were but a ribbon, the foe-
man should see
The proud signal, and own it—The
Flag of the Free.

III.

Have we ever looked out from a far
foreign shore
To mark the gay pennon each passing
ship bore,
And watched every speck that arose
from the foam,

In hope of good tidings from country
and home?

Has our straining eye caught the loved
colors at last,
And seen the dear bark bounding on
to us fast?

Then, then have our hearts learned
how precious can be
The fair streamer of Africa—The Flag
of the Free.

LUCILLE WINIFRED MARSDEN,
136 West 133d street, New York.

REFLECTIONS OF A SLAVE.

(Selection X.)

THE BELOVED GRAVE.

There's a grave that I left behind,
Not far from the cotton field's
bloom—

The grass is untended—the trees
Cast dew o'er the slab that's a tomb.

When mob horror caused me to flee,
I stole to the beloved mound,
And slumbered there through the
night,

Alone, on the sacred ground.

I fancied I felt the arms
Of mother—I gazed in her face.
She whispered me words of cheer,
And I clung to her fond embrace.

She bade me to flee—her hand
Was lifted to heaven above,
She whispered these words to me:
"The God that we worship is love."

So, in the early dawn,
When Eastern skies were gray,
And clamor was silent, I rose
And stole like a shadow away.

The rain came down in a sheet—
Her grave was hidden from view.
I fancied I saw her hand,
And she waved as she used to do.

The cotton field where she toiled
When I was only a child,
Was dank and the passionate rain
Sobbed like a maid defiled.

My heart grew heavy like down
That flies in a sunny sky,
When the showers burden its wings
And it falls and cannot fly.

Memories, dearer than life,
Bind me unto the grave
Of a mother who toiled and prayed
For the offspring of a slave!

By Ethel Trew Dunlap,
3233 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MEMORIES OF ETHIOPIA.

Ethiopia, I have memories
Of thy primal days long gone by.
They drift to my soul like strains of a
hymn

From an unseen realm in the sky.

I've strayed in thy paths of sunshine
and shade

When Gihon encircled thy shore;

When paradise zephyrs refreshed thy
glade,

And morning's star rose o'er thy
door.

I've stood by Gihon and looked o'er its
wave

Where the warbler spread ruby
wing.

I've watched them baptize in its
sparkling grave

And heard birds of Paradise sing.

I've lingered where palm trees cooled
thy retreat,

In the land that God gave and
knows.

The dew from the boughs, that cooled
my bare feet,

Was scented with attar of rose.

I've gazed on meadows where white
shadows fell

From fruit trees as luscious as fair,

Where Sharon's roses perfumed the
dell

And allured the humming bird there.

I've bared my bosom to feel the cool
breeze

That drifted from Paradise strand.

I've tasted sweet flavored fruits of thy
trees

Transplanted from Eden's rare land.

Thy home was wealthy in honey: the
bees

From Paradise sold it to thee.

Eve plucked the flowers where they
haunted trees,

And wove garlands robbed by the
bee.

Milk was thy nourishment—it cooled
thy lips

When the cerulean sky

Hung the sun's pendulum where its
orb dips

In heaven's sea when noon is high.

Thy Maker visited thee and he trod
in thy paths at waning day.

Ye were his people and he was thy
God

Until ye strayed from his way.

O what a meeting by Gihon's fair shore
In our Ethiopian land,

Where our dear Creator waits to re-
store

The blessings that slipped from thy
hand.

—By Ethel Trew Dunlap, 3233
Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE TALES OF TWO RACES.

All alone with my sorrow,
All alone with my God,
Awaiting the tomorrow
To tread paths Jesus trod.

Alone with grief that's keeping
Me company in gloom.
Mine eyes are wet with weeping
Like Mary's at the Tomb.

Why has my heart been lonely?
Why has my life been lone?
God searches—he knows only—

He hears my smothered moan,
A prophetic, O nation,
That cannot understand
My spiritual relation
To those crushed by thy hand.

The kindred who have reared me
Are scattered like the spray
Sea waves tossed that neared me,
That blue tides swept away.

I've watched with true devotion
For a returning sail
To bear back some fond loved one—
Yet, I wait in the vale.

And waiting thus I pondered
I strayed to Gihon's strand.
My soul was free—it wandered
To Ethiopia's land.

Where skies are like blue marble;
Where Ephraim's kin were born;
Where Paradise birds warble
And tell of God's first morn.

Where all was beauty, gladness;
Back to primeval pride,
When hearts were free from sadness
When Eden was God's bride—

When she was bride, ere flaming
Sin cast aloft its spark;
Ere Eve fell into shaming;
Or Eden's skies turned dark.

As I gazed o'er the river
At Ethiopia's strand,
I saw the lilies quiver
On Gihon's shining strand.

And Ephraim as God made him
When he was nature's child,
In his divinest image
Ere Satan had beguiled.

Then I awoke from dreaming
To find myself alone.
Eden's star's kept gleaming,
Though vision's wings had flown.

I am alone, forsaken—
And Ephraim's cast aside—
His wee does not awaken
Proud, chilly hearts from pride

Affections for two nations
Are balanced by my heart.
God knoweth their relations—
Will weigh them with wise art.

And o'er me steals a sadness—
Ties native endear me.
Would I shared Ephraim's gladness
As we gaze o'er the sea.

Come, Saviour, in thy glory—
Heal my soul torn apart.
Pray, listen to the story
Two races tell my heart.

—By Ethel Trew Dunlap, 3233
Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

GARVEYISM IS PATRIOTISM
O spirit of my fathers brave
Enthuse me now with eloquence
That pregnant with untamed thought
Millions of hearts I may convince
That Garveyism is the patriotism
For Negroes the wide world o'er.
Attend, all ye of Negro blood;

Land me, I pray, your willing ear,
As I try to delineate
The whys and wherefores, making
clear

That Garveyism is the patriotism
For Negroes the wide world o'er.
We know how God bestowed on us
(As part of the great human race),
A land that we might call our own—
The motherland of the Negro race.
We know the whites, disguised as
friends,

Deported our fathers to distant lands,
Where rampant slavery reigned su-
preme,

'Till semi-freedom eased our bands,
Now centuries have passed away
And we remain in exile drear,
Insulted, scorned, despised, deprived
Of national rights to a race so dear,
'Till Garvey out from the Emerald
Isles,

A master mind, a leader true,
Arose, God bless him, to regain
The Motherland for me and you.
Shall we remain inert, subdued,
We who have equal racial rights,
The right to live the lives of men
And rise like men to national
heights?

Must all the wealth our land produces
Be utilized for white men's greed;
While we, in poverty and toll
Receive the wage of slaves half
freed?

"No, no!" burst from four million
throats,

"We will no more these insults bear,
We'll wield our pens, we'll wield our
swords,
We will give our monies without
fear.

Our children and their children's sons
And daughters, freed from insult
base,

For ages hence and countless years
Shall rule and dwell a happy race
We'll make Garveyism the patriotism
For Negroes the wide world o'er.
Come then, my friends, support your
cause,

Throw petty prejudice away.
Heed not the whites' deceiving words.
Join up, I say, the U. N. I. A.,
And make Garveyism the patriotism
For all Negroes the wide world o'er.

RANDOLPH MURRAY.

Montreal, Canada.

TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE DARK RACES

Write to me, ye sons and daughters
Of a race that is oppressed—
Write to me from the East, the West,
From the East and from the West.

Write me from the sunny Southland,
From the islands of the sea—
Let us sing the happy anthem
Of the captive soon set free.

Write from every clime and quarter
Where dark races wait for dawn—
For the light will soon be breaking,
And a race go marching on.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.

Music, Poetry and Art - 1921.

119 Durham, N. C. Sun.
SEPTEMBER 16, 1921

What is depressing is that the great majority of Americans have been so debauched by music out of kraals in savage Africa and black-and-tan melodies in the river towns further south that they have come actually to like it—in fact, they prefer it to music that is seemly and civilized, say, the waltzes of Johann Strauss. Worse, a taste for this appalling and obscene cacophony is not confined to the actual dancers; the phonograph has carried it to the whole population. Mamie Smith and Her Jazz Hounds, that sort of rot. Many of the yokels who hear dancing denounced, I daresay, go home and put on the records.

HAND PAINTED FLOWERS ATTRACT ATTENTION

The original hand painted flowers and novelties by Gertrude A. Downing of 18 West 99th street is causing more comment among the artists who have seen the Negro Art Exhibit at the 135th Street Branch Library than any other work of art on exhibition. The original designs and skillfully executed work on this exhibit has brought forth the admiration of many trained artists in this kind of work, especially when they learn that this colored artist has never had any especial training in such work, but has a natural gift for it.

The Negro Arts Exhibit continues to receive praise from all who have seen it, and many people continue to take advantage of the opportunity to see this unique collection of Negro arts. The exhibit will continue throughout the month of September.

WILL PRESENT NATIVE AFRICAN DANCES HERE

The Chicago Whip
10/17/21

At Unity Hall, 1140 Indiana Ave., Chicagoans will be given an opportunity, next Monday night, to witness native African dances presented by Miss Kathleen Easmon of Freetown, Sierra Leone, West Coast of Africa. The entertainment will be given under the auspices of the Amateur Lady Minstrels group, with Mrs. George C. Hall as chairman of the committee on arrangements.

Miss Easmon is a native African. Her dancing is declared to be most beautiful in its rhythmic yet refined abandon as well as an intimate reflection of the exuberant art spirit of the people of a dark continent. Less intricate than the famed Russian dances, as interpreted by Pavlova and her famous band of assistants, their very simplicity is distinguished by a delicacy of spirit which lifts them into the realms of the purest art.

ROCHESTER N Y HERALD
OCTOBER 30, 1921

A NEW NEGRO POET.

Charles Bertram Johnson, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, negro in Moberly, claims the distinction of being the only negro poet in the state. Dr. Johnson's poems have appeared in the Outlook of recent date and critics over the country have praised his work, says the Kansas City Star.

Mr. Johnson is a native Missourian, having been born and reared in Macon County. He entered the schools of that county and after he had completed the studies offered in the country he persuaded his family to move to Macon, when he entered school there. Completing his school work, he took up teaching and later moved to Kirksville, where he was an instructor in the Lincoln School. He entered the ministry and was later assigned to a pastorate near Kirksville. After attending the University of Chicago for a time he went to Moberly a year ago to accept a call from the Second Baptist Church there.

"When I was a small boy at home," said Dr. Johnson, in explaining how he came to write verse, "my mother used to make up little verse and I, in turn, would make up rhymes. When I was in school I wrote some verse, but only for my own enjoyment. I have always wanted to be a poet and if my dreams are even partly realized I will be satisfied. After I moved to Macon the instructor we had also was fond of poetry, and it was there that I received what little training I have in that line.

"After I started teaching I did more writing, although when I was 13 years old I had written several poems."

The first money he received from any of his poems was when he won a prize offered by the Woman's World Magazine. His poem, the prize winner, was called "Christmas," and the prize given him was \$5.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, noted negro poet, shortly before his death wrote to Mr. Johnson. "To-day I had the pleasure of finding two of your poems. I assure you it was a real pleasure. Go to it and stick to it. You have the stuff in you."

"I have never written poetry for financial reasons alone," said Dr.

Johnson, "but because poetry was there and it was no title to write it and I derive great pleasure from reading it. I tried for the prizes as a matter of curiosity. I am not dependent for my living upon my writings. 'The Mantle of Dunbar' was the first book of poems I had published and I suspect, had I kept accurate account, I lost money on the book. It was at the request of friends that I have had the volume reprinted."

"Songs of My People," the latest book of poems by Dr. Johnson, has just been released from the press and is attracting considerable attention. He interprets with feeling and at times with power the homelier traditions and the higher aspirations of the American negro.

My people laugh and sing,
And dance to death—
None imagining
The heartbreak under breath!

YOUNG NEGRO ARTIST WINS HIGH PRAISE

Son of Chauffeur Has Notable Exhibit at "America's Making" Pageant in New York

Albert Alexander Smith has half a dozen etchings and some drawings in the Afro-American edition of the "America's Making" pageant at the 71st Regiment Armory, Thirty-fourth street and Park avenue. These etchings are a feature of an art display that is well worth while in itself, without regard to personalities and names, and, anyway, at a casual glance this particular name of Smith might not seem one to conjure with. There is, however, a very particular interest in Albert Alexander Smith. He is a New York Negro boy, son of the head chauffeur for Ralph Pulitzer.

The father was at the armory yesterday, listening proudly to the commendations of his son's work by disinterested connoisseurs who judged it on its merits alone. The young man himself, who is just past twenty-one, is in Paris, an art student, at No. 23 Boulevard des Batignolles. His father had faith enough to send him abroad, but not until the boy had made his mark in the art classes of the Ethical Culture and National Academy schools here in New York.

The etchings now at the armory are said to be the first that Smith has had on public exhibition, but they are far from being amateurish. Indeed, the "Paris Street Scene," the "Pont Neuf, Luxembourg," and the striking portrait head of a Russian Jewish type are painter-etchings of genuine and personal quality.

Claude L. Boykin, a Negro artist of high professional repute in Boston and elsewhere, who knows Smith and his ambitious work, says:

"Albert Alexander is modest, but he has talents not only as an etcher, but as painter and musician that are sure to gain recognition. He will never have to 'chauf' for a living."

Great Tribute to Major Loving

Some twenty years ago Walter H. Loving, at that time living in Washington, who had served as a lieutenant during the Spanish-American War, was sent to Manila, Philippine Islands, to take charge of the Philippine Constabulary Band. Under his direction this aggregation, composed entirely of native Filipinos, became one of the most famous bands in the entire world. America heard it for the first time during the St. Louis Exposition, and then again when the present Chief Justice William H. Taft was inaugurated as President of the United States. I was not in New York at the time, but I am told that when Loving brought his band to the great Hippodrome it gave blasé New York a most unusual sensation.

In the course of time, having in the meanwhile attained rank of captain, Loving was retired as a major and returned to America with his family. He was called back to duty during the recent World War. His successors as bandmaster of the Philippine musicians had not maintained the high standard of performance established by Major Loving, and the band had deteriorated to a considerable extent. Desiring to restore its efficiency, Major Loving was asked, following the signing of the Armistice, to return to Manila and again take charge of his Filipino musicians.

He did so, and now, after a year or so, the Philippine Constabulary Band has again taken its place among the first military musical organizations of the world. Recently General Leonard Wood, who has retired from the U. S. Army that he might accept the Governorship of the Philippine Islands, accompanied by the at that time Governor, W. Cameron Forbes, arrived in Manila from Japan. Eleanor Franklin Egan, a famous correspondent, wrote of General Wood's arrival, the article being published in The Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia issue of October 15th, 1921. In this article she made the following reference to Major Walter H. Loving and his band:

General Wood's Reception.

"We obediently climbed the gangway of the Sherman and presently found ourselves occupying what might be described as box seats. We had an unobstructed view of the entire scene. And, mind you, I relate this incident merely to emphasize the fact that it was, and rightly was, a men's occasion. Men

were solemnly met together to inaugurate and Filipinos, stood away down near the pier. That was all."

"The guard of honor, with a great American flag all shining silky and gold, empty and clean. A detachment of betasseled lying in folds on the shoulder of American soldiers, detailed as a guard of honor, was stationed just opposite the silence was yet unbroken when the section where the gangway of the Major Loving lifted his baton and the famous Philippine Constabulary Band, together with Filipino swung into the Warren would be pulled up. The world-constituted band of eighty pieces and with Major Loving—the colored American—who created it and who stands on a level with all the best bandmasters of this time—once more conducting, was standing at ease alongside the guard of honor, while a group of men, American affairs."

Helen Hagan at Aeolian Hall

The N. Y. Age 10/15/21

Helen Hagan gave a pianoforte recital at Aeolian Hall Monday evening, October 10th, and her performance gave evidence of artistic development and musical ability entitling her to be ranked as a first pianiste, and that without any qualifications as to race or color. Her technical equipment compassed the most difficult requirements of a taxing program in such a manner as to cause the sophisticated hearer to imagine her lack on any one. Her intellectual powers brought to works of both old and modern classicists a comprehension that clarified and simplified their complicated and sometimes abstruse meanings. Then her magnetic personality lent to the performance an attractive charm that meant enjoyment and appreciation by the immature as well as the by the mature.

Her program was opened with a Prelude and Choral et Fugue by Cesar Franck. She sounded its sonorous depths but preserved always a definiteness of phrasing that never merged into a muddled mass. Schumann's Symphonic Etudes and Chopin's Polonaise Fantasy, followed with three Etudes, brought out all the singing sweetness of her tone quality, induced by a velvety softness of touch. Two numbers by Debussy, almost Cubist in design, were given with sympathy and devotion. "Reflexions on the water" and "Gardens in the rain" were delightfully done. Her final group was made up of three transcriptions of Negro melodies by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, "I'm troubled in mind," and "Let us cheer the weary traveler," both American Negro spirituals, and "Bamboula," an African dance. The first two were played with intensity and power, but the African dance seemed to call for something Miss Hagan did not have. There was lacking the wildness of the jungle spirit, perhaps, which she could not give to it.

The audience was not what it should have been in numbers, but it was discriminatingly appreciative. It was made up of such folks as were able to sit understandingly at the feet of the masters and assimilate comprehendingly the interpretations of a talented pupil. There are a lot of people in New York City who claim to be music-lovers and who want to be placed in the class with those who claim for appreciative understanding. In looking over the audience of Helen Hagan's recital the question entered my mind, Are these people sincerely and truly worshippers at the shrine of Orpheus? Or is it that they are impostors masquerading only when there is some popular fad to be followed or some personal notoriety to be gained.

Whatever may be the answer to that, certain it is they were conspicuously absent. The raft of piano students who make life miserable for so many of our poor music teachers and who crowd into the halls of the various music schools

should have welcomed the opportunity to hear Miss Hagan play. Their teachers should have insisted upon it as a duty. As a matter of fact, this should be done by the instructors at all times—not alone when Helen Hagan is playing. Judging from the past, however, it is a waste of time to make the suggestion, so far as the majority of the pupils is concerned.

Miss Hagan is the first artist of the race to appear in one of the New York concert halls in a pianoforte recital. It is well that she is fitted to measure up to the magnitude of her task. The most hypercritical must declare that her art has no racial lines and that she belongs among the elect. She is a developed artist along sane musical lines. Perhaps, at times, there may be an excess of sentimentality, an overplus of honeyed sweetness in her tone. But it is not permitted to cloy.

It was a delightful compliment paid by her former teachers at the Yale University of Music when they journeyed down from New Haven to be present in person at the first New York recital of one of their prize-winning pupils, and to tell her frankly and gladly that she has travelled far since leaving their music rooms.

THE HELEN HAGEN RECITAL

N. Y. Age 10/15/21

On Monday evening, October 10, Miss Helen Hagan, who is a fellow-student in music from Yale University to study music in Paris, gave a piano recital in Aeolian Hall, New York city. The numbers played were:

- Prelude, Choral et Fugue.....Cesar Franck
- Symphonic Etudes.....Schumann
- Polonaise Fantasy, Etudes Op. 25. Nos. 3, 6 and 10.....Chopin
- Reflexions dans l'Eau.....Debussy
- Jardins sans La Pluie.....Debussy
- Transcriptions of Negro Melodies.....S. Coleridge Taylor
- Troubled in Mind (American).
- Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveler (American).
- Bamboula (African Dane).

Miss Hagan had a difficult task to perform, as she had to play from memory elaborate and involved compositions, and she had to so vary her program that she could entertain and hold the attention of her audience for two hours without the aid of singers or orchestra. Miss Hagan performed the double feat very well. The musical critic of the New York American stated that Miss Hagan's memory played her false once. If so, she quickly recovered herself, because the audience did

not notice it. It was a remarkable feat to play from memory long and difficult compositions which did not have an air or melody to carry one along.

Miss Hagan has a pleasing personality and possesses temperament and technique. She varied her program so that it was not heavy. In Franck's Prelude, she showed perfect mastery of the instrument. Her expression was wonderful and her phrasing excellent. In Schumann's Symphonic Etude, Miss Hagan showed that she was a real artist in sound. Her touch was gentle and she exhibited wonderful energy in her climaxes. So great was the applause that she came out and bowed twice. In Chopin's Polonaise Fantasy the evenness of Miss Hagan's playing and her strong and vigorous finish attracted attention. When she played the light and rippling music of Debussy Miss Hagan pleased the audience.

In the transcriptions of Negro melodies, all of Miss Hagan's varied qualities showed at their best. Her playing of "I'm Troubled in Mind" revealed beauty and strength. In "Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveler," her wonderfully strong climaxes brought out the power of piece. In the Bamboula (African dance) Miss Hagan showed surprising strength.

What Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson said of Wendell Phillips as an orator can be said of Miss Hagan as a musician. Colonel Higginson said that William Lloyd Garrison surpassed Phillips in moral fervor, Frederick Douglas in elemental magnetism and Charles Sumner in scholarship, but that in the blending of all the qualities that make one a great orator, Wendell Phillips was not only greater than any single one of these, but greater than all three combined. So, in the case of Miss Hagan, her power resides not in the predominance of anyone quality, but in the combination of qualities. It is the blending of temperament with technique of perfect mastery of the piano and present power with emotional fervor of a gentle and sympathetic touch with surprising strength and wonderful energy in the climaxes that constitutes Miss Hagan's inimitable charm as a musical performer.

A NEGRO POET WINS PRAISE

CHARLES BERTRAM JOHNSON OF MOBERLY IS A NATIVE MISSOURIAN. KANSAS CITY MO STAR OCTOBER 8, 1921. Has Written Verse Since Childhood, but With Little Monetary Reward— "You Have the Stuff in You," Wrote P. L. Dunbar.

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Johnson's poems have appeared in the Outlook of recent date and critics over the country have praised his work.

Mr. Johnson is a native Missourian, having been born and reared in Macon County. He entered the schools of that county and after he had completed the studies offered in the country he persuaded his family to move to Macon, when he entered school there. Completing his school work, he took up teaching and later moved to Kirksville, where he was an instructor in the Lincoln school. He entered the ministry and was later assigned to a pastorate near Kirksville. After attending the University of Chicago for a time he went to Moberly a year ago to accept a call from the Second Baptist church there.

"When I was a small boy at home," said Dr. Johnson, in explaining how he came to write verse, "my mother used to make up little verse and I, in turn, would make up rhymes. When I was in school I wrote some verse, but only for my own enjoyment. I have always wanted to be a poet and if my dreams are even partly realized I will be satisfied. After I moved to Macon the instructor we had also was fond of poetry, and it was there that I received what little training I have in that line."

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My people laugh and sing,
And dance to death—
None imagining
The heartbreak under breath!

Dr. Johnson has furnished The Star with four hitherto unpublished poems which he considers among the best of his writings:

Aftermath.
The summer's wealth is in the hold,
And bees hum drowsy after rain
Where fields stood rich with wind-swept grain

MAJOR LOVING PRAISED FOR HIS PHILIPPINE CONSTABULARY BAND

United States Marine Corps, of organization which won distinction at St. Louis World Fair.

12/23/21
The Associated Negro Press
MANILLA, P. I., Dec. 21.—Viscount Northcliffe was so pleased with the playing of the constabulary band, whose fame had reached him in England, that he sent a letter to General Crame, saying:

"Before leaving Manilla, I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my opinion of your magnificent band. I had heard of it and I had little thought that I should be honored by its greeting on my arrival. Major Loving had the band at the pier to play British and American national airs. Believe me, I shall not readily forget your courtesy in assembling your instrumentalists for me and the great pleasure I received from their welcome."

Viscount Northcliffe thanked Major Loving personally when he reached the pier. Transmitting a letter R. A. Duckworth-Ford, correspondent of the London Times, says: "Lord Northcliffe repeatedly referred to the band as one of the most wonderful military bands he had ever heard anywhere. You may perhaps be interested to know that the fame of the band has been heralded to all corners of the earth, through cable messages that have been dispatched during the past three years."

Major Loving is a former U. S. A. Bandmaster and Military Intelligence Officer. The band will be remembered from the St. Louis Exposition and nationwide too, thereafter.

A proposed trip to Harding inauguration was cancelled by President Wilson. Loving took 500 new instruments to Manilla when he resumed charge of the Band.

Music, Poetry and Art - 1921.

IN THE BLACK BELT BURY ME

In the Black Belt bury me,
Near by the loving slave
Who saved me from the great white
curse
When I tossed on the wave.

In the Black Belt bury me!
Forget how my frail bark
Rode billows wild out on the main,
With ne'er an ear to bark.

In the Black Belt bury me
Where I, an Afric son,
Watcher for the rising star that told
King Herod's reign was done.

In the Black Belt bury me,
Where weary, dusky feet
March on to freedom's cherished goal—
'Twill make repose complete.

In the Black Belt bury me,
Where there is ne'er a flower;
When love I vowed for Ephraim
Made glad my life each hour.

In the Black Belt bury me,
Where passion burst in bloom;
Where passion's stream ran deep and
wide
And love's star pierced the gloom.

In the Black Belt bury me,
Where on the faithful breast
Of saving slave I fell asleep—
And Jesus did the rest.

In the Black Belt bury me—
Here where the slave and I
Prayed while the white curses raged its
worst
And horror's form passed by.

In the Black Belt bury me,
Where I tossed on the wave,
And heaven taught me how to feel
The sorrow of the slave.

In the Black Belt bury me!
I will discard the mask
That's white, and flee to Afric sires
When I complete my task.

In the Black Belt bury me,
Where my love found the slave
And gushed until it found its way
Across the briny wave.

E. T. DUNLAP.

NO APOLOGY

I could not speak of brotherhood,
Knowing I had not a brother been,
That I had misused power for good,
And challenged the great unseen.
I could not rest in my grave,
Had I died with this behind me:
Persecution, wont to enslave,

Degradation, lynch agony—
Could you?

I could not call on a Just God,
And expect my pleas to be heard,
Nor stand 'neath the shadow of the rod,
Believing e'en half of the word.
I could not sleep fearlessly,
A dreamless sleep, in peace,
Lest I should that hour nearer be
The avenger's mark of surcease.
Could you?

I could look no child in his eye,
And call him child of mine,
Knowing that I must come to die,
Leaving him scarred with the sign.
I'd cease to rant of principle,
Of honor, truth and such,
And I'd get right down to business,
To wipe off hatred's touch—
Could you?

Then I'd approach my saintly neighbor,
The one that is better than I;
I'd accomplish through steady labor,
What others are loath to try.
I'd point him the path that is surer,
And insist that he walk with me;
I'd show him how to be purer,
And why he must cleaner be—
Would you?

I've thought and thought on this sub-
ject,
And I've learned what I must do,
For you need not wait for an object,
That will never come to you.
So I've joined with Determination—
No cowardice in this band,
No vain bragging, nor ostentation,
We'll take our rights and our land—
Now what would you do?
H. ELIZABETH DOWDEN,
87 Cleveland Ave., Hartford, Conn.
September 20, 1921.

CALL OF THE U. N. I. A.

By I. S. LAHOODIE,
Toledo, British Honduras.
Awake! Awake! The time has come,
When Afric's sons must seek their
home;
The call comes now to one and all:
Be brave, and heed your empire's call.
Our leader, Marcus Garvey, brave,
Directs our gaze across the wave,
To yonder land, our own, so dear,
And Africa! so bright and fair.

'Tis Africa! 'Tis Africa!
The Negroes' only Eureka;
A home of peace and hope and joy,
When fears no longer may annoy.

No longer must the sons of Ham
Remain content the world to damn;

The world is right, but we are wrong
If to this cause ye don't belong.

So come along, my brother man,
Join up and help to push the van,
For sure your only hope today
Lies but in the U. N. I. A.

U. N. I. A. has come to stay,
U. N. I. A. has paved the way;
U. N. I. A. has been the balm,
U. N. I. A. will bear the palm.

No other course must you pursue,
To your own selves at once be true;
Consolidate! Amalgamate!
And save the race—'tis not yet late.

Says Marcus Garvey, strong and great,
How long must all the Negroes wait
To get a just and honest due?
How long? I say, "'Tis left to you!"

'Tis left to you, the Negro man,
Whose place is yet outside the van;
An Africa redeemed and won,
Without your aid is harder done.

So link up! Brothers, sisters, all!
Throw in your "cents," your life, your
all;
For Negroes, too, must rule the waves,
And never! nevermore be slaves.

A land of mystery, and famed
For sheltering the son of God,
Rich in tradition, and thy name,
Is mentioned in His Holy word,
Called Egypt, Ethiopia, Ammon, but—
"Africa for thee" is oftener heard.

BRUCE GRIT.

New York City, Sept. 28, 1921.

Not until Time shall check the clock
Or frown on Nature's winsome look;
Not 'till the sands of the foaming sea
Are washed away from the barren sea;
Not until the stars shall cease to shine,
Or Luna is changed to reddened wine;
Not until Martha becomes like Mary,
And forget the duties vain and wary;
Not 'till the sires of the City Hall
Are chased by dogs to the oxen's stall;
Not until poets shall cease to write,
And sing of freedom, and tales recite;
Not until home folks cast asunder
Their interest in the devil's thunder;
Not until bugs and beetles unite
To quit the world and no more to fight
For human blood and children's right,
To enjoy life's balmy rest by night.

Not until mothers shall cease to fret
About their daughters choosing a pet;
Not until moons shall wax surprise
At the tears that shall flow from ser-
pent's eyes;

Not 'till the river which we have passed

In converse close to St. Peter's gram
Shall changed miraculously to fire
And burn to dust the telegraph wire;
Not until women have learnt to stand
For the things that tend to reprimand;
Not until actors of America's shore
Shall dramatize all the odes of Moore;
Not until mountains tumble down
And strew with rocks the trembling
ground;

Not till the whites to the Indians restore
The "Land of the Maple" and of ore;
Not until Einstein prove sincere
That life is bound in grief and fear;
Not until Ingersoll come once more
And welcome a Dubar to his door;
Not until burs and beetle agree
To produce a specie from senses free
That would move the world with a
magic wand

To the safe retreat of Elysia's land;
Not until all these things come about
Shall the U. N. I. A. in defeat fall out.

CHARLES H. J. ESTE.

The Negro World 10/5/21 LAND OF PROMISE

O bright land of joy,
Land of our hope,
Of refuge unfettered
Of freedom unalloyed.

So welcome us dear land,
And at they right hand
We may bask in the sun
Of our inheritance grand.

We must honor our leader
With reverence and love,
For he is our "Moses,"
Our deliverer he has proved.

Then crown him dear race
Put him where he belongs,
Above the Black Race
Life is but an empty dream of Africans
strong.

MRS. KAT FENNER,
Denver, vision No. 118.
1335 Osceola Street, Denver, Colo.

OUR FATHERLAND

Ye sons of Africa, awake!
The call is loud and clear,
Go forth e'en though the earth may
quake;

Go forth your arms to bear.

If even in the battle,
Your turn has come to fall,
Go, though cannons rattle;
Go to it, once for all.

To arms we'll go, we fear no foe,
The strife will not be long,
Go, for the sun is sinking low,
Go, sing the victor's song.

Some day we'll go in power,
To her shores we long to sail,
Our Fatherland forever;
Four hundred millions hail!

M. CREQUE

22-24 West 137th St., New York City

AFRIC'S STAR OF HOPE

'Tis not methinks I see, I see afar
The slowly rising rays of a bright star
Beyond the range of telescopic view,
But plain to prophets with eyes clear
and true.

In gorgeous beauty this star is rising
Like a robed queen to dethrone a king.
Oh! 'Tis Africa's star in majestic march,
Coming to rule the celestial arch.
Fair Europa rul'd from the days of
Greece,

With alternate wars and prolific peace.
She gave the world the era of invention
And comforts too numerous to men-
tion;

But alas! She has cross'd the zenith
line

And dips with convulsion to the decline.
Africa's star is coming to take her place
Robed in purpl'd garb, with comely
grace.

Rise! O rise! Ye despis'd sons and
daughters

Of Ethiopia—land of sweet waters.
Fragrant flow'rs, shining gold and
glit'ning gem,

Lift ye voices, chant your national
anthem.

Go with your flag to the breeze un-
furled,

She's coming to make you pride of the
world.

Thy noble fame long writ in ancient
story,

She is bringing for you with more
glory.

Africa's star brings the brotherhood of
men,

The sheathed sword and uplifted pen.
The light of knowledge o'er the world
shall shine,

And virtue the only doctrine divine;
To fair science shall be our only church.

And for man's comfort our only re-
search.

Go with trumpet shout and cymbals'
ring,

Dance ye as of old and merrily sing:
Hail! Mother of ancient wisdom and
light,

Coming to invest us in our own right.
Hail! Hail! With grateful hearts we
welcome thee;

Yours is our sovereign grace! Rule in
majesty.

Ethiopia stretches her hand unto God,
Under her own vine and on her own
god.

J. ALFRED WALKER.

Rama, Nicaragua, C. A.

The Negro World 10/3/21

M—Marvelous in his doings, firm and
true,

A—Artful and mighty his foes to rue;
R—Ruling, defending, admonishing as

he goes,
Caring not of evil from his foes;
Unarmed—he carries neither sword
nor spears,
Save justice and right—the only
armour he wears.

Gathering his fellowmen for lib-
erty's right,
Advancing to victory by heavenly
light;
Really and truly he is one of God's
elect,
Vain to oppose him—all virtues
protect;
Every one must certainly learn of
his name,
Youth of the twentieth century of
greatest fame.

R. J. WHITE

The Negro World 10/13/21
AFRIC'S SONS ARE COMING

One God, one aim, one destiny,
From our very hearts we say
Persecution make us stronger
To stand by our mighty defender.

United in one great body
Let's see to it that we study
The principles of this organization
With humble supplication.

To God who always hold
In his hands the world,
And will see that whoever believe
In his power shall some great object
achieve.

Coming, coming, yes they are,
Coming, coming from afar,
From the fields and wasting desert,
Africa's sons of color deep,
Garvey's movement has drawn and
won them,
Liberty their wondering theme.

Coming, coming, yes they are,
Coming, coming from afar,
From the western hemisphere
Negroes are coming from everywhere,
Garvey's movement has drawn and
won them,
Africa their wondering theme.

Coming, coming, yes they are,
Coming, coming, from afar,
All to meet in a land of freedom;
What a chorus, what a meeting,
When the Africans we greet
In long loved Africa.

ROSALIA PHYFER

226 W. 140th street

GET BUSY

The Negro World 10/13/21
Get busy, for there is no time for fun,
Get busy, there's no time for idle
play;
You have got a very great race to run,
Since a member of the U. N. I. A.

Get busy, there is plenty to protect,
From early morn until the close of
day;
The world's largest reclamation
project,
Is the doings of the U. N. I. A.

Get busy, you have not finished your
duty,
There is one staying out there by
the way;
Get a member—'tis a precious booty
And a great prize to the U. N. I. A.

Get busy, do not be such a coward,
Courageously and undauntedly say;
I am one of those pledged to go for-
ward
For the great cause of the U. N. I. A.

Get busy, be on time when the roll call
Let your portion ever be what it
may;
To conquer—sure you have got where-
withal,
Under the flag of the U. N. I. A.

Get busy, see they have in possession
Our own father's land Ethiopia;
There is only one means to bring sub-
mission
And that's surely through the
U. N. I. A.

Get busy, the world begins to wonder,
The gods of earth all begin to dis-
may;
They will soon cease to butcher and
plunder
Through the right cause of the
U. N. I. A.

Get busy, for though in its infancy,
There are millions upon millions
held away;
And if anything merits constancy
Most surely it is the U. N. I. A.

Get busy now, get busy more, and
more,
Do not trifle, do not waste time away;
For the surest way to reach Africa's
shore
Is to be true to the U. N. I. A.

R. J. WHITE

Barranquilla, Colombia, South Amer-
ica.

**AN APPEAL FOR AFRICA'S RE-
DEMPTION FROM SLAVERY
SEVENTY YEARS AGO**

The Negro World 10/13/21
O day mar of promise, O dawning of
hope
On Africa's night of despair;
O wisdom's own way with the sor-
rows to cope
That seemed so incurable there!
Liberia! Thou art the breach in the
wall
Of slavery's tower of strength,
And Africa's Moloch shall lower and
fall

Through Africa's children at length,
In prayer, was she plan'd and by
charity blest,
And patience who smiled on her birth
Baptized her in blood of the bravest
and best
That ever were heroes on earth!

Let red Mesurado tell out the stern
wills
That fought for each inch of her
soil,
And Ashmun and Wilson and Cary and
Mills
Be stars on her midnight of toil.

And what is she now? Though the
world may think scorn
Of all that is humbly begun,
Yet here of true wisdom, true great-
ness is born
And here shall true glory be won!
For Christ and His mercies come in
by this door
Poor Africa's heart to make whole,
To scatter her foes and her fears ever
more
And ransom her, body and soul.

WM. M. TUPPER

Albury, August 1, 1891

THE BLACK BELT'S PRAYER

The Negro World 10/13/21
Dark races of the world, we plead
With you—O hear our cry!
Send succor to the Black Belt's zone
Or we shall surely die.
Scarcely can I raise my trembling hand
To pen these lines to you.
Oppression's sword has pierced my
heart
And thrust my spirit through.

Half crazed and dazed by poverty,
Today I roamed alone
Out in the Black Belt, for some voice
Called me into its zone.

And there I met the soul that called,
All doubled in distress,
God bade me lead her to her home
And whispered he would bless.

O what a basement, dark and drear!
O what a samity heart,
Cast there where underworld appals
By Satan's blackest art.

O there are many million stars,
And each one has a place,
And yet the slave goes wandering on
And none will help his race.

O give us liberty or death!
O hasten to set free!
For agony is every breath!
O help us o'er the sea!

The slave and I are riding high
On poverty's wild wave.
Above us is a stormy sky;
Beneath us is the grave.

I scorn the walks of wealth and ease
While my black brother pines.
So let me perish with the slave
Or wait till his star shines.

Where'er my drifting bark may blow
Mine eyes shall search the waves
To rescue Africa's sons who stare
In yawning, awful graves.

O hearken! brothers on the shore—
Look out upon the sea
And send a life boat to our aid
To save the slave and me.

O we implore you—we will drown—
Oppression's storm we share,
And ere we perish in the gale
O hear the Black Belt's prayer.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP

MYSTERIES IN AFRICA

When in silent contemplation
Wrapped in wonder and surprise,
Thoughts awoke me from my slumber
Of the country that I love—
Fairer Africa.

Then I searched the holy scripture
With my every beating pulse
Just to find some tails as written
And to solve the mysteries hidden—
About Africa.

But alas, my task was great
Not so great for reading's sake,
It was great, for this I found,
Naught but inspiration counts—
To Study Africa.

It's a problem far and wide
Solid as the mountains stand;
Majestic in the regions lone
But to weigh at God's command—
Things About Africa.

Many pharaohs fierce and bold,
Happy in that land of old
Famed for learning and of deeds
Failed to know but very little—
Of Noble Africa.

Oh, so sacred is that land
Full of mysteries and light,
Prophets and priests, God's praise did
sing,
Christ a refuge there did find—
In Blessed Africa.

Vain a world the secrets crave
Secrets for which the fathers longed;
None but Almighty or Angelic band
May lift the curtain and see afar—
Great Things in Africa.

Blessed are those dwellers then
Those for whom that land was made
May the inspiration given
How to love the God of heaven—
And to Love Africa.

And to us thy children scattered
May we soon be linked together

Earnestly for our leaders pray
For we hope to reach some day—
Our Home in Africa,
A. S. BURTON,
37 Princess Court,
Kingston, Jamaica.

TO THE TRIUMPH SAINTS OF

The Negro World 10/13/21
Farewell, Chicago Saints! We know
That we will meet again,
Not after death, but here on earth,
In Christ's millennial reign.

No fear of death enthralles our souls;
Triumphant, loving, brave,
In God's eternal word we stand,
All victors o'er the grave.

Ah! Men may say that we are mad;
But faith grows more sublime,
Our lives are ever fresh and fair—
They have no twilight time.

No setting sun brings us regret
That season of life's o'er,
And no abyss yawns under feet
To cross to heaven's shore.

We live and live and love and love—
Christ's highway has no end,
The seasons lightly come and go—
He is our constant friend.

Ah, Souls may die and pass away;
But in the faith we stand,
That God will give his children meek
The first fruits of the land.

Mortality can never pluck
The faith from out the heart,
It shines like Eden's Evening Star
Lit Paradise's mart.

Ah! rare our love like Shaaron's rose
Of Paradise's lea,
Your saintly fingers point my way
And cheering whisper me.

O souls of Ninevah, I'll walk
With thee and hold thy hand
While God pours out Gomorrah's curse
On evil man in this land.

While men are seeking Paradise,
Lo! We are long within
The garden where no evil mars
Affection with its sin!

—ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.

Music, Poetry and Art - 1921.

EPHRAIM, TELL THE STORY

I want to hear the story
Of Eden and its charms;
Ephraim please tell me
While I rest in your arms.
I've read the story,
And heard it at church, too;
But it sounds ne'er so splendid,
As when its told by you.

Tell me how Gihon's river,
Encompassed our fair land;
How Egypt's sons and daughters
Strayed by its golden strand.

Tell me how Gihon quivered,
With oars that Adam plied;
When he had all dominion,
And Eve was happy bride.

And how our sires near Eden,
Looked over at its shore—
Behold the star of morning,
Rise o'er its peerless door.

It seems so grand and wondrous—
I love to hear it told;
How our forefathers flourished,
So near to God of old.

Why do I love to hear you?
Because you're of the line;
That used to dwell near Eden,
When it was all divine.

So whisper me the story,
While twilight shadows steal;
Around me like your gentle arms
I cannot see but feel.

The Evening Star is rising,
Like it lit paradise;
And penetrating gloaming,
Like it sought Adam's eyes.

Banished is the white man's land—
To Paradise we go;
When you tell Eden's story,
And evening lights are low.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.

DULL ARYAN EYES

'Tis not the color of thy skin conceals,
O, Africa son, the beauty of thy
soul,
The spirit throws a veil, o'er vision's
eyes—
She sees in part—is blinded to the
whole.

Thy color hints of tropics, God's out-
doors,
Of prehistoric fame that should in-
spire,

'Tis envy's smouldering ember, not thy
shrine
That lacks the glowing flame of
beauty's fire.

Yet, Africa son, consider well the
source—
The ideals of a ragged, time-worn
past.
Until the boat of partial standards
wrecks,
Thou couldst not safely rear thy bet-
ter mast.

When it goes down and waters have
grown calm,
Thy ship may sail with stateliness
the seas;
Thy sail shall freedom's unstained
emblem be,
And liberty thy ocean's gentle breeze.

May Aryans dullness teach this truth
to thee,
That color is a subterfuge for fools,
Who think that God is on a trip abroad
And that the Master, not the servant
rules.

Boast not thy color when thy race
ascends—
Leave that for poets of inspired
ideals,

That lend to outward stuff the loveliness
That inner worth and quality re-
veals.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.
3233 Wentworth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

LINES TO PROF. WM. H. FERRIS

O tireless worker for your race—
An orator who charms,
You are the fainting poet's friend
Who seeks thy kindly arms.

If poets spake their praise of you,
And praiseful words were flowers,
There would be fragrance in your path
And o'er your fairy bowers.

For Ethiopia seeks balm
In tender thoughts and true,
The captive courts the muse and seeks
To break her bonds through you.

O let me humbly twine a bud
In wreath our poets bring,
So you may feel my gratitude
That Egypt's bards may sing.

And when my lyre at last has ceased
May their harmonic throng,
Whom you have welcomed chant your
praise

In an undying song.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.
3233 Wentworth ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE WHITE WEAKLING

He says that you may drink of free-
dom's draught;
Yet, ere your lips have hardly
touched the cup,

He finds some reason to withdraw the
draught
And fold the vessel that contained
it up.

He fears that you will be revived and
run
The race and gain some worthy en-
vied prize.
Gross inclination makes his soul a
post
On which his sign is read by search-
ing eyes.

Yet, better 'twere for him to speak the
truth;
To say if he gives you equality.
He fears you will repay the grievous
debt
Of black men's wrongs in this land
termed as free.

O common soul; your kind has run its
course—
A higher type is giving birth at last
That will help mankind on to free-
dom's goal,
Spite of the presage born of horror
past.

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.
3233 Wentworth ave., Chicago, Ill.

BLACK BARDS

Poets who are seeking for a wreath.
If your ancestors are of dark descent,
Consider, ere you dip your pen in ink
Or to the muse your earnest ear is
lent,
The obstacles that you will meet
ahead,
The entrances that will be closed
to you;

The exits that will furnish no egress
Where progress points the bard he
must go through.

Consider criticism's searching eyes
That turn the X-ray on the trem-
bling soul;

Consider all the stately ships that
pass
The frailer bark bound for success's
goal.

And worse the silence which thou
must endure
Until hope droops her weary, lagging
wing,

And jaded thoughts all hollow-eyes
surround
Thy soul aspiring that had hoped to
sing,

And then, dark bard, if thou canst pa-
tient be—
If it will not be to thy soul distress,
While others wear the laurels, to con-
fine

Thine appetite to flavor of success—
Dip pen in ink and loose the prisoned
thoughts

That shall go forth to set a nation
free—
Burn evil's rubbish piles with virtue's
torch—

And thou indeed a noble bard shall
be!

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP.
3233 Wentworth ave., Chicago, Ill.

FAILURE

Alas! alas! the ground hath won my
hopes;
And I no more will ever rise again.
I've fallen thru' the strong and binding
ropes
Of sorrow, shame, regret and bitter
pain.
And there a poor unfortunate will rest
With aching heart and agitated
breast.

CHARLES H. D. ESTE.

ONE GOD, ONE AIM, ONE DESTINY

By H. ELIZABETH DOWDEN

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
And more, the sons of light
That marvel at creation

And the wonders of the night:
Of many tongues and nations,

They tread the paths of earth,
Of high and lowly stations,
Noble and humble birth.

God made them and placed them
In climes he chose for them;
He gave them laws and warnings,

He gave them dark and day,
He sent the sunlit mornings
And hours for work and play.

But far from His teachings
Have sons of mortals strayed,
Until the Heavens tremble

And angels are dismayed.
Brotherly love is mystery,
And hate holds powerful sway;

Men would mock at history
And turn from Wisdom's way.
They have erased deep graved bound-
aries,

And stolen human kind;
Have persecuted innocents
And forged harsh chains to bind:

Chains of sin and depravity,
Of stealth and lust and slavery,
Of scorn, false pride and heresy,

Of vanities and jealousy.
The Spirit of mobs stalks around
And dwells 'midst beast, self-styled
men;

The taste for blood and fear abound,
And lowly crimes, beyond our ken,
Break out in waves o'er all the world,
While Satan marks his own.

Men praying for peace, laughed to
scorn,
Oftimes grow fearful or pray alone,
And children cry out to be born.

With wills of steel and hearts of
gold,
With silver tongues and spirits bold,
With courage to fight and strength to
win—

And the Father of the Universe
Sends signs for men to read, while din
Of curses, ribald and unjust,
Clouds the air and hides the sun

Of promise from eyes of righteous,
And many new things are begun,
But turn from criticism and jest,
O, ye wayward sons of Ham!

Throw off that chill discouragement,
Trample it underfoot; saluam
No longer to white and night; right

Must conquer; must not let her fall
Upon vain promises, but fight—
Fight with Truth and o'erpowering
love.

Love of thine own, real love of race
And unity. What'er betide, above
All else, keep God in your hearts; face
The issue, as men, for virtue and
Posterity, and country, and shout it
From the housetops, from strand to
strand.

The message of salvation, 'tis
"One God. One Aim. One Destiny."

SUNSHINE AND THE SUMMER

Welcome, thou blessed sunshine, wel-
come!

My life hath need of thee.
Long, long, have I been watching,
longing,
Just for thy rays to see.

Welcome! For life seems dull without
thee.

My very nerves were chill.
Nothing but thou, O blessed sunshine,
Can rid me of this ill.

Stay here! Why shouldst thou wain
in winter,
Or whither dost thou go?
Wax bold! Why shouldst thou lose
thy power

When there is plenty of snow?
Gone, gone now are the winter breezes
With all its biting cold.

Walk in, thou summer breezes,
Thou art as good as gold.

Where, where was nature's beauty
hiding,
Which thou hast shown complete?
Live long this year to give us sunshine,
But don't distress thy heat.

Welcome, thou blessed summer, wel-
come!

There's plenty of room for thee.
My soul waxes bold, my heart's re-
joicing,

Because I am now with thee.
PROF. O. M. SKINNER.
620 Lenox Ave., New York City.

FATHER MCGUIRE

Dedicated to His Grace the Chaplain
General, Bishop Geo. Alex. McGuire,
by Mrs. Anna E. Shields, Cambridge,
Mass., Division.

Dear father, how shall I address you,
As aloft you soar higher and higher—
Royalty has her robes thrown around
you,

Yet to me you are Father McGuire
Archdeacon, and pride of Bartholomew,
A physician of body and soul,

A gatherer of the poor and the needy,
Leading in love to the fold.

In the missionary field you have
labored,

A field of vast riches and graft—

You cried as you stood in the temple,
"Oh, sift ye your wheat from the chaff!"
For the day of His reckoning is near
thee.
Pray give what thou hast to the
poor."
But they hardened their hearts, nor
feared they
Till desolation and death reached
their door.

Then as a father you wept with the
fallen,
Comforted souls that were sad;
In the midst, hark! a loud voice is
calling—
Nations are warring like mad;
Africa, the land of the noble,
A land of rich God-cultured fields,
Of diamonds and pearls and corals,
Coal, fruit and oils copious yield.

Fair Africa, land of our ancestors,
Is in peril! Like vultures men come
In the name of our Saviour they pilfer—
Leave her horror-stricken and dumb,
But a breeze wafted over the water
Their soul's silent moans and their
prayer;
Marcus Garvey said, "We will stop this
slaughter;

We'll build vessels to go over there.
"And while we are mending the move-
ment,
With every effort that means can
demand,
Desirous of every improvement
To be dealt with on sea and on land,
We want strength from our Creator—
Prayer is the weapon to inspire,
Heaven sent them a mediator
And Chaplain, Father McGuire.

And today he strides over the moun-
tains
Of difficulties, troubles and cares,
Calling, "Come drink ye at the fountain
And be wary of traitors and snares;
Keep your eye on the star of His
promise,
Unsheathe your sword and stand
firm,
Call God from the depths of your being,
No peril can reach you nor harm."

And when the evil day is ended,
Unscathed we have marched through
fire,
Our voices in praise will be blended
Thanking God for Father McGuire.
I thank God "Your Grace" is exalted,
That the bishopric you have ac-
quired,
But to me, as you were, you will be
always,
My kind rector, "Father McGuire."

GOD'S LOYALTY

I.

"What is it that is so beautiful,
Oh, the good things we do enjoy,

Its God's Loyalty we do obey";
"Let us love, honor, and be dutiful,
Rich and poor the sunshine of joy,
And dwell wherever God's Loyalty
stay."

II.

Listen! I hear the song birds sing,
"While angels echo voices to our King,
It touches in the depth of man's soul;
It breathes the hope of love and affec-
tion,
Singing praises to our heavenly king,
Oh, its God's Loyalty we do obey."

III.

Ring the praises of earth, and tell
What does God's Loyalty impel?
A good many men so sublime;
Will always restrain to remind,
The highness and goodness—inclines,
"True gifts of faith, hope and charity."

IV.

It's a lesson we learn and keep,
Let our attractions be not intending,
Rendering our hearts across the ocean;
The land we love, there's no pending,
For here the creatures do creep;
Great forever! is "God's Loyalty."

By GLADSTONE M. A. PLUMMER,
756 S. Hicks Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.
July 4, 1921.

BOOSTING

If you see some fellow trying
To make some project go,
You can boost it up a trifle;
That you're sure to let him know
That you're not going to knock it,
Just because it's not your shout
But your going to boost a little
Because he has got the best thing
out.

If you know some fellow's faults,
Just forget them, because you know
That that same fellow has some good
points.

Those are the ones you want to
show;

Cast your loaves upon the water,
They'll come back, a saying true,
Perhaps they'll come back buttered,
When some fellow boosts for you.

LAURA MOORE,
Box 83, Milmas, N. J.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

It certainly is no very strong thing,
That all other nations do love their
kings;
But with the blacks I am really sure,
That Marcus Garvey they love and
adore.

By force and greed others show their
might,
By draft and plotting they win in the
fight,

But assemble the blacks of every land,
Marcus Garvey the cry and their bat-
tle song.

Said Lord this and Earl that we are
millions strong.

To look the blacks the strife won't be
long;

Say, Garvey! Give us a sign by your
head,

We will meet those bluffers with show-
ers of lead.

Let the world get this message from
shore to shore,

For this cause will die and not value
gore.

Say! What is life if a contemptuous
slave?

Better die in the contest—our glory the
grave.

With Marcus and V. D. and others that
stick,

Oh God, in sincerity we pray it be
quick;

We are bursting with zeal, please
hasten the day,

When the blacks shall be drawn up in
battle array.

PROF. E. A. SAMPSON.

WORDS OF WISDOM

It is so very easy to accuse,
And it is no harder to abuse,
But the man that does right,
Will put up a strong fight
Against those who seek to misuse
him.

It is so very easy to fall
From palace to stable-stall,
But the man that thinks well
Will fight e'er the powers of Hell
Which plot always to misuse him.

To do good I am really glad,
My actions interpreted always as bad;
But the man that trusts God
Need never get defected or mad
Against mortals who try to confuse
him.

DR. E. A. SAMPSON.

A VOICE FROM

FLANDER FIELDS

Savannah Tribune 8/4/21

In Flanders fields where poppies blow
Beneath the crosses, row on row.

We black an endless vigil keep—
Yea, we, the dead, can never sleep—
Ingratitude has made it so.

Why are we here? Why did we go
From loving homes, that need us so?
Was it for naught we gave our lives,
On Flanders fields?

Ye blacks who live, to you we throw
The torch; be yours to face the foe
At home; and ever hold it high,

Fight for the things for which we die,
That we may sleep where poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

This beautiful tribute to our hero
dead has been made into a hand
painted picture suitable for fram-

ing, price 50c; framed ready to
hang on your wall, \$1.50 postpaid

Address:

WILLIAM M. KELLEY
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The Negro World
7/28/21 **MAHATMA GANDHI**

By **ETHEL TREW DUNLAP**

Mahatma Gandhi, thine auspicious
star
Hath sent its gay to mystics who are
far,
As wise men proffered frankincense
and gold
To Mary's Baby in the days of old,
I come to thee, Mahatma Gandhi.

Mahatma Gandhi, Oriental sun
That presages oppression's night is
done,

Good morning! It hath been a weary
night—

Mine eyes are ravished with thine
eastern light,
O regal soul, Mahatma Gandhi!

Mahatma Gandhi, India's precious fire
That millions fan, to thee I would
draw nigher.

Ascetic souls are pining in the West—
They throb to thoughts sublime within
thy breast.

Burn on, make pure, Mahatma Gandhi!

Mahatma Gandhi, let me wash thy
feet;

Breathe the fresh air of thy soul's
calm retreat.

O take my sword and every other art
That power hath to perturb mankind's
heart.

Thy ways are peace, Mahatma Gandhi.

Mahatma Gandhi, in whom Christ ap-
pears,

O knit His teachings in both hem-
ispheres.

And with the corner of the garment
spun

Dry mankind's tears and comfort every
one—

Meek, glorious Mahatma Gandhi,
3233 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE BLACK CROSS NURSES

By **ETHEL TREW DUNLAP**

Robed in spotless white array,
Just from the U. N. I. A.,

Freedom's daughters pledged to save
Africa, and sail the wave.

Like black satin poppies blow,
When the wind sighs deep, yet low,

Stir they to the music grand
Of the U. N. I. A. band,

Like white clouds that deck the night—